

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MOVIE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

SEPTEMBER

20¢

SPECIAL — IN COLOR

3-D PINUP GIRLS



HEDDA HOPPER'S SCOOP:

MARIO LANZA



SHEILAH GRAHAM'S EXCLUSIVE:

HOLLYWOOD SWELLHEADS



PIER ANGELI'S DIARY:

DOUBLE DATES WITH DEBBIE

Debbie
Reynolds

P 8-58 7-L 308 M
MRS C SLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS

THERE'S
COLD

CREAM

NOW IN
CAMAY



HER
PETAL-SOFT
SKIN GOES
STRAIGHT TO
HIS HEART!

**Now! Let new Camay pamper
your complexion, bring new luxury
to your daily Beauty Bath!**

Exciting beauty news! Now Camay—and Camay *alone* among leading beauty soaps—contains precious cold cream!

Whatever your type of skin—dry *or* oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling marvelously cleansed and refreshed. And now Camay brings added luxury to your daily Beauty Bath, too!

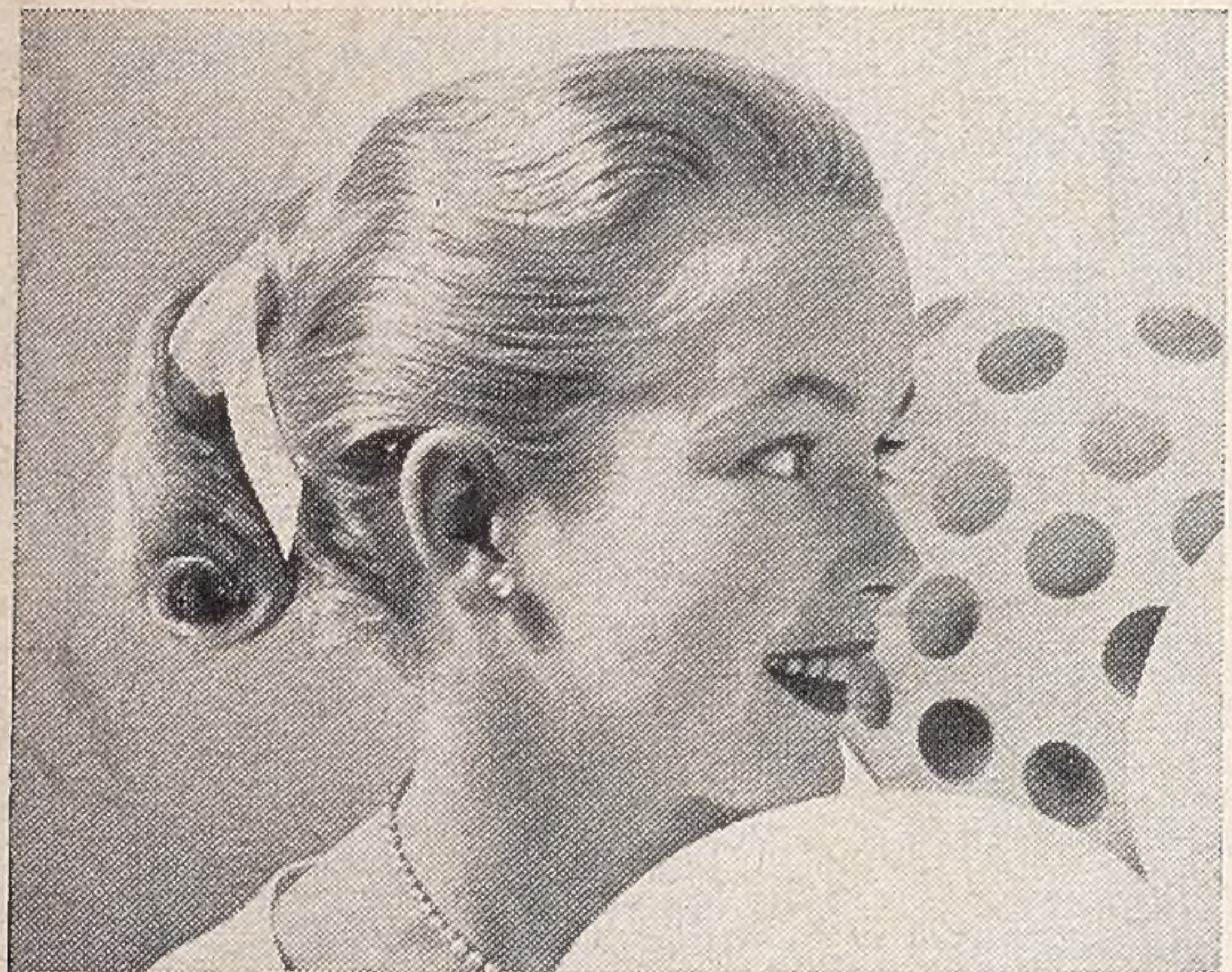
Of course, you still get everything you've *always* loved about Camay . . . the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care with Camay, that satinsmooth Camay lather, famous Camay mildness and exquisite Camay fragrance.

NEW CAMAY is at your store now—in the same familiar wrapper—at no extra cost. There's no other beauty soap like it!

NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



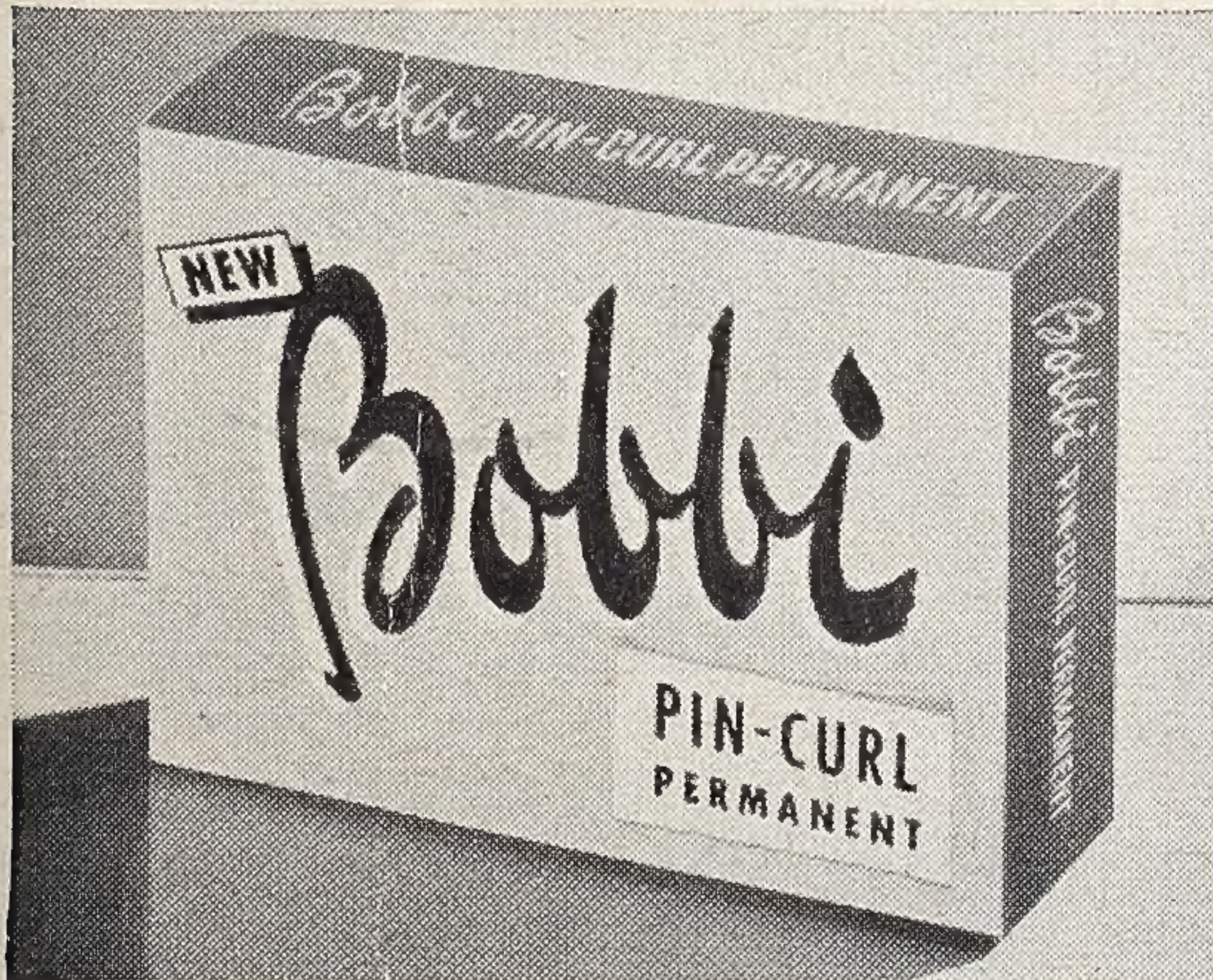
Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural continental look of this new "Capri" style. No nightly setting necessary.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the natural-looking wave necessary for the casual charm of this "Cotillion." And you get your wave *where* you want it.



What a casual, easy livin' look this "Minx" hairdo has... thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls like these.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



Bobbi is perfect for this casual "Ingenue" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent *designed* to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.

Guess My Male Has Gone A-stray!

DICK MUST BE
WRITING LOVE LETTERS
TO SOMEBODY ELSE
THESE DAYS!

SUE, BAD BREATH CANCELS
MALES—BUT FAST! AND THAT'S
NO PUN, HON! TALK TO YOUR
DENTIST, WON'T YOU?

JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** REMOVES UP TO 85% OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH!

Just one brushing with Colgate's removes up to 85% of decay-causing bacteria! And if you really want to prevent decay, be sure to follow the best home method known—the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

MY PEN PAL'S BACK WITH LOVE AND KISSES
WHICH PROVES THAT COLGATE'S SELDOM MISSES!

Now! ONE Brushing With COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

Removes Up To 85% Of Decay and Odor-Causing Bacteria!

Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it
CLEANS YOUR TEETH and
STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!



**GIVES YOU A CLEANER,
FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!**

PHOTOPLAY

SEPTEMBER, 1953 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Member of The True Story Women's Group



That "Bad
and Beautiful"
girl in the
arms of

"LATIN LOVERS"

She's gorgeous in
COLOR BY Technicolor!



M-G-M's tingling, tropical
musical romance, starring

LANA TURNER

RICARDO JOHN LOUIS
MONTALBAN • LUND • CALHERN

with JEAN HAGEN • EDUARD FRANZ
An M-G-M Picture

Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART • Music by NICHOLAS BRODSZKY • Lyrics by LEO ROBIN • Dances staged by Frank Veloz • Directed by MERVYN LEROY • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK

LAUGHING STOCK

BY

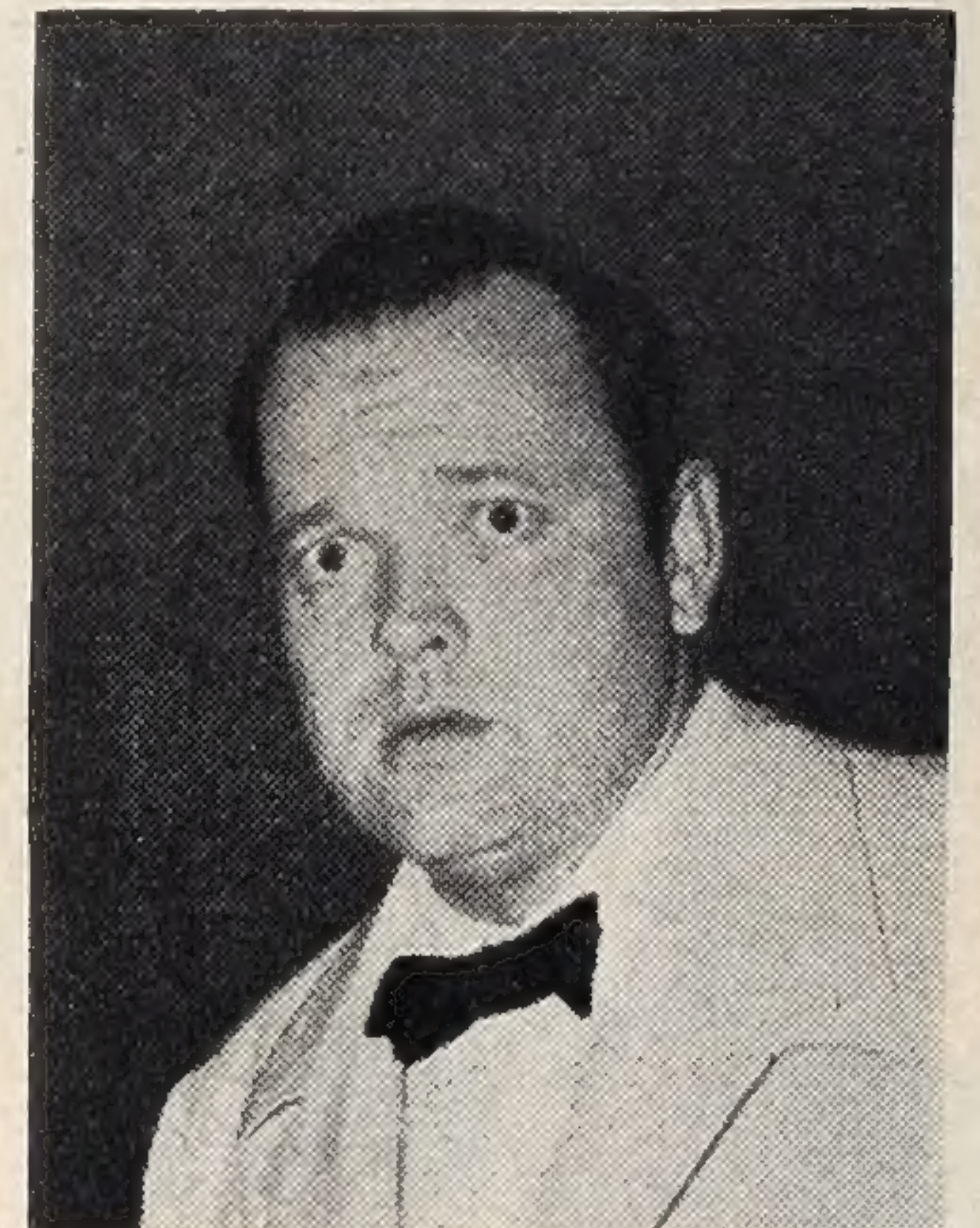
ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station)

A seven-year-old master of ceremonies for a talent show at a Los Angeles school left the mamas and papas in hysterics. After thanking them for coming, he wound up with: "I now bid you goodnight and leave you with two famous last words—Marilyn Monroe."

Sign on the rear of a teenager's old Ford on Sunset Boulevard: *Just Painted.*

Orson Welles screamed about reports that he will play swarthy, obese King Farouk in a film-biography of the deposed monarch. Orson's comment: "People are always saying insulting things about me, but this is going too far."



Orson Welles feels insulted!

Comedian Benny Rubin, who has never had a drink in his life, was voted an honorary member of the AA because "a lot of my friends are members and I go down and play cards with them."

Next day, Benny was cast in a movie—in the role of a drunk!

In this overheard conversation is a sample of Hollywood's economic panic:

Friend to studio employee: "How are things at your studio?"

Employee: "Terrible. They're laying off whole families."

Talking about television, Milton Berle flipped, "I've learned that TV is a great way to reach millions of people, who, luckily, can't reach me."

Glenn Ford presented his young son, Peter, with an illustrated edition of the classic, "King Arthur." "Gee, Dad," said Peter as he gazed at a picture of *Launcelot* and *Galahad* in full armor, "Dig those crazy walking tanks."

Alan Young was invited to address a psychiatrists' convention. "I suppose," said Alan, "they want me to lie down and say a few words."

(Continued on page 6)



New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.

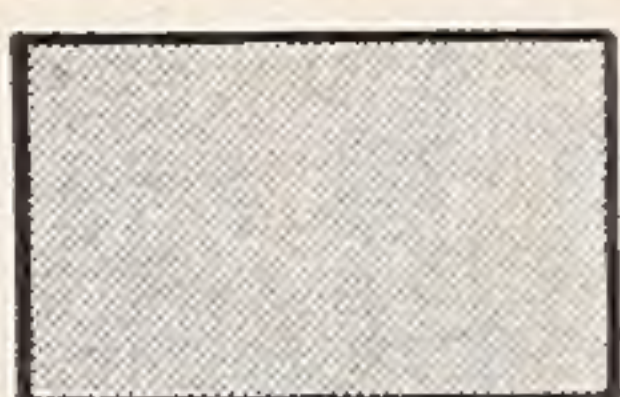


Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed!

Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Now They're Goofy Golfers...Runnin' Wild in High Society!

DEAN
MARTIN AND **JERRY
LEWIS**

THEIR
NEWEST
AND
FUNNIEST
...AND
SOON
AT YOUR
FAVORITE
MOVIE THEATRE!



in
**THE
CADDY**

Co-starring

DONNA REED · BARBARA BATES

with **JOSEPH CALLEIA · FRED CLARK**

Produced by PAUL JONES • Directed by NORMAN TAUROG

Screenplay by EDMUND HARTMANN and DANNY ARNOLD

Additional Dialogue by KEN ENGLUND • Story by DANNY ARNOLD

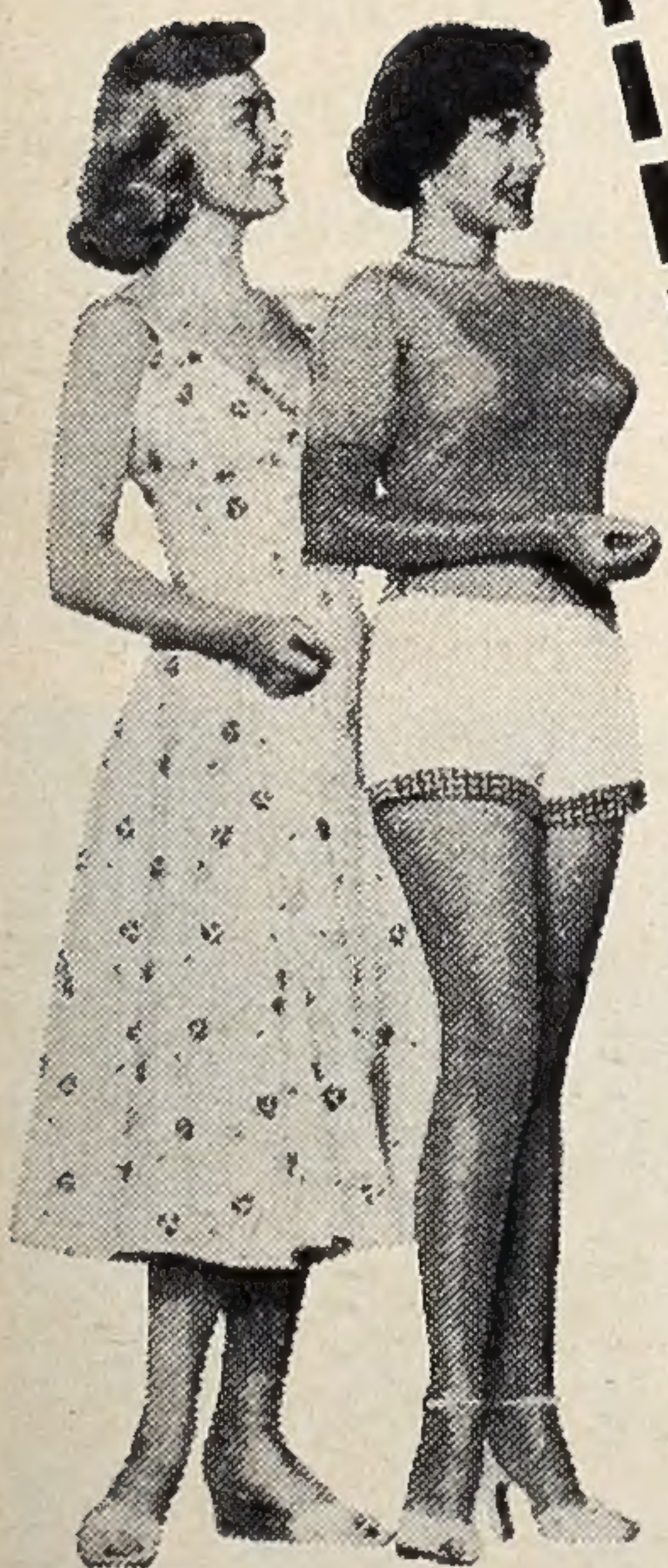
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



SONGS...to help you
laugh and love!

THAT'S AMORÉ
(THAT'S LOVE)

MINE TO LOVE • ONE BIG LOVE
WHAT WOULDCHA DO WITHOUT ME
IT'S A WHISTLE-IN' KINDA MORNIN'
THE GAY CONTINENTAL
YOU'RE THE RIGHT ONE



Use new *White Rain* shampoo
tonight—tomorrow your hair
will be sunshine bright!

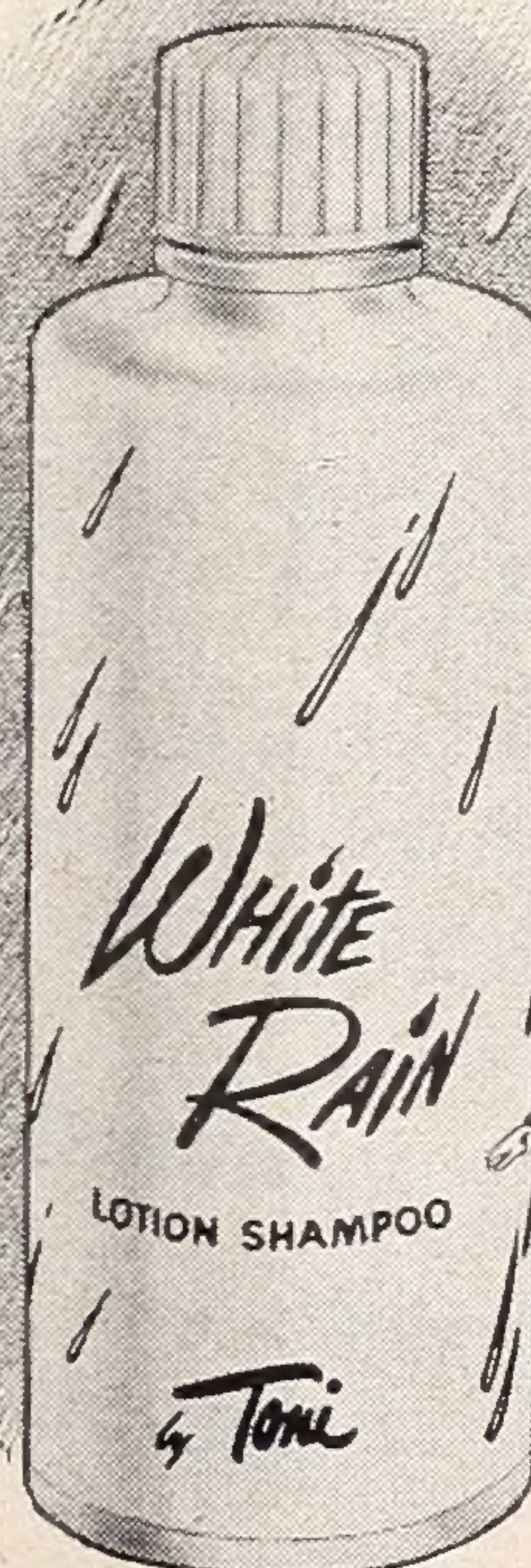


It's like washing your hair in
softest rain water! This new gentle
lotion shampoo leaves your hair
soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine,
fresh-smelling as a spring breeze.
And it's so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

White Rain

Fabulous New
Lotion Shampoo by Toni



LAUGHING STOCK

(Continued from page 4)

An Irma-brained starlet read M-G-M's announcement about "The Steinway Story," commemorating the one-hundredth anniversary of the famed piano, and said to a pal, "Maybe I'll get the lead. They've always said I have Steinway legs."

Jeff Donnell's boy friend, Aldo Ray, took Rita Hayworth to lunch one day while they were working together in "Miss Sadie Thompson." When Jeff heard about it she



Aldo and Jeff: Sunday punch!

sent Aldo a big hamper. Inside were six box lunches labeled for each day of the week except Sunday. "On Sunday," she wrote him, "you buy my lunch."

A studio's efforts to hypo the boxoffice of a bad movie reminds me of the time Kate Smith starred in a film titled, "Hello Everybody." Business was so bad that one theatre owner changed his marquee to read: "Hello Anybody."

Harry Ritz said he had a date in Washington to see President Eisenhower, and added, "I've got my duffer bag packed."

Marie Wilson on the possibility of doing a 3-D movie: "Oh, I'd love to. I've always wanted to do a *deep* role!"

Friend to Dana Andrews, just returned to Hollywood from Ceylon, "How do you detect an elephant?"

Dana: "You smell a faint odor of peanuts on his breath."

Gordon MacRae's explanation of why his wife, Sheila, teamed up with him for a night-club tour. "I told her I needed a girl who was sexy, had stage presence, could sing and was a good trouser. Sheila looked at me, as only a wife can, and said, 'Well?'"



Gordon and Sheila MacRae: Two for the road

"So This is Love"

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

All its Songs!

From the toe-tapping 'OH ME, OH MY' and 'REMEMBER' through ten other show-stopping melodies to the timeless 'TIME ON MY HANDS'

So this is the dazzling darling from Jellicoe, Tenn.-- the honey-voiced honey they couldn't stop till she reached the show-world's glittering top!

So this is the big music-and-love story -- of how a Greenwich Village cellar-café started one of the brightest careers the bright-lights ever knew!

So this is the laugh-ringing, love-rapturous life-- and the men and melodies in it-- **THE RAGTIME-TO-RICHES STORY OF GRACE MOORE**

STARRING

KATHRYN GRAYSON

WITH

MERV GRIFFIN • JOAN WELDON • WALTER ABEL • ROSEMARY DeCAMP • JEFF DONNELL

SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN MONKS, Jr. • Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE • DIRECTED BY GORDON DOUGLAS

Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz

PRESENTED BY
WARNER BROS.



NOW... a wonder treatment for 4 "Young Skin" problems

Are these "young skin" problems spoiling *your* looks?

**Skin oily—yet flaky?
Pores beginning to "spread"?
Blackheads popping out?**

Such an unkind *but common* trick of nature! Suddenly, the oil glands start over-working. At the same time, skin grows sluggish—can't throw off the everyday accumulation of dead skin cells. This mixture of oil and dry skin cells begins to build a "choking" layer over the pore openings. Now—enlarged pores, even blackheads are on the way. Your skin needs help *quickly*.

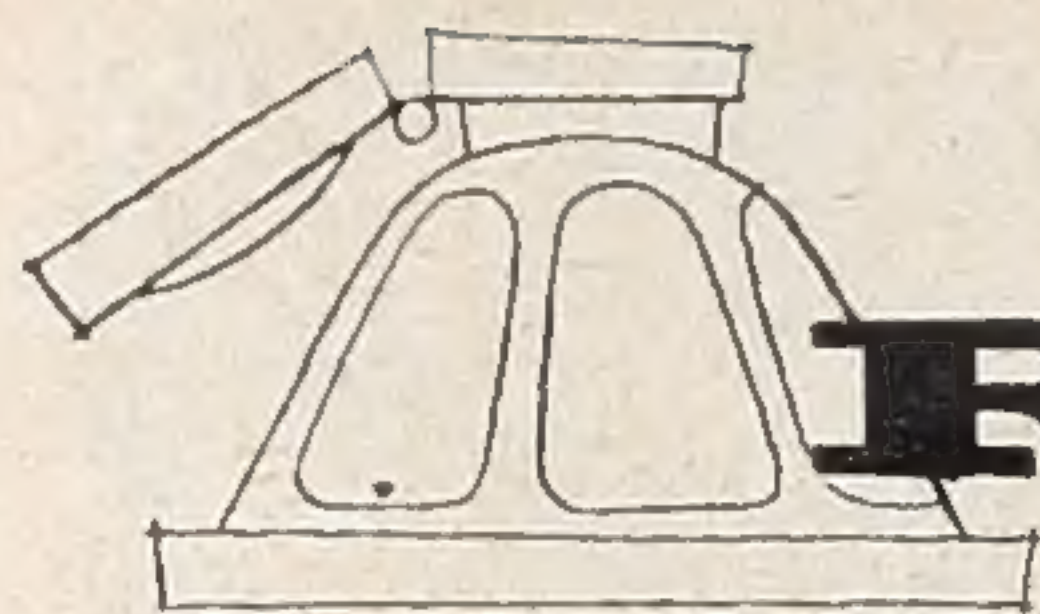
A 1-Minute Treatment by Pond's now brings you new help for these four common "young skin" problems—over-oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores, and blackheads.



Just cover face, except eyes, with a snowy-white, *greaseless* 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action *loosens*, dissolves off stubborn, dead skin cells. Frees the tiny skin gland openings to function *normally*. Now—after 60 seconds—tissue off clean. See how tingling-fresh and completely *un-greasy* your skin looks! How *smooth* it feels.

Get a jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream today—give yourself your first 1-Minute Mask *tonight*. You'll see encouraging results *right away*.

"Young skin" doesn't like heavy make-up!
A sheer touch of *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a *fresh, un-shiny* powder base.



Readers Inc...

SOAP BOX:

I have just seen "Young Bess" and I just had to write and tell you what a great movie this was and what a great cast. And my special congratulations to Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr and Rex Thompson (the little King) for their magnificent performances. Movies are better than ever—this is a "must" . . .

LINDA ROSS,
Brooklyn, New York

I wish the public would stop begging Greta Garbo to make a movie comeback. I don't care whether she ever comes back or not. She doesn't . . . so why should I?

By the time she does find the "right script, the right leading man," she'll be too old to "cut the mustard" anyway.

TRAVIS WOLFE
Gadsden, Alabama

Have you ever noticed the great resemblance between Ray Bolger and Bobby Van? I just saw "Small Town Girl" and Van acts and dances just like Bolger . . .

BEVERLY APPLAS
Lima, Ohio

My personal thoughts of Jane Powell since she is separated from Geary are not good ones for her at all. If it takes someone to tell her what's happening to her movie fans I'll tell her. She is losing thousands of them, including me, since she started acting like a baby. Come on Jane let's start acting our age.

SUE MARTIN
Hodge, Louisiana



The question: Is Jane acting her age?

Very recently, in connection with the World Premiere of "The Pony Express," several famous Hollywood personalities appeared here. Rhonda Fleming, Jan Sterling, Forrest Tucker and Richard Shannon, who were in the picture . . . They were here two nights and one day and in that one day they gave radio and TV interviews, visited the orphanages, attended various ceremonies, rode in a parade and put on shows at three different theatres . . .

NANCY LYDICK
St. Joseph, Missouri

I've been reading PHOTOPLAY for years—my favorite movie magazine. Just for fun,

I've written some impressions of some of my pet movie stars . . . Rita Hayworth: Leopards sleeping in the sun, the circus and the funny one! Anne Baxter: Paisley shawls and Casbah nights, wild ducks in their frantic flights. Marlon Brando: Noisy horns and deepest fog, toads beneath a shady log. Marilyn Monroe: Lilies of the valley on a red velvet hat, hissing bonfires and a purring cat. Betty Hutton: Black swans on a blue-green lake, apples and a slight earthquake . . .

MRS. FERN CHAPMAN
Topeka, Kansas

I say three cheers for Barbara Rush and John Derek! They were perfect together in "Prince of Pirates."

MARGE KENDALL
New Castle, Indiana



Cheers for Barbara Rush!

Everyone has his idea of a King of Movies. Mine is John Payne. He can act, sing and dance perfectly. He can play any kind of role. He's romantic as can be and, boy, is he handsome! . . .

EVELYN LONG
Mobile, Alabama

Me and the GI's of my barracks got together and in our spare time made up what we thing would be an "ideal" star . . . Hair—Susan Hayward, Eyes—Jean Peters, Face—Arlene Dahl, Teeth—Ann Blyth, Bust—Elizabeth Taylor, Waist—Jan Sterling, Hips—Marilyn Monroe, Height and Weight—Sally Forrest, Thigh—Debra Paget, Calf—Ruth Roman, Personality—Joan Crawford, Acting ability—Bette Davis.

PFC. DONALD STACKLOW
Fort Bliss, Texas

Thank you so much for your story, "Hollywood's Feud with Marilyn Monroe" in your July issue. I was very indignant after reading Joan Crawford's attack on Marilyn, as I am one of her many fans. I don't thing it is Miss Crawford's business, or anyone else's in Hollywood for that matter, the way that Marilyn dresses. She isn't hurting anything or anyone by it, and she has a right to live as she pleases . . . The persons who criticize others are the very ones who once tried the same thing and were not quite as successful, that's my personal opinion!

SYLVIA VENETTONE
Lambertville, New Jersey

(Continued on page 11)



IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN!

MAKE *Extra* MONEY

SHOWING FAMOUS WALLACE BROWN

Exclusive, Exciting,
Greeting Cards

"Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment

By every standard the most thrillingly beautiful assortment of exquisite, original, EXCLUSIVE DESIGN Christmas Cards in America! 21 large-size cards—every one different! Sells for only \$1.00—your profit up to 50c.

No Other Company Offers These Sensations!

Pictured here are only three of the more than 40 quality greeting card assortments and other items in the Wallace Brown line. Rush coupon for samples and money-making details.

Picturama Christmas Assortment

Sensational new idea—dramatic designs open up to complete Christmas panoramas of popular subjects in many lovely, gleaming colors. Sells for only \$1.00. Your profit up to 50c.

Merry Christmas Comics Assortment

Newest rage! A fun-packed assortment of gay and clever Christmas Cards. Every design a thrilling surprise! Sells for \$1.00—your profit up to 50c.

Famous Nationally Advertised Christmas and Everyday Box Assortments and Personal Christmas Cards

YOU DON'T NEED ANY EXPERIENCE AND WE SEND YOU SAMPLES

Here's the easiest and most pleasant way in the world to make the extra money you want! Simply show the lovely, exclusive assortments of Greeting Cards by Wallace Brown to your friends and neighbors! My, how fast they'll order from you when they see the gorgeous cards for Christmas and all occasions! You make more money with America's leading designs, amazing new, completely-different, original creations offered by no other company. Yes, balanced assortments of lavish, costly cards—gorgeous papers including suedes and parchment, jewelled "glitter", velvety "flocking", novel folds and cut-outs—each assortment an eye-filling treasure and a money-saving value. Just wait until you see the many surprises! Mail the coupon below NOW for actual samples on approval.

Assortments Everyone Loves for Christmas and All Occasions—and Many Fast-Selling Gift Items Too!

You've never even imagined you could offer such wonder-values, all from one company. Only a few are listed below:

CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENTS: Besides those shown on this page you offer luxurious Golden Suede Assortment, Currier and Ives, "flocked" Christmas Velvet Assortment, Religious Scripture Texts, Gift-Wrapping Ensembles, unbelievably rich and exquisite Genuine PARCHMENT Assortment—and many others.

PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS: Exclusive, high quality cards with name imprinted, at low money-saving prices. We ship direct to your customers!

EVERYDAY ASSORTMENTS: "Feature" All-Occasion, Barrel-of-Fun Comics, Velvet Beauties Assortment, Rainbow Petals, Gift Wrappings, Gift Ribbons, and many others.

GIFT ITEMS: Floral Stationery, Imported Napkins, Children's Books, Personal Notes, "Shakespeare Howls" Napkins, Novelties, many others.

Send No Money!

MAIL THE COUPON FOR THE BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES!

Don't send a single penny! Just your name and address on the coupon in this ad. Actual sample of the exciting, easy-selling "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment shown on this page—PLUS FREE SAMPLES of Personal, name-imprinted Christmas Cards—will be mailed to you at once, prepaid, with complete information and money-making plans. Mail the coupon NOW.

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. E-186, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

Paste this coupon on a postcard or mail in envelope for actual samples, sent on approval.

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. E-186
225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please rush at once sample of the "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, and FREE Samples Personal Christmas Cards, with details of complete line and money-making plans.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



YES, AVA GARDNER uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World 4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo



Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans . . . leaves your hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin*. It doesn't dry or dull your hair!



Makes hair eager to curl! Now you *can* "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.



Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to \$2 in jars or tubes.

. . . and thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos! Lustre-Creme Shampoo now available also in new Lotion Form, 30¢ to \$1.00.



I want to comment on how Esther Williams, Jeanne Crain and Susan Hayward raise their families. I think it is wonderful! They are doing a wonderful job and are wonderful mothers. A few more Hollywood women should follow their example.

ANN MARY STOVENBECK
New Port, Ohio

CASTING:

We have just finished the book, "Beau Geste," and think that the movie should be remade. Here are our suggestions for casting: *Beau*, Charlton Heston; *Digby*, Robert Horton; *John*, Bob Wagner; *Isobel*, Dawn Addams; *Lejeune*, Lyle Bettger . . .

SALLY HAYDEN, PEGGY PIPE
Boulder, Colorado

The most beautiful book I ever read was "Ramona." Why not make the movie again starring talented Elizabeth Taylor as *Ramona*, Richard Stapley as *Alessandro*, the *Indian*, and Richard Burton as *Felipe* . . .

MARILYN KRAFT
Michigan City, Indiana

Why not Tony Curtis and Cornel Wilde in a movie together? They look very much alike. They could pass for brothers . . .

ZANICE WEED
Winona, Mississippi

I have seen Alan Ladd in "Desert Legion." I think he is wonderful! Why not co-star Susan Hayward with him? They would be an *ideal* team . . . They are tops in my book.

DIXIE LEE FREY
Denver, Colorado



Co-stars? Alan Ladd and Susan Hayward

My friends and I think that Debbie Reynolds is Hollywood's loveliest and most talented young star. We also think that Debbie rates the opportunity to play opposite a handsome young dreamboat like Tab Hunter . . . or . . . Craig Hill, instead of older stars like Gene Kelly, etc. Debbie and Tab would be perfect together in a musical comedy . . .

ANONYMOUS
Sutherland, Saskatchewan

My ideal man with no questions about it is Rock Hudson. I also think Marilyn Monroe is all woman. So how about teaming them in some raw love story. What else could we ask for except making it 3-D, of course?

TERRY CAVANAUGH
Brooklyn, New York

Why don't they put Elizabeth Taylor and Margaret O'Brien in a movie as sisters? They look so much alike. The same with Anne Francis and Sally Forrest. They look alike too.

SUSAN NICHOLS
Modesto, California

. . . I think James Mason absolutely steals the show as *Brutus* in "Julius Caesar." Now that Hollywood has given him a chance to play Shakespeare, why don't they let him really prove his versatility in a romantic comedy . . .

ELEANOR DAVIDSON
Brooklyn, New York



James Mason steals the show

Why don't they let Debra Paget and Jeff Hunter play opposite each other? They would make a sweet, young romantic team.

MILDRED APPLIGATE
Kansas City, Missouri

QUESTION BOX:

My cousin says Robert Wagner didn't change his name and I say he did . . . Will you please settle this argument?

CAROLYN JOHNSON
Gooding, Idaho

Robert Wagner is his real name and his reel name.—ED.

I have just seen the movie "Moulin Rouge" . . . did José Ferrer also play the part of his father?

SHIRLEY FIEDLER
Hubbard, Ohio

Yes, José Ferrer played the parts of both father and son.—ED.

Is Janet Leigh's name pronounced Lā, or is it Lē?

JANET SERROT
Rushville, Illinois

It's pronounced Lee.—ED.

. . . I think the measurements of the shoulders, the height and weight of Rock Hudson are much more than those of Robert Mitchum, especially the shoulders. Which one is bigger?

SANDRA B.
Vera, Oklahoma

Since Rock Hudson is 6'4" and weighs 197, and Robert Mitchum is 6'1" and weighs 180, we would say Rock had the bigger shoulders. However, no one can deny that both are terrific specimens.—ED.

After seeing . . . "Battle Circus" with June Allyson and Humphrey Bogart (a very good movie) it made me stop and think. I decided I wasn't doing enough to help the boys in Korea. I would like to know what I could send to the boys over there. Could I send magazines, food, cigarettes and other things? If so, where would I send it?

NORMA SULLIVAN
Marlette, Michigan

Call your local Army Public Relations Office for advice.—ED.

(Continued on page 12)

Edna's DISMAL

PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Edna, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know," explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dept. B-93, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

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Now! A Panty Brief that does more than most girdles!

Wear it under shorts, slacks, swimsuits . . . all revealing summer clothes . . . you'll think you've lost a full size, no matter what your size!



Hidden "finger" panels smooth and support your figure in Nature's own way. Boneless non-roll top stays up without a stay. See the lovely textured latex outside . . . feel the cloud-soft fabric inside.



New Playtex® Magic-Controller Panty Brief!

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Here it is . . . a brief with *all* the figure-molding virtues of the Magic-Controller Girdle . . . a brief that gives you the figure *and* the freedom for summer's revealing clothes.

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Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the **SUM** tube.

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending



Readers Inc...

(Continued from page 11)

Could you please tell me what the name of the background music of "Young Bess" was, and if it has been published or recorded?

BARBARA BEACH
Cleveland, Ohio

The music was written for the film by Miklos Rosza, but has not, as yet, been published or recorded.—ED.

Could you please tell me if the M-G-M production "Never Let Me Go" starring Clark Gable and Gene Tierney is based on the book written by Roger Bax, "Two If By Sea"?

JEANETTE RAEDEKE
Parkers Prairie, Minnesota

You're half right. This film was based on the novel "Came the Dawn" by Roger Bax.—ED.



Clark Gable and Gene Tierney brighten the story

I liked the picture "Jeopardy" very much . . . I think the little boy was wonderful. What's his name please?

HEDDA HOYER
Rochester, New York

That was talented Lee Aaker.—ED.

Some of my friends told me . . . they read that Bob Wagner and Scott Brady are brothers. Are they?

BETTY LAVARINI
Dearborn, Michigan

They are not related. Scott, however, does have two brothers. His older brother, Lawrence Tierney, the well-known actor, and a younger brother, Ed Tierney, who plans a career as a film writer.—ED.

. . . Eddie Fisher and Farley Granger look a lot alike. Are they in any way related?

JEAN ANN O'CONNELL
St. Paul, Minnesota

In no way.—ED.

In your July issue of PHOTOPLAY you listed in Readers Inc. . . the shows Stewart Granger has been in. Am I sadly mistaken or didn't he play in "The Prisoner of Zenda" also?

KAREN HENNINGER
Coquille, Oregon

You're right. He did.—ED.

Could you please tell me Dick Powell's age. Someone told me he will be sixty years old and I can't believe he is that old.

JEAN WADSWORTH
Salamanca, New York

"Someone" must be confusing him with someone else. He'll be 49 this winter.—ED.

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Beauty experts say you can actually *feel*
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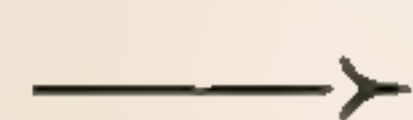
Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair
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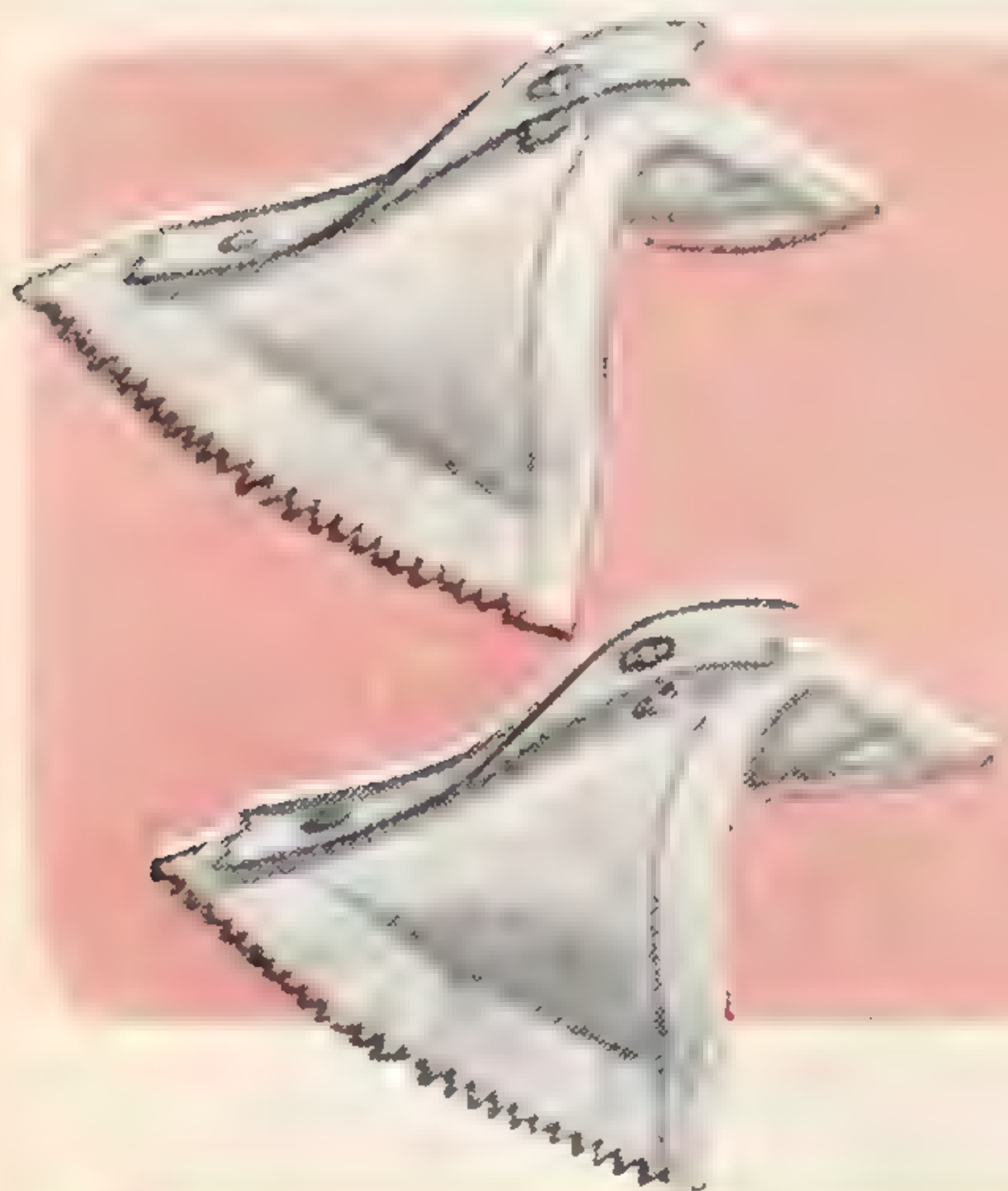
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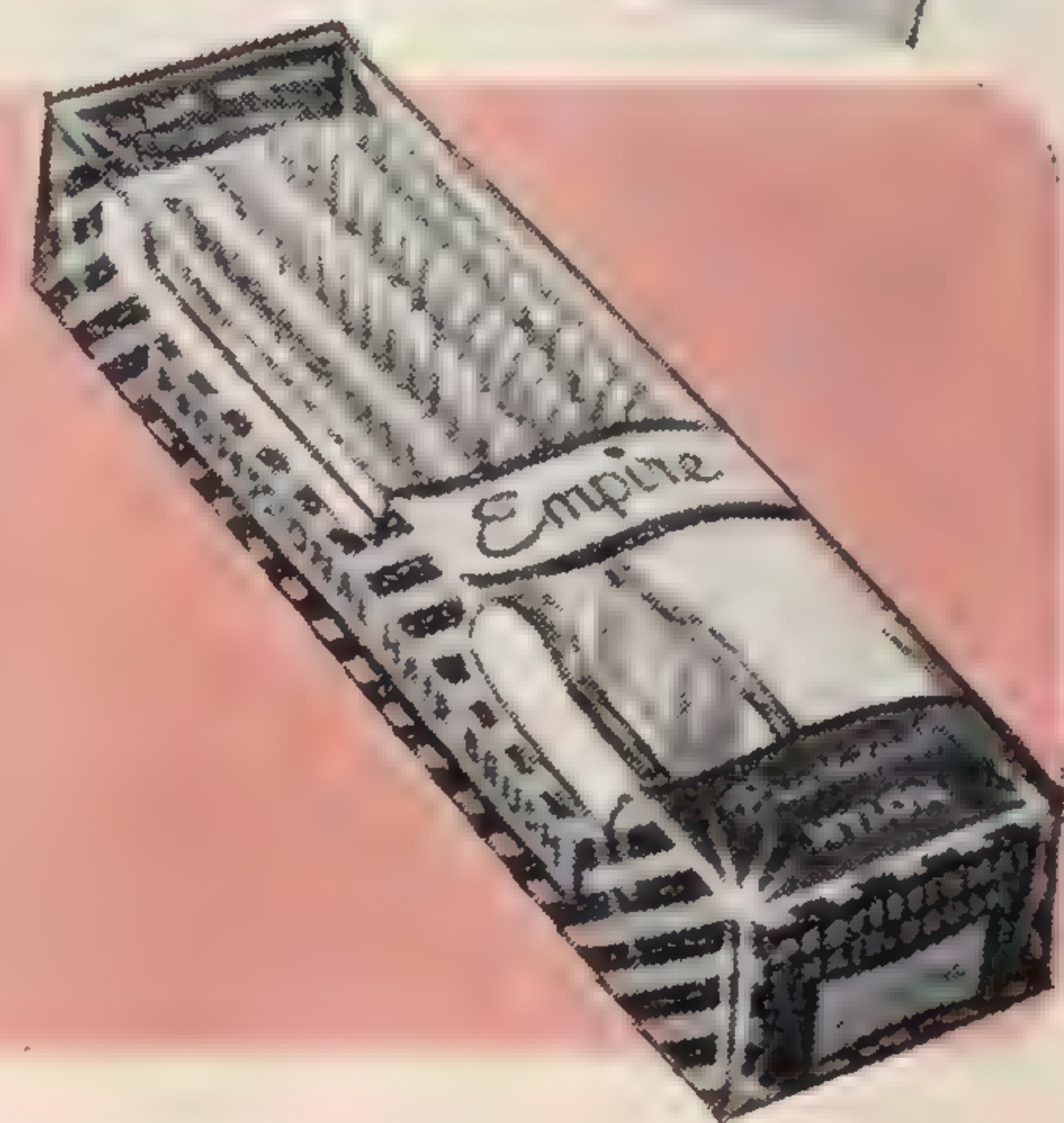
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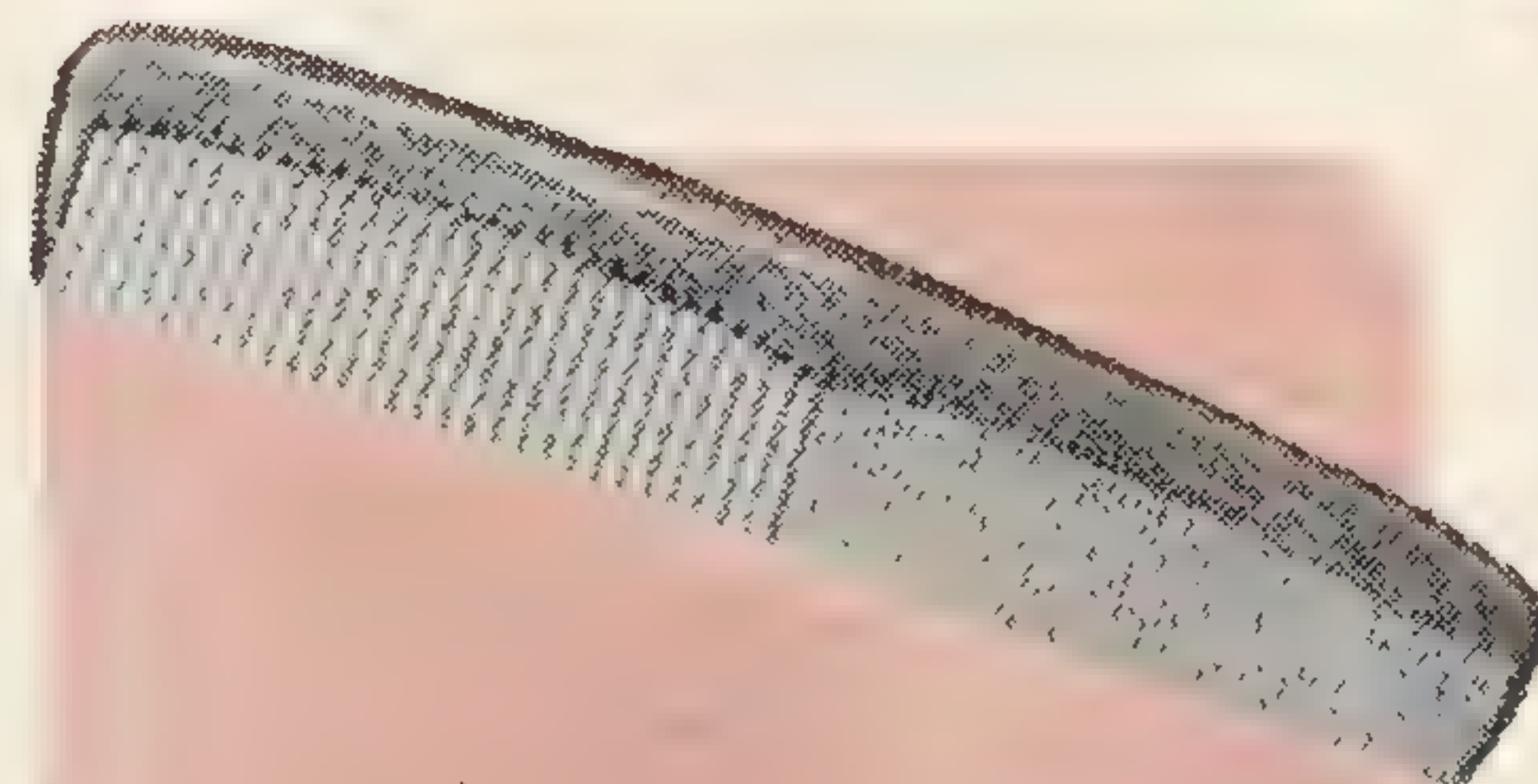
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LET'S GO TO

Best Direction: George Stevens
Best Acting: Alan Ladd



Homesteaders Jean, Brandon, Van and Alan greet a neighbor on the range



Lights-out time, John McCallum tells his famous bride, Patrice Munsel



Cyd and Fred dance a hilarious satire on the tough-private-eye novel

SHANE

PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

A classic Western gives Alan Ladd his best opportunity. Not so lyrical as "Stagecoach," so true as "The Gunfighter" nor so perfectly shaped as "High Noon," "Shane" is a story of ballad-like simplicity. As a lone adventurer with a vague and violent past, Alan rides into the midst of a war between cattle barons and homesteaders. Trying to settle down peacefully, he goes to work as hired man for a stubborn farmer, Van Heflin. His arrival finally brings about subtle changes in family relationships: between the farmer and his wife (Jean Arthur, splendidly convincing as a pioneer woman); between the farmer and his young son (Brandon De Wilde, an actor too good to be called just "a child actor"). When gunman Jack Palance shows up, Alan must return to his old trade. The action takes place against the grandeur of Wyoming's Teton Range.

Verdict: Excellent saga of the frontier

(Family)

MELBA

U. A., TECHNICOLOR

The richness of the opera repertoire and the romantic air of opera's heyday unfold in this story of a real turn-of-the-century diva. As Nellie Melba, Patrice Munsel shows not only a soaring coloratura voice, but a pleasing screen personality. No standard-model beauty, she has a warm, appealing face and a well-turned figure. The film is at its most effective when the young Melba, raised on an Australian ranch, plunges into voice training in Paris. The magnificent Martita Hunt dominates these sequences, playing an imperious former star who comes out of retirement to give the newcomer rigorous coaching and gentle advice. Later scenes are more conventional, following the love vs. career routine. Melba's suitors: John Justin, colorless as a playboy; Alec Clunes, suave as a hotel-owner; John McCallum, ruggedly attractive as an Australian.

Verdict: Lavish with music, light on story

(Adult)

THE BAND WAGON

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

Here's the most satisfying musical seen in years. It has a talent-loaded cast headed by Fred Astaire. It has a wealth of wonderfully varied but uniformly successful song and dance numbers. It even has a smooth, witty script, recalling "All About Eve" in its satirical, affectionate picture of showbusiness. This time, Fred plays the has-been, a faded Hollywood musical star, who returns to New York to dare the stage in a comedy written by a husband-and-wife team (delectably portrayed by Nanette Fabray and Oscar Levant). Unfortunately, they get a genius to direct the show. Jack Buchanan, debonair idol of British musicals, does a fine, flamboyant job as the amiable egoist who turns a nice little comedy into a super-artistic remake of "Faust." As Fred's ballerina co-star, long-limbed Cyd Charisse is a miracle of beauty and grace, a delight to watch.

Verdict: As a song says, "That's Entertainment!" (Family)

THE MOVIES

with Janet Graves

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES

20TH CENTURY-FOX,
TECHNICOLOR

Two dazzling personalities give humor and bounce to a ramshackle bit of tuneful foolery. Marilyn Monroe doesn't have to do a thing except what comes naturally to portray the embodiment of the naive-mannered gold-digger. But Jane Russell, a fumbling amateur in the acting business not so long ago, is the big surprise, tossing off snappy lines and spectacular musical numbers with great aplomb. She's the gal who likes men better than money. Marilyn, thanks to a generous beau, is off to Europe, and her fellow show-girl (Jane) goes along as chaperone (!). Of course, Jane has a job cut out for her, especially since Marilyn's father-in-law-to-be has hired a detective to get the goods on the fortune-hunter. If anybody's looking, the men in the case: Tommy Noonan (Marilyn's fiancé), Elliott Reid (private eye), Charles Coburn (gullible British nobleman).

Verdict: Riotous display of feminine charms (Adult)



Best Acting: Jane Russell

Stranded in Paris, Jane and Marilyn keep their spirits up with rhythm

THE SWORD AND THE ROSE

DISNEY, RKO, TECHNICOLOR

In the same zestful spirit as "The Story of Robin Hood," Richard Todd's new adventure yarn returns to the rousing old days of knighthood. But the accent's more on romance, though treated with an enchanting tongue-in-cheek manner. Glynis Johns' witchery animates the role of the Tudor princess who loves a gallant commoner, yet is forced to marry a senile French king. While maintaining an air of innocence, she manages to dispose of the old boy in short order, only to find that a treacherous suitor, back in England, has plotted her true love's death. (Don't worry—Dick's too tough to be killed so easily.) As Glynis' kingly brother, Henry VIII, the imposing James Robertson Justice challenges Charles Laughton's hold on the role of the lusty monarch. It's all a treat, full of disguises, secret trysts, flashing swords and cloaked horsemen.

Verdict: Full-flavored tale of derring-do (Family)



Masquerading as Dick's page, Glynis is ready to flee England with him

RETURN TO PARADISE

U. A., TECHNICOLOR

The dreaming loveliness of the South Sea Islands breathes through this bittersweet romance, filmed in Samoa. Gary Cooper gives an endearingly typical performance (sometimes awkward with dialogue, unerringly powerful in pantomime) as the drifter who comes to shore on an island ruled by a bigot. Barry Jones, keeping a sure grasp on a character that develops and changes, is the missionary who has perverted religion into personal tyranny. Fresh, charming Roberta Haynes plays a native girl, a natural rebel who inspires the dispassionate Cooper to start a crusade that frees the islanders. But the story only begins there, winding up with a nice irony. Again a drifter, Cooper returns to his paradise during World War II, and his own half-caste daughter (enticing Moira MacDonald) is courted by a GI (John Hudson). Now Cooper has a new viewpoint!

Verdict: Entrancing fable of the South Pacific (Adult)

More reviews on page 22



Gary finds happiness with Roberta Haynes, but still remains footloose P

Hollywood Party Line



BY
EDITH
GWYNN

THERE WERE MORE big preems and "special events" than parties this month, though goodness knows there was no dearth of parties. The biggest crowds turned out for "Shane," with everyone gasping at the picture and at Alan Ladd's great performance. Present were Mitzi Gaynor with Jack Bean; the Rory Calhouns; Tom Morton; Mala Powers. Anne Francis (even on crutches with that broken ankle) was a leader in the glamour parade.



Glamour-on-crutches: Anne with hubby

After "Shane" many celebs gathered at Mocambo. Mitzi Gaynor was in a black gown cut down to there, plus a stole of black fox to keep her shoulders nice and warm. Jeanne Crain wore an eye-catching dress of flowing white chiffon with red polka dots. Irene Dunne was with hubby Francis Griffin, and Virginia Mayo was with her hubby Michael O'Shea.

You might have called it "Everyone Got into the Act Week" along Sunset Strip. Ray Anthony brought his swelegant band to Ciro's. But before Ray got a chance to toot, Jimmy McHugh introduced Celeste Holm, who introduced Mickey Rooney, who introduced Jerry Colonna, who introduced Kay Starr, who introduced Mitzi Gaynor, who introduced Guy Mitchell, who introduced Ray! Before the evening was over, Rooney and Keefe Brasselle took a turn with the drums and clarinet, and not to be outdone, Don Taylor trumpeted.

The sheath silhouette is still with us, but my, how it's changed! Now it's a basically tubular dress, but added to it are long sleeves or masses of net or chiffon flowing freely and gracefully at the sides. If you have a dark sheath-dress there are countless ways you can make a new outfit of it. Anne Francis has one of black crepe, cut rather low; with it she occasionally wears a bright coral stole falling to the hemline in front and back—but with the front end tucked under her narrow belt at the waist.

Then there's that super gray jersey sheath of Doris Day's. It can go on through summer to fall and winter—merely by changing belts, changing accessories, or adding things to it. By simply adding a black lace apron which covers the skirt, Doris has an evening gown. Wearing a contrasting bolero of velveteen, she has a trim daytime or dinner outfit. Overskirts of gathered black net make lovely new gowns of black, white, gray or pink sheaths—and there are many other gimmicks to "add" dresses to your wardrobe.

The "Young Bess" premiere was right at the time of the Coronation doings for another "Young Bess" in England. Stars Deborah Kerr, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, arriving together, got squeals of delight. Leslie Caron was with her husband-in-uniform, Geordie Hormel. Elaine Stewart, in slinky white, got lots of wolf whistles! Ann Blyth and Jim McNulty—Ann in a summery flowered print.



Hollywood reunion: Leslie Caron and Geordie

A party that was a bit different was the one given for Barbara Stanwyck by her pal Helen Ferguson, who had her entire house decorated in Barbara's favorite color—pink. And pink looks good with the new Stanwyck hairdo, short and in her own natural silver-gray ringlets. A profusion of pink flowers was everywhere, and most of the gals wore pink. Barbara wore a deep-vine simply cut, full-skirted cocktail dress of heavy pink raw silk, with a topper of deeper pink cashmere. Mona Freeman was in pale pink crepe, Gilbert Roland in that now-famous pink shirt!



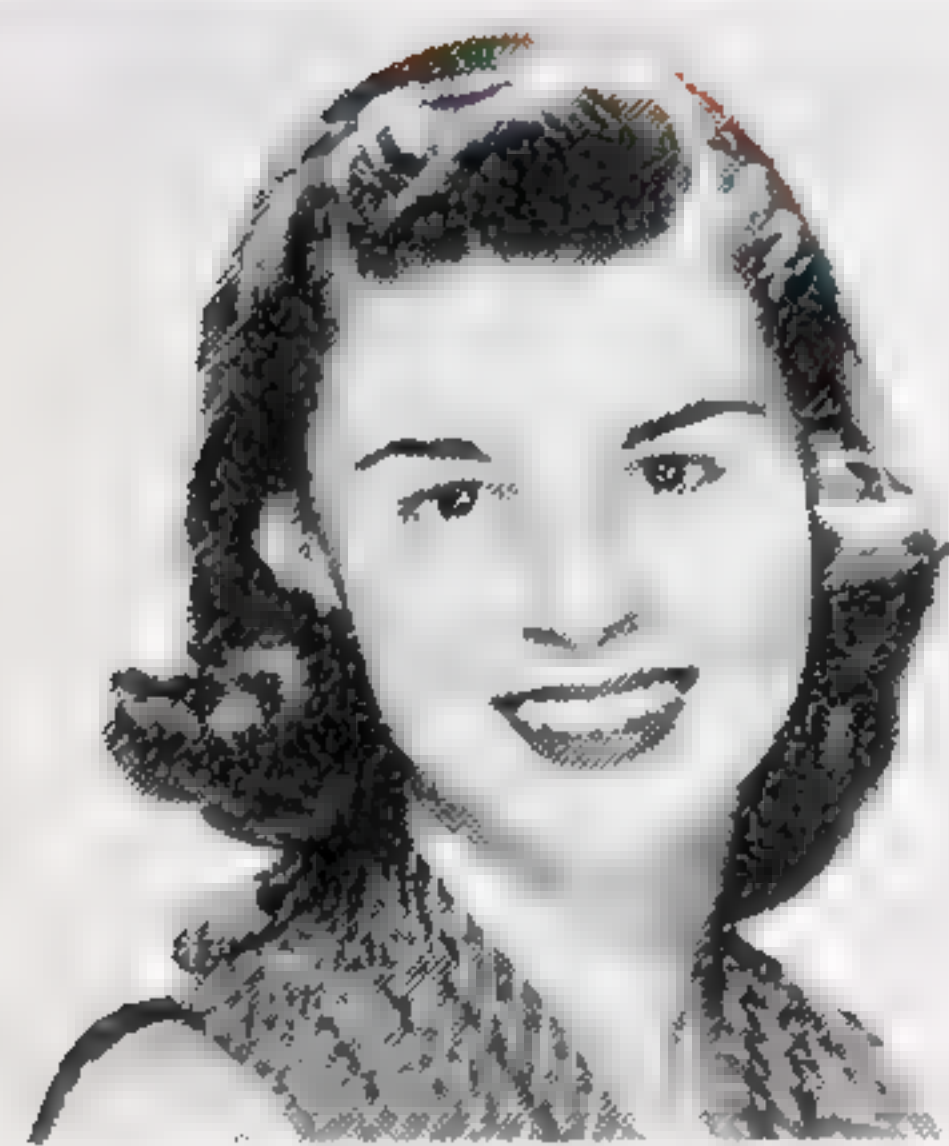
Dance team: Dinah and George

There was another of those "daisy-chain presentations" at the Cocoanut Grove. Jane Wyman introduced George Burns, who brought on Dinah Shore, who brought on Don O'Connor, who introduced Jane Wyman, who introduced John Wayne (he made a very funny speech), who introduced Marilyn Monroe, who finally said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Jimmy McHugh!" And then things got going. Jane looked like a dream in a very full-skirted white dress to her ankles, the skirt being tier on tier of red and white striped organdy. Dinah Shore was in pale green chiffon, a red ribbon circling her blonde chignon. Mmmmm Monroe was in white chiffon with long black gloves almost to her shoulders. Rosie Clooney, Vera-Ellen, the Jeff Chandlers were also part of the star-studded crowd there.

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Barbara
Univer
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Carrol Robinson of Jefferson H.S., Portland, Ore., changed to Palmolive care and says: "My skin is far smoother."



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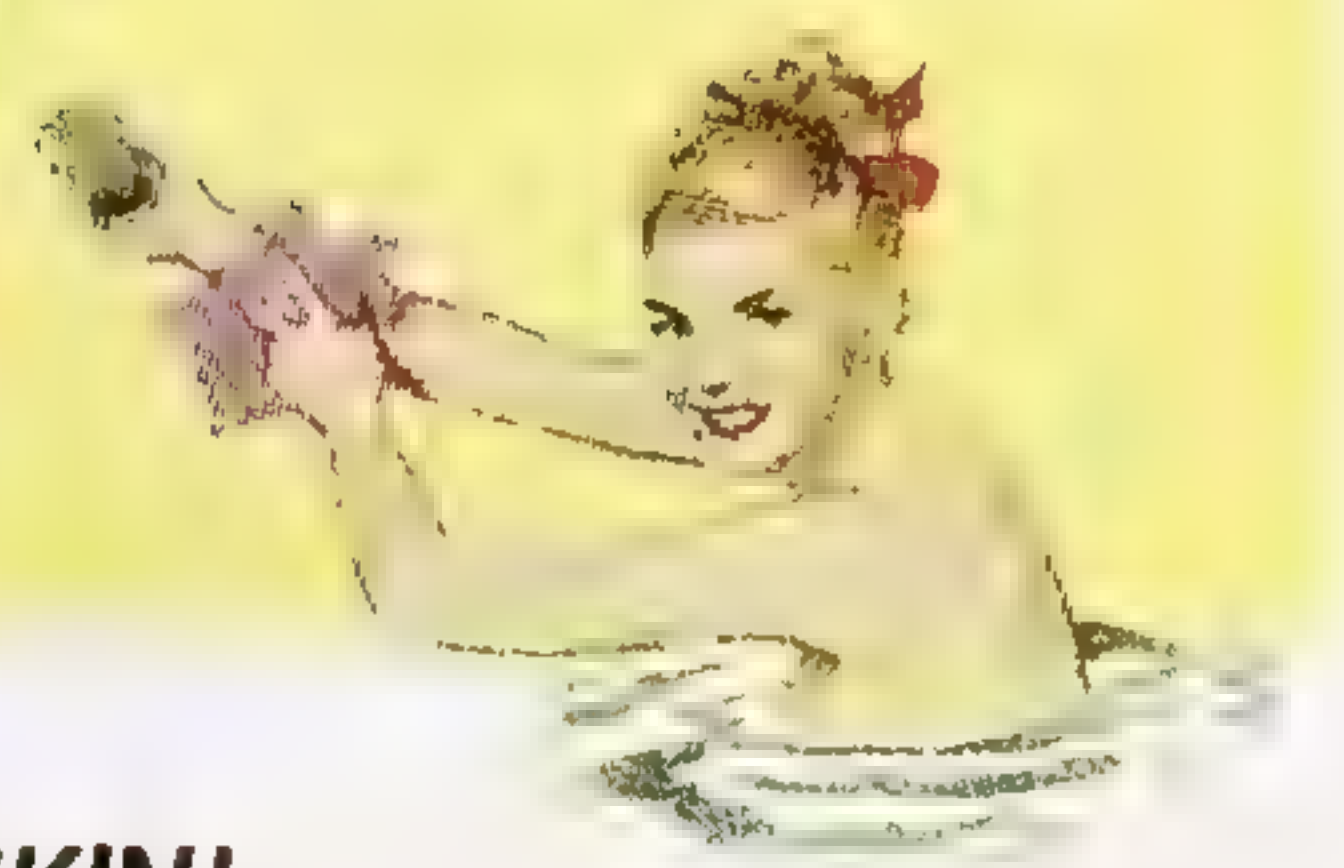
So don't lose another day! Change to Palmolive's Beauty Plan . . . massage Palmolive's 100% mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds, 3 times a day. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat dry. In 14 days or less, you can have softer, smoother and brighter skin. Yes, Palmolive Soap brings out beauty while it cleans your skin!

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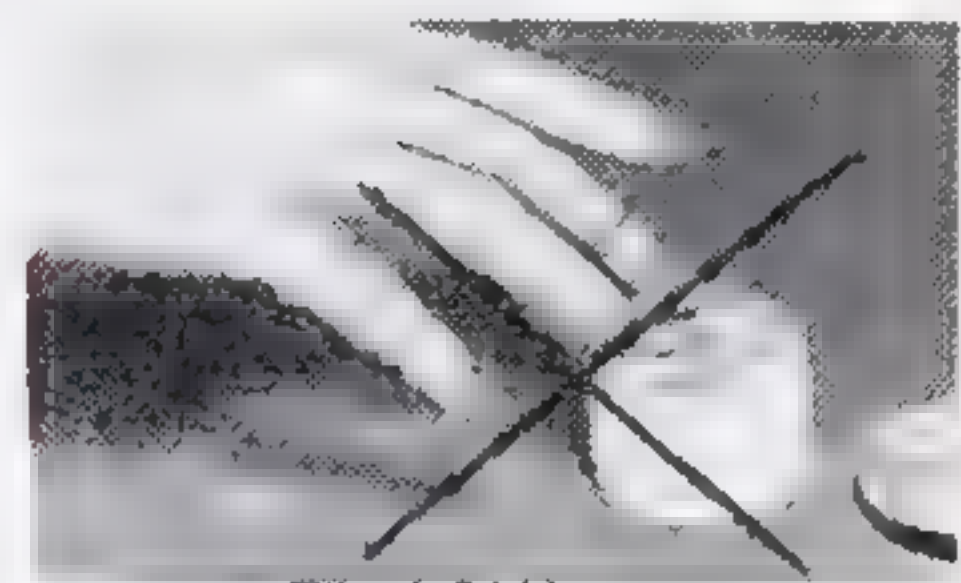


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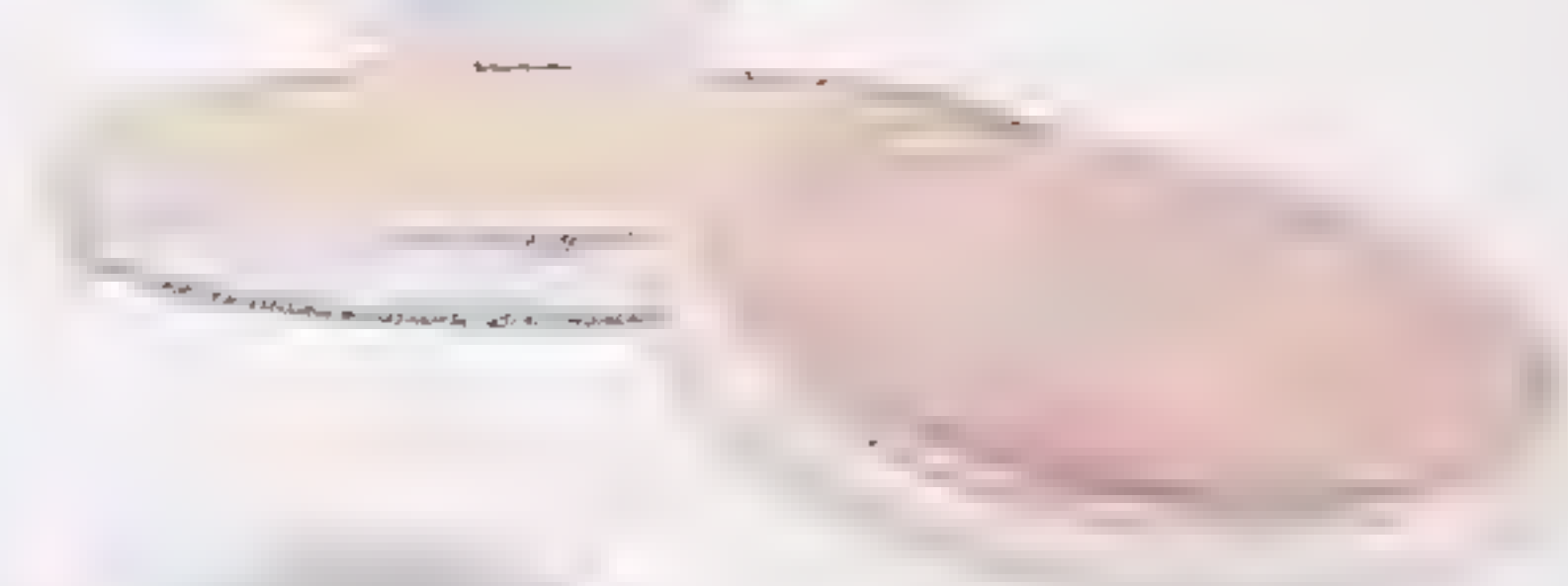
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That's Hollywood For You

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I BUY JANET LEIGH'S HONESTY about her marriage with Tony: "Sure we raise our tempers. Ours is not a dull marriage." . . . When his hair is long and curly, Bob Wagner looks like Terry Moore. Could this be why they went for each other? . . . I never heard of an actor blaming his director for a good performance . . . Sometimes Cara Williams acts more like a Barrymore than husband Barrymore, Jr.

"It's the hardest thing in the world to accept a pinch of success and leave it that way. Once you're a star you want to be a bigger star." Know who said that? None other than Marlon Brando, who always professes he doesn't give a darn . . . I can't remember seeing a movie actress who bites her nails . . . Jeff Chandler does a murderous impersonation of Jerry Lewis . . . I know a movie star so sure of his career he doesn't have to play a Las Vegas nightclub engagement.

Next time notice that Doris Day and Gordon MacRae seldom kiss "lips-on" in a movie. The reason is that their teeth protrude and bump against each other's . . . Van Johnson eats graham crackers in bed . . . I still would like to see Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling teamed in a picture . . . Debbie Reynolds says that if and when she marries it will be to a sportsman. But she doesn't say what sport!

Stewart Granger objects to Jean Simmons wearing slacks or blue jeans. Says Granger: "If girls are made as they should be, and Jean is, blue jeans do not become them." But to me, Jean could wear anything and look beautiful. In fact, I am reminded of Mike Curtiz's comment to an actress about her gowns, "You couldn't have worn anything you looked better in, even if you hadn't worn anything." . . . I dare you to name me a better actor than Ralph Richardson . . . A character actress was berating Marilyn Monroe to William Powell, saying, "She hasn't any talent. All she has is sex." Powell replied, "That kind of sex, dear, is talent." . . . Once, the Lana Turner-Lex Barker trip abroad would have been considered scandalous. Now they are criticized only because they might be trying to beat the tax rap.

Jean Peters gets to be a better actress in every picture. She's Oscar-bound . . . Elaine Stewart still borrows most of her going-out wardrobe from the studio . . . If you must know such things, it was Jo Ann Greer who did the singing for Rita Hayworth in "Miss Sadie Thompson" . . . Don't for a minute believe that 3-D is something new. Back in 1924, D. W. Griffith's cameraman, Billy Bitzer, showed some 3-D movies at the Cameo (now the Bryant) Theatre in New York. They said it wouldn't go because people wouldn't wear glasses.

I don't care how many gals you may read that Farley Granger is romancing, I'm willing to give odds that he doesn't marry any of them . . . Something a performer never gets in a drive-in theatre: applause! . . . Betty Grable uses a special perfume, one that she discovered her horses like . . . No matter how great a performer Richard Burton may be, he'll never be as good as he thinks he is . . . Cyd Charisse sleeps in a nightgown. Tony Martin sleeps raw.

Dawn Addams admits that Shelley Winters taught her the Hollywood facts of life. She met Shell and deserted art for publicity . . . I think the best movie advertising line of the year is that for "The Moon Is Blue": "based on an idea by Adam and Eve" . . . Vera-Ellen can sing too, but it was Carole Richards who did the singing for Vera-Ellen in "Call Me Madam." . . . I go for Ed Sobol's remark that the public never knows what it wants till somebody gives it to them.

I know Rock Hudson owes his success to the females. Rock admits he chased around with tough boys, was on his way to being arrested, until he discovered girls. Then he straightened himself out and chased around with girls . . . Give me a week of old Garbo movies and you can keep 3-D, Wide Screen and even TV . . . Joan Crawford is a fashion-plate on the outside, but in her boudoir, she sleeps in men's pajamas . . . I'm amused by the fact that James Mason played Field Marshal Rommel as a hero in "Desert Fox" and played the same Field Marshal Rommel as a villain in "Desert Rats." And that's Hollywood for you!



"Jean's not the jeans type," says Stewart



Jeff's a comic to his daughters too



Jean Peters is worth watching!

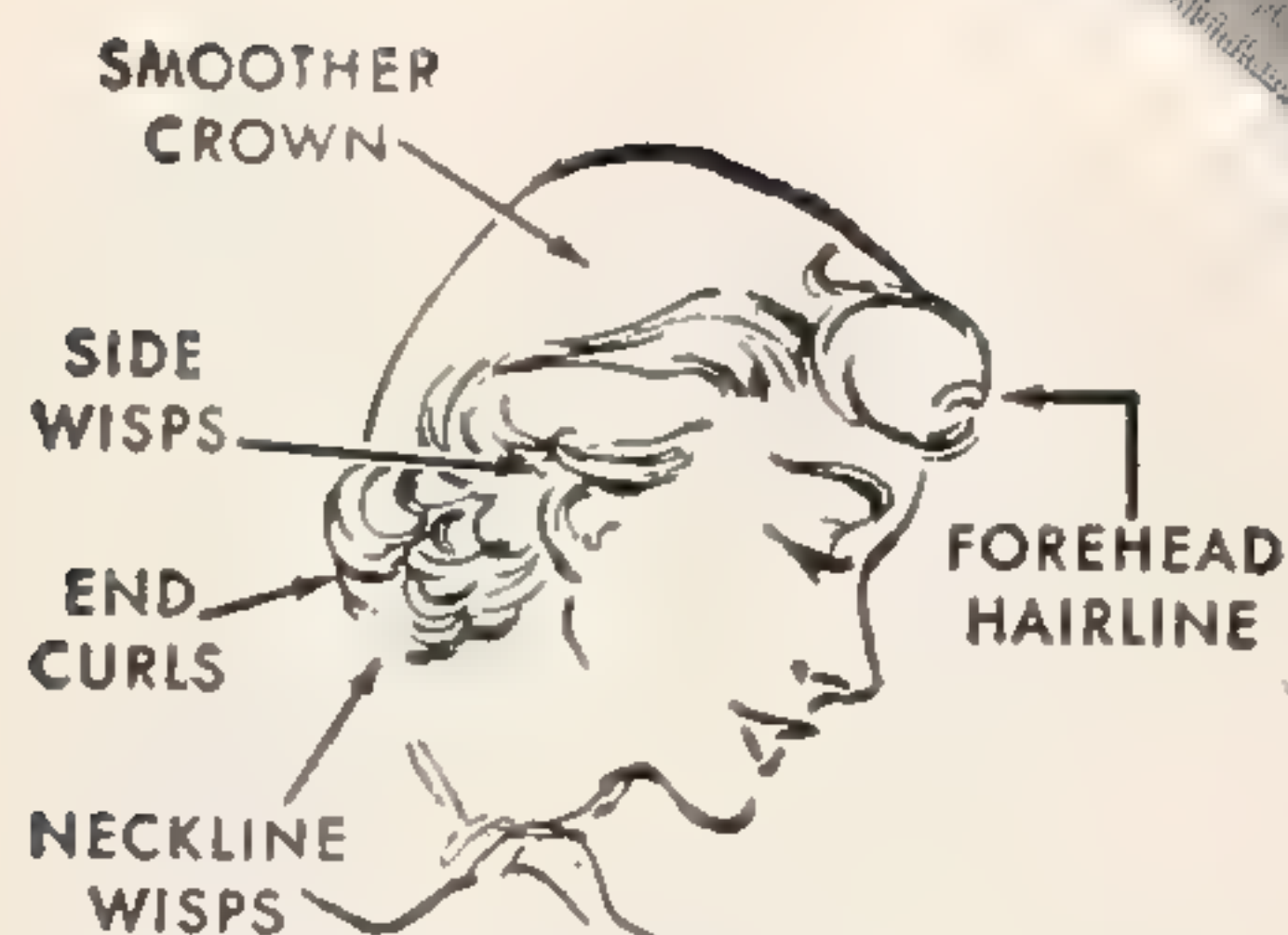


Do Bob and Terry really look alike?

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Helene Curtis Spray Net gives invisible, complete hair control wherever you need it.



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Helene Curtis Spray Net contains super-atomized lanolin. Won't harm hair—brushes out instantly. The perfect answer to wispy, straying hair!... Look for Helene Curtis Spray Net in the pastel green Aerosol dispenser. Try it today.

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At all Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and Beauty Salons

MOVIES

(Continued from page 17)

SAILOR OF THE KING

(20TH CENTURY-FOX)

Here are two stories: a brief, wistful World War I romance rising from a chance meeting on a train; a stirring series of World War II naval engagements, involving two men deeply concerned with that romance. Michael Rennie, a young British Navy officer, and Wendy Hiller, a shy spinster, are the lovers, who do not marry. Years later, Rennie is a Navy captain leading a search for a deadly Nazi raider in the Pacific. Jeffrey Hunter is a young signalman on another ship in the squadron, a boy raised in the Navy tradition by his "widowed" mother, an Englishwoman who moved to Canada. Tactfully, the audience is left to make the connection. Jeff turns in a splendid performance as the boy who attacks the Nazi ship single-handed.

Verdict: Modern warfare presented in the heroic tradition (Adult)

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR

(20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR)

Full-blooded action in the depths of Africa teams Robert Mitchum, well-cast as a jungle-born hunter, and Susan Hayward, lovely and convincing as a brave nurse who tries to bring healing to the natives. Theatrical as it is, the plot is worked out neatly. Opposed by the witch doctors' pro-



Susan, Bob and Mashood Ajala scent danger

fessional jealousy, Susan must fight to win the Africans' confidence. Mitchum, supposedly just her guide into the interior, is secretly in search of gold. Even less scrupulous, his greedy partner (Walter Slezak) adds violence to the brew. A camera crew brought back from Africa many glimpses of majestic scenery.

Verdict: Robust jungle thriller with a logically introduced romance (Family)

THE CITY IS DARK

(WARNERS)

Matter-of-fact, unpretentious, played throughout in low key, this expertly written, shrewdly filmed crime melodrama is quite a hunk of movie. Gene Nelson, without singing one note or dancing one tap, plays a troubled parolee with sympathy and conviction. Encouraged by his wife (Phyllis Kirk, giving an equally realistic

CAREER OR

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**You'll feel
wonderful in
your Perma-lift
All-Nylon**

**"Diamonet"
girdle**

Whatever you do, wherever you go, you'll be so comfortable in your "Perma-lift"* DIAMONET

Girdle. It's the revolutionary world patented Double Diamond that does the trick, holds you up and holds you in without bones or stays—guarantees the slim, trim look you love. Made of the finest, sheerest, nylon power net you ever saw; it's smooth and soft as a second skin.

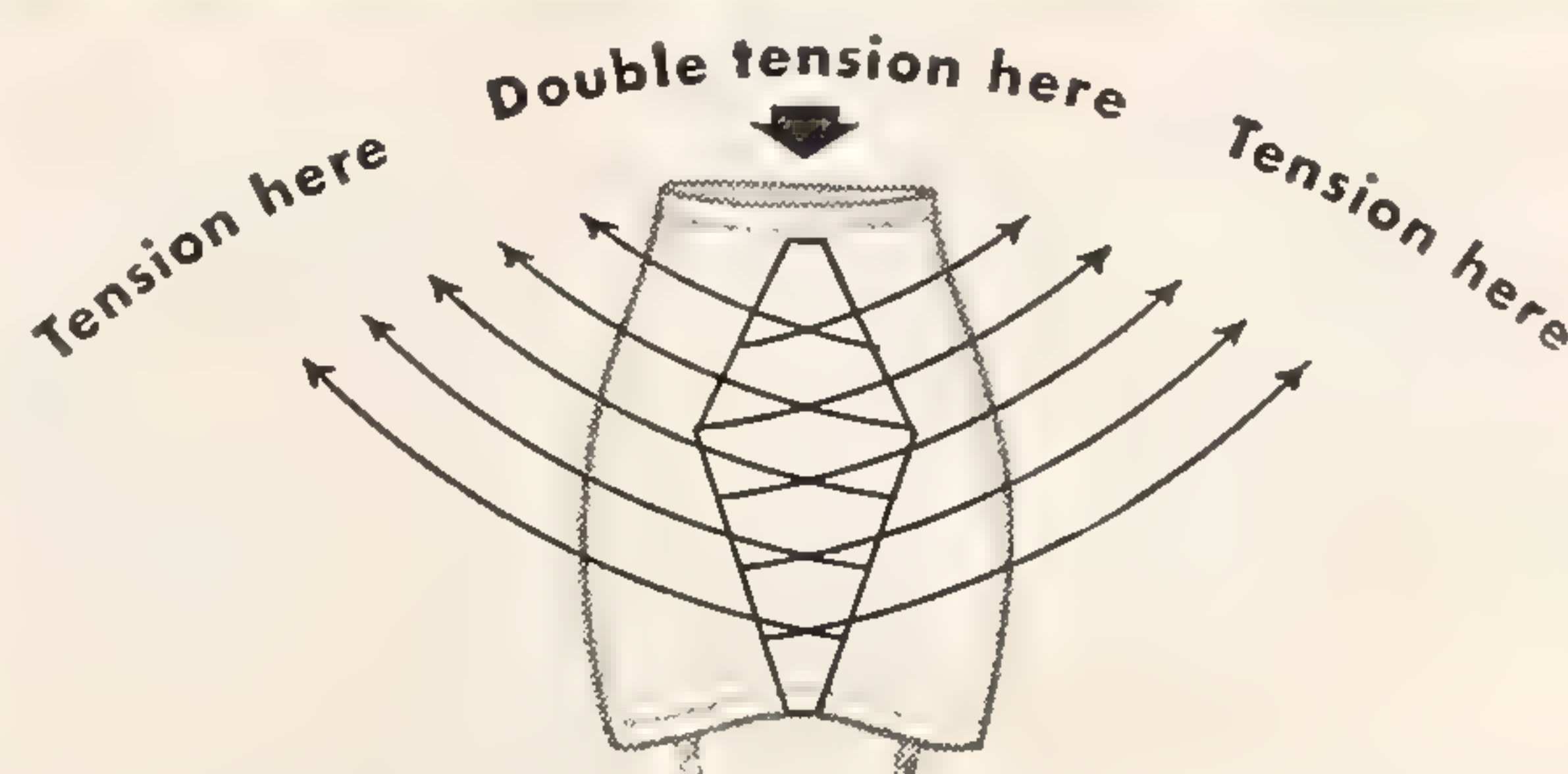
See your favorite Corsetiere today.

So low in price, you can afford several, pantie for sports—girdle for dress; \$5.95, in snowy white.

What a wonderful way to accentuate your figure with "Perma-lift's" new Added Attraction Bra. So light, so expertly tailored, this wonderful bra subtly and adequately adds to your natural charms.

The amazing difference is in the specially designed Foam Rubber Padding, pure white in color, and tailored to give you the look you love. So reasonably priced too—of the finest broadcloth, just \$4.00—and lovely nylon, \$5.00.

*"Perma-lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company
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★The secret is in the Double Diamond.

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"Perma-lift's" DIAMONET Girdle is cut from one piece of fine Nylon Power Net. The elastic wraps around the hips to overlap over the tummy in a double diamond shaped panel of extra control just where it's needed. The Double Diamond principle of scientific cut and diagonal tension automatically flattens and supports your tummy with no uncomfortable downward pressure, takes charge of all your figure problems.

Now! Lose Weight this Easy Way!

"It really works," says

Joanne Dru



Joanne Dru relaxing at her Encino home. Says Joanne, "I can sincerely recommend Ayds to anyone who wants to have a lovelier figure."



Joanne loves to play the piano. "The Ayds way is really no effort at all but it does a top job for me," says Joanne. It can do the same for you!

No Drugs . . . No Diet . . . Results Guaranteed! Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box (\$2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

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SLIM THE WAY THE STARS SLIM

MOVIES

performance), Gene has gone straight—until some prison acquaintances turn up to enlist his aid in a robbery, holding his wife hostage to insure his cooperation. Sterling Hayden's a model of official toughness as the detective lieutenant who seems to be hounding the parolee.

Verdict: Topnotch crook story (Family)

SOUTH SEA WOMAN (WARNERS)

Like Burt Lancaster's costume extravaganzas, this yarn of the China coast in December, 1941, is a roistering tall tale. It's told in madly scrambled flashbacks as Burt, a marine, is being court-martialed for such unlikely offenses as sinking a saloon. Chuck Connors, a looming, raw-boned blond youngster with a most engaging grin, gets just as big a chance as Burt. Chuck's the leatherneck pal whose passion for café-singer Virginia Mayo got the pair into all the trouble. Nobody (including the audience) takes it seriously; everybody has a royal good time.

Verdict: Wild, semi-comic saga of two fabulous marines (Family)

SEA DEVILS (RKO, TECHNICOLOR)

With a scarlet scarf at the throat and a scarlet sash at the waist, Rock Hudson cuts a handsome figure in this spy story of the Napoleonic era. Rock's an honest,



Rock's amazed to find Yvonne is no enemy.

hard-working English smuggler, whose sense of patriotism is outraged when he thinks he's ferried a French agent to France. Actually, the lady (luscious Yvonne DeCarlo) is a British agent pretending to be a French agent. From there on, it all gets more and more complicated, and the complications are kicked around airily. British star Maxwell Reed (the movie was shot in England's Channel Islands) is an elegantly sinister heavy.

Verdict: Good-natured adventure (Family)

RIDE, VAQUERO (M-G-M, ANSCO COLOR)

A super-glamorous trio—Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Howard Keel—star in a slightly offbeat Western. Keel (his singing voice again mute) is the doughty

Texan homesteader whose land is threatened by a local tyrant. Ava's sultry appeal is lost in the wholesome role of his wife. Taylor has an equivocal assignment as the gunman who switches sides in the conflict. The key part goes to Anthony Quinn, as the dictatorial Mexican bandit, a neurotic type bound in loyalty to foster-brother Taylor, an orphaned *gringo* raised by a Mexican family. What are Westerns coming to when the villain rides a white horse and the hero rides a mean-eyed paint?

Verdict: Interesting if over-pretentious tale of border strife (Family)

THUNDER BAY

(U-I, TECHNICOLOR)

With grim, single-minded efficiency, James Stewart tackles the job of drilling for offshore oil in the Gulf of Mexico. His pioneer efforts create a standard action story, the conflict supplied by the risky nature of the work and by the opposition of the Cajun fishermen, whose quiet life and scanty shrimp beds are disturbed by the invaders. Love makes the task yet more stormy. Jimmy gets involved with Joanne Dru (who hates men, for some indefinite reason). His blithe side-kick, Dan Duryea, woos Joanne's sister, Marcia Henderson. Like many current films, this is being shown in some theatres on a wide screen, with stereophonic sound.

Verdict: Routine picture of pals blazing a dangerous trail (Family)

THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE

(20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR)

The rowdy old days on New York's Erie Canal get a somewhat genteel revival in this Betty Grable musical. She's the cook on a canal boat owned by an affable off-and-on drunk, John Carroll. When they take on a new hand—Dale Robertson, who's a farmer at heart, on the canal only to raise needed money—the plot begins bubbling. A raft of lively tunes are the chief attraction. The story fizzles at the finish. Even Thelma Ritter can't save it.

Verdict: Pleasant, ineffectual (Family)

THE AFFAIRS OF DOBIE GILLIS

(M-G-M)

If Debbie Reynolds and Bobby Van had been going to college back in the roaring, foolishly carefree 'twenties, this farce might have made a little more sense. Debbie and Bobby team with another college couple, Barbara Ruick and Bob Fosse, first in an attempt to get by without studying, then in a money-making scheme that will help the Reynolds-Van romance overcome parental opposition. The kids are all ingratiating; there are some nice dances; but the idea won't hold up. Hans Conried is a bright spot as an English professor who despises his giddy charges.

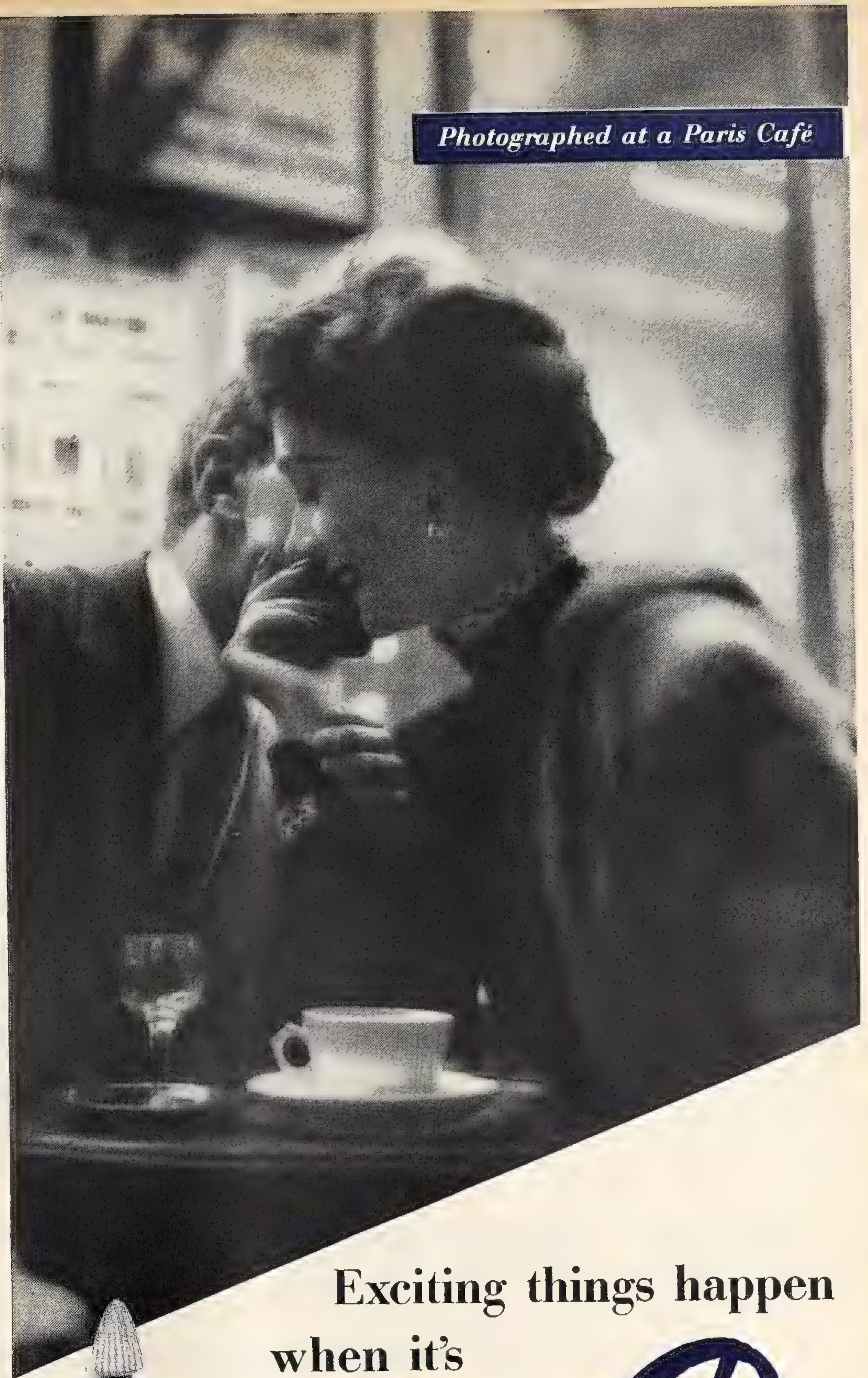
Verdict: Shallow comedy (Family)

THE CHARGE AT FEATHER RIVER

(WARNERS; 3-D, WARNERCOLOR)

Stalwart Guy Madison, who's been hunting Indians and rustlers as a TV renegade

Photographed at a Paris Café



Exciting things happen
when it's

Evening in Paris



Cologne, \$1.00, \$1.50
Perfume, \$1.00 to \$12.50
Improved-formula Face Powder
in 5 stylist shades, \$1.00
(all prices plus tax)

Worn by more women than any
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BOURJOIS

Created in France ... Made in the U. S. A.

BE A HONEY...

CATCH A HONEY...WITH

Honey!

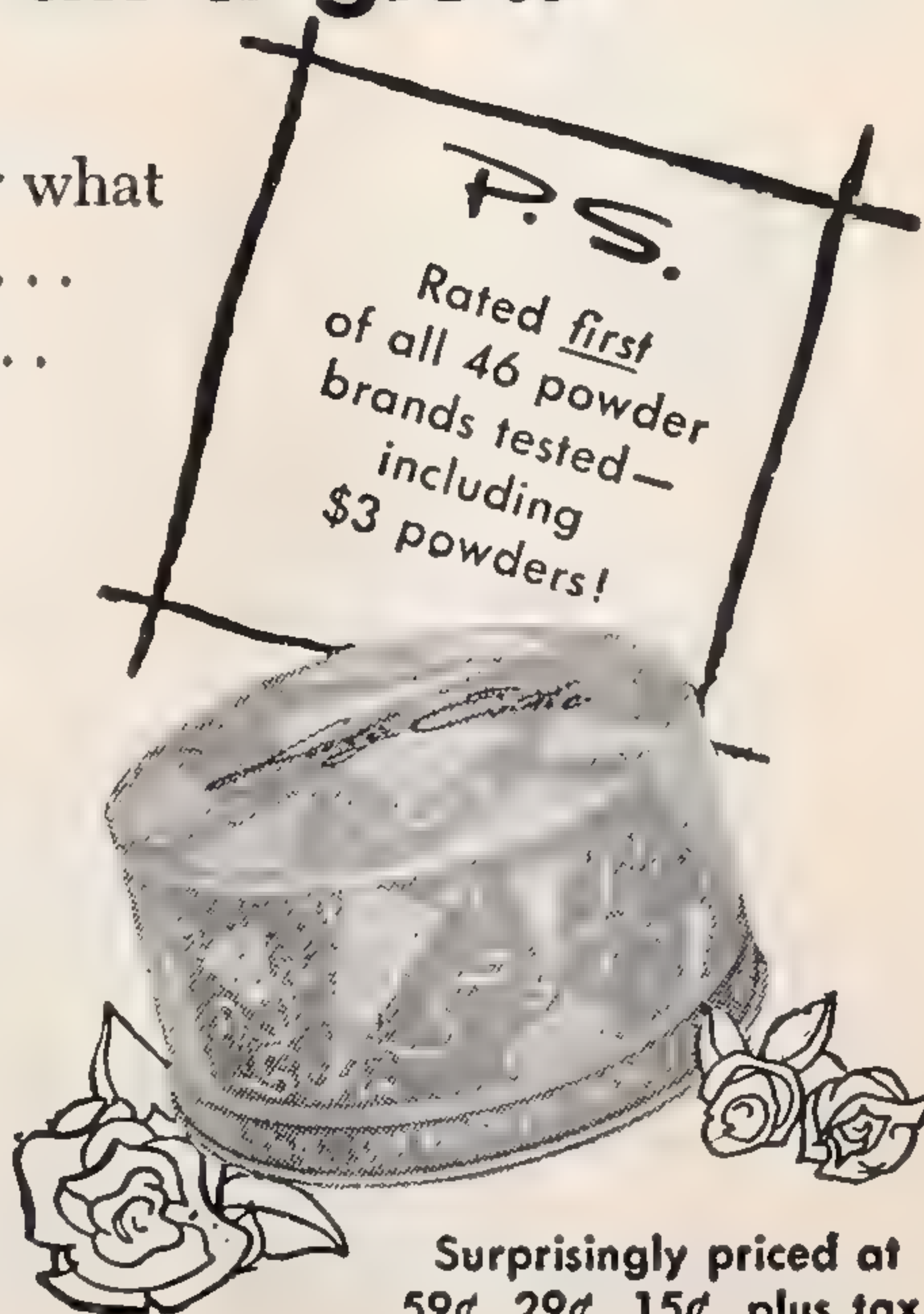


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NEW POWDER SHADE**

makes you look all a-glow

- Don't be afraid to try "Honey" no matter what your coloring. It's *fabulously* flattering... like no shade ever before. Not too dark... not too light—it gives your skin the most enchanting *glow*, like radiance from within. Don't wait till you've used up your powder. Start being a "Honey" . . . today!

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Surprisingly priced at
59¢, 29¢, 15¢, plus tax.

MOVIES

in recent months, is back on film, in three dimensions. As a civilian scout, he leads an Army expedition to rescue two captured white girls. Neither girl welcomes the rescue; one (Helen Westcott) has been mishandled and doubts whether her own people will receive her again; the other (Vera Miles) has given her loyalty to her captors and her love to a Cheyenne chief. The return to a safe Army post becomes a tense business, with Frank Lovejoy ably assisting as a tough sergeant.

Verdict: Good, fast-moving Western, with 3-D action and scenery (Family)

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE

(WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR)

Keeping it light as always, Errol Flynn dashes into the 18th Century fracas between England and Scotland. But, as a Scottish nobleman, he backs the losing side and must flee with the other supporters of Bonnie Prince Charlie. He loves a pallid lady of high degree (Beatrice Campbell); a lowborn beauty (Yvonne Furneaux) loves him and jealously betrays him. Somehow, Errol gets involved with pirates on the Spanish Main, Roger Livesey playing his bibulous Irish pal. But Errol finally comes home to claim his inheritance. Authentic shots of the austere Scottish Highlands are an asset in opening and closing scenes.

Verdict: Passable swashbuckler (Family)

THE MAN FROM THE ALAMO

(U-I, TECHNICOLOR)

History records that the Alamo had no survivors, but Glenn Ford here portrays a man who leaves the beleaguered Texas fort before Santa Anna wipes out the defenders. Though Glenn has been chosen by lot to go and protect homes and families in the section where he lives, he is branded a coward. Himself bereft, he swears vengeance against the American outlaws who've been doing the raiding, in the guise of Mexicans. (The script writer is being good-neighborly.). His quest, with pioneer girl Julia Adams as his sole sympathizer and Victor Jory as his chief adversary, generates enough excitement.

Verdict: Actionful Western (Family)

SHE HAD TO SAY YES

(RKO)

There's the kernel of a good human-interest idea in this story, casting Jean Simmons as an heiress whose misguided generosity nearly wrecks the town that saved her life. In babyhood, she had been given vital hospital treatment, thanks to the citizens' contributions. She wants to make the rewards deeply personal, but the money and gifts she scatters have a corrupting, disorganizing effect. Robert Mitchum doesn't seem too happy as the country doctor who tries to dissuade her, but Arthur Hunnicutt garners some laughs as the town drunk. The story's thrown away in a slovenly job of film-making.

Verdict: Weak homespun tale (Family)

MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY

(M-G-M)

Many lustrous stage names lend their presence to this story of a young would-be playwright (likable Tom Morton). His romance with pretty Mary Murphy is secondary, though Herb Shriner has some bright lines as his hick-town rival. The movie is chiefly a loving tribute to the legitimate theatre, with everybody from Tallulah Bankhead to Ethel Barrymore getting into the act. The celebrities all play themselves, but whisk on and off so fast that they have no time to dazzle.

Verdict: Star-loaded but shapeless (Adult)

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

(U-I, 3-D)

Despite an earnest lead performance by Richard Carlson and some striking trick effects, movie science fiction isn't given much of a lift here. Scientist Carlson is the first to find that a huge "meteor" crashing in Arizona is really an alien space ship. Fearsome to behold, its passengers mean no harm; they only want to repair their craft and get back on course. But to obtain needed material, they capture humans, manufacture facsimiles of them and send these humanoids on errands. Schoolteacher Barbara Rush makes a charming heroine; Charles Drake is Dick's sheriff rival.

Verdict: Mild flying-saucer stuff with some camera magic (Family)

AFFAIR WITH A STRANGER

(RKO)

Poor Jean Simmons has another pot-boiler, a confusingly told story of a marriage. She's the loyal wife who sticks by playwright Victor Mature (unlikely casting) throughout his early struggles, even serving as sole breadwinner for the household. Success comes and personal problems with it, including singer Monica Lewis' designs on Vic. Newcomer Mary Jo Tarola is refreshing in a caustic-best-friend role, but there's little life in the story's people.

Verdict: Listless marital drama (Adult)

ARROWHEAD

(PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR)

In contrast to most recent Western heroes, Charlton Heston counsels against trusting the Indians. Raised among the Apaches, he considers his one-time captors hopelessly savage, and scents in the return of the chief's son (Jack Palance) a signal for renewed warfare. Harsh as it seems, the story probably has some basis in the historical facts of a vacillating government policy. Mary Sinclair, as an Army widow, is a dim bystander in the conflict; Katy Jurado registers more vividly.

Verdict: Tense, straightforward, unremarkable Indian-fighting tale (Family)



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Ball gown by Edith Small.
Her deodorant, new Fresh

Gentle new Fresh* has
moisture-shield
to keep underarms dry...

Instantly—Fresh Cream Deodorant forms an invisible shield to protect you and your clothes.

Wonderful news! Gentle new Fresh with "moisture-shield," used daily, ends the problem of perspiration moisture which stains fabrics and causes unpleasant odor! Yes, you're really protected with Fresh!


For the new Fresh formula is superior in anti-perspirant action—acts instantly

like an invisible shield to keep you from offending—your clothes safe.

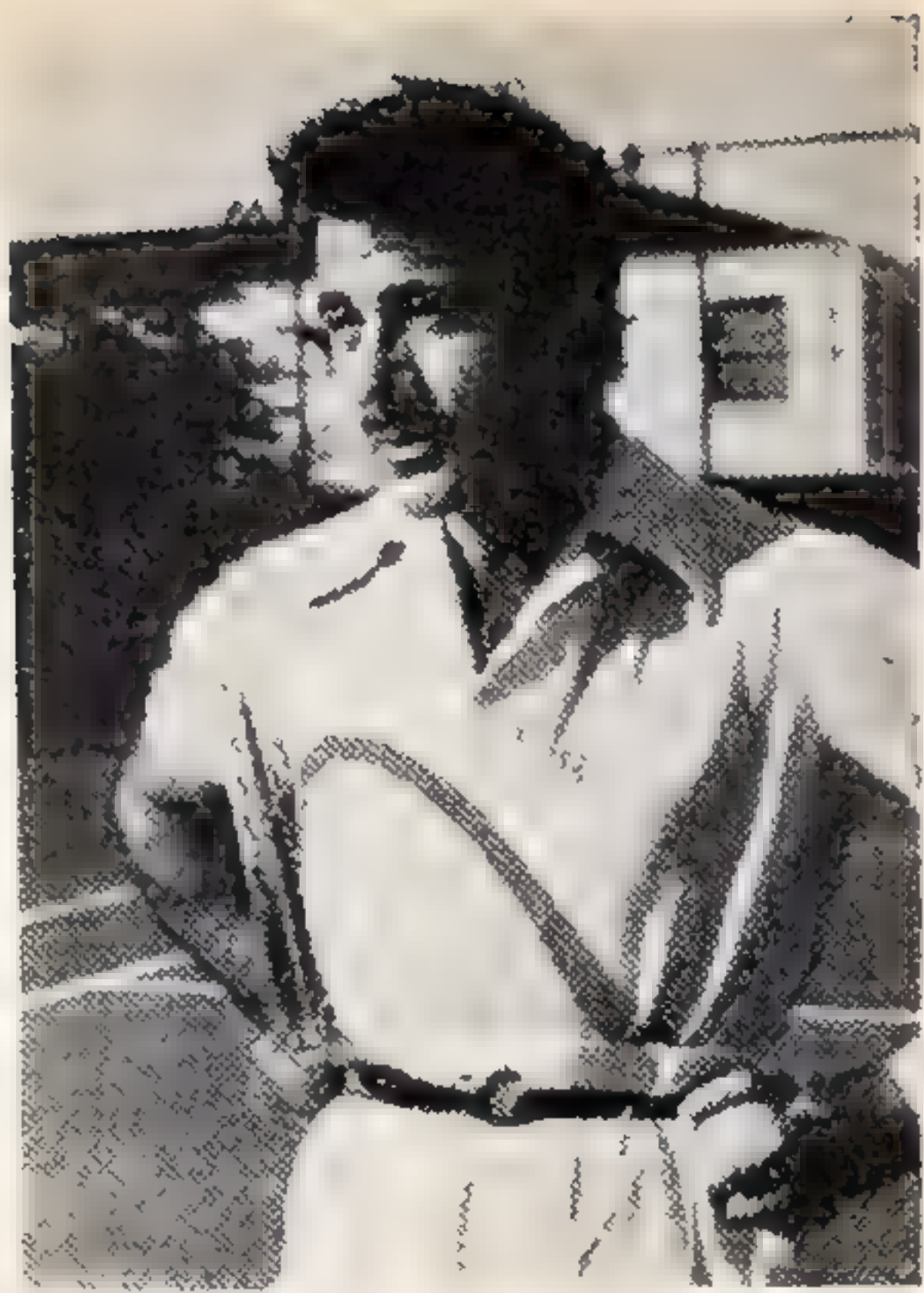
University scientists have proved that gentle new Fresh has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants . . . and it's the astringent action that keeps underarms dry.

Creamy-soft, Fresh is gentle to skin, not sticky or greasy. Try Fresh today. There's a Fresh with Chlorophyll, too!

*Fresh is a reg. trade mark of The Pharma-Craft Corporation
Also manufactured and distributed in Canada

New  keeps you Lovely to Love Always

At long last,
Roland gets the gal!



What Hollywood Is Whispering About

BY FLORABEL MUIR



Debra has a new glamour tint

THE FEUD BETWEEN Glenn Ford and Ann Sheridan broke out into shouting on the set of "Rage of the Jungle." Ann is a gal who loves fun and jokes when she's working, and Glenn takes everything very seriously, especially himself, when he's acting. Matters grew worse when Zachary Scott lined up on Ann's side. The crew expected Glenn to poke Zach on the chin. He couldn't very well hit Ann, though there's no doubt she's the one he would like to have bopped.

Piper Laurie, who seems so easy-going, appears to be on the receiving end of feuds with other actresses at U-I. One girl who is supposed to dislike her is Yvonne De Carlo because Piper is said to have stolen Carlos Thompson away from Yvonne. "That's utterly ridiculous," says Yvonne. "I was never in love with Carlos. Ours was mostly a business association. I believed he would be a great asset to movies, and I persuaded him to come to California and appear in my picture, 'Fort Algiers.' Evidently my opinion of Carlos' acting ability was correct because Metro put him under contract. My true love is in Europe, but I can't talk about him." Meanwhile, Piper's switched to Brad Jackson, a newcomer at U-I.

Gwen O'Connor and Dan Dailey may get serious enough about their romance to wed. Gwen says she doesn't want to go steady with anyone right now, because she doesn't think she'd want to marry for years and years. However, Dan sticks around. One night not long after she received her divorce, she and Dan went to the Mocambo, but didn't go in when they heard Don O'Connor was there. They went back after Don had gone home.

Gilbert Roland gets the gal in "The French Line" after years and years of character roles. Jane Russell is the girl he gets, and my bet is the women are going to be wild over him in those torrid love scenes. Years ago, when Gilbert first came to Hollywood, he was cast as the lover with Norma Talmadge in "Camille." His career took a nose dive because he didn't confine all his love scenes to the movie sets. Next he fell in love with Constance Bennett and they married. He found himself out-glamourised by his talented wife, and his career slipped further downhill. He struggled

along taking what roles he could get, and learning more and more about acting. Today, he has more sex appeal than ever.

The impossible demand Geary Steffen made on Jane Powell was that he be allowed to see their children three times a day. That meant he'd be around the house most of the time. He says he loves his youngsters and wants to see as much of them as he can, though he realizes that they must live with their mother while they're still so young. Arguments over their property settlement keep reverberating, too. Geary couldn't believe, even up to the last, that he was going to lose Jane. He'll be carrying the torch a long time.

Mona Freeman's well-advertised romance with Vic Damone is, some old meanies think, just a cover-up to hide her real feelings for Bing Crosby. Both Bing and Vic being crooners, it just might be that she can't make up her mind which one she loves. Of course, Vic has the advantage in years, but Bing has a way with women.

Nora Eddington Haymes is making a try for a movie career following her estrangement from Dick Haymes. Nora once had a good chance to get in the movies, but she was married to Errol Fynn then and just wanted to be a wife and mother. She's worried about the income-tax debts both Flynn and Haymes left her saddled with.

Debra Paget's growing up to the age when she can no longer say she's "kissless or dateless." She has led a very sheltered life up till now, but she's aching to burst out of her silken cocoon. And there are rumors that she already has. Next she wants to do a night-club act, of all things. She looks very glamorous as a honey blonde for her role in "The Story of Demetrius."

Esperanza Wayne's bitterness over her failure to get \$9,000 monthly from John Wayne—she continues at \$1,100 a month—put her in the mood not to seek a divorce after all. She's telling friends she isn't in any hurry to marry again herself, and she can't see why she should set her husband free. She says she doesn't want him to be able to marry Pilar Palette. Pilar, of course, isn't free to marry either. She's very much wed to Richard Weldy and shows no haste in seeking a divorce.

Could it be
love for Vic
and Mona?



Piper stirs up feudin' and fussin'



Glenn wouldn't hit a lady!

JEAN SIMMONS, starring in "THE ROBE"

A 20th Century-Fox Production
IN CINEMASCOPE COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



The most envied complexions in Hollywood
are cared for with  Lux Toilet Soap

Most screen stars have used Lux Toilet Soap for years. Jean Simmons, for example, believes that Lux is a soap she can **always depend on to be nice and gentle** to her skin.

Her posing for this picture is one way of recommending it to you. We think **you'll believe in Lux care**, too, when you use it. And the Lever Brothers guarantee means you can have your money back if you don't agree with us—and with Jean Simmons.

Everyone is
talking about
**THE SHAMPOO
WITH TWICE
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A SHAMPOO
THAT WON'T LEAVE
HAIR WILD—?
THAT'S FOR ME!

NO
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... WITH
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LANOLIN AS ANY
OTHER SHAMPOO.

—WISH IT
WOULD TAME
KIDS LIKE IT
DOES HAIR!

GEE, YOUR HAIR
IS SOFT AND SHINY
SINCE YOU'VE
USED THAT
NEW SHAMPOO!

YOU'RE SWEET!
IT GIVES HAIR TWICE
THE TWINKLE
WITH TWICE
AS MUCH
LANOLIN—

DOESN'T HELENE
CURTIS CREME
SHAMPOO HAVE
SCRUMPTIOUS
LATHER?

YEP! MOM
SAYS IT LATHERS
BETTER THAN ANY
OTHER IN OUR
HARD WATER!

GOLLY,
MOLLY—
I JUST LOVE
YOUR
HAIR!

THAT
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SHAMPOO
WORKS
WONDERS
FOR MY
WAVE—

Helene Curtis
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also NEW LANOLIN LOTION SHAMPOO

lotion from 29¢
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Impertinent Interview

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

HOW did you manage to create a glamorous movie star named Shelley Winters out of an ugly duckling named Shirley Schrift?"

Shelley and I were sitting on stools in Schwab's Drugstore having a couple of hamburgers when I popped the question. Shelley toyed with a mustard stick while she considered her answer. "You know something," she said finally, "some day I'm going to give you a good story on that subject. I'll break down and tell you how I took a mere nobody, meaning myself, and made a star out of her by creating a legend and sticking to it."

"Why not tell me right now?"

"Naw," sighed Shelley, reaching for a straw and jabbing it into her malted. "Now isn't the time. Anyway—aw heck, you know the whole story!"

Yes I knew the story. I took a good long sidelong look at Shell as she sat there contentedly sipping her malted. She didn't look any more like a movie star than I do. As I sat there with her, I remembered her heartbreaking, back-breaking ten-year assault on Hollywood and then her magnificent, overwhelming overnight success as the waitress with Ronald Colman in "A Double Life." She had never been beautiful. As a matter of fact, she had never even been pretty. And yet, she made it.

She made it by following a pattern that other girls with less imagination had by-passed. She made it by adopting some of Garbo's don't-give-a-hang about her personal appearance, Bette Davis's dramatic entrances, the late Carole Lombard's raucous greetings, Jean Harlow's sultry sexiness, Luise Rainer's temperamental tantrums, Ann Sheridan's disarming frankness—all this plus a dash of Shirley Schrift's downright earthiness.



I told her what I'd been thinking. And she smiled. "Sure, that was all part of it. But the most important thing of all, I guess, was that I wouldn't believe anybody when they said 'No' to me. I kidded myself into thinking they really meant 'Yes.'"

"In the early days, one of your closest chums was Judy Holliday, wasn't she?"

"We were both learning the hard way at the same time. Casting directors told us both that we were hopeless cases. They gave us friendly advice: 'Forget Hollywood and go home.'"

"But not you, huh?" I asked, as though I didn't know.

"Not me—or Judy. We knew that sooner or later the break would *have* to come."

"And yours came when George Cukor picked you for 'Double Life.'"

"It sure did. But for a while, I'm not sure he thought it was much of a break for him—or the picture."

"Yes, I remember hearing that you gave him a little trouble."

"That's very gentlemanly. I'm afraid I was just plain uncooperative."

"What was eating you?"

"I had a half-brained idea that I didn't like the way the part was written. I wanted to do it my way."

"And?"

"And Mr. Cukor finally gave me the worst bawling out I've ever had—right in front of the whole cast and crew. I thought I'd die. But it worked."

Yes, from then on, she behaved. And from then on, she was on her way to that Oscar nomination for her great performance in "A Place in the Sun." It'll be more than just a nomination for Shell some day. She'll grab that Oscar or die in the attempt.

And when you do, Shell, I have a lot more questions to ask you.

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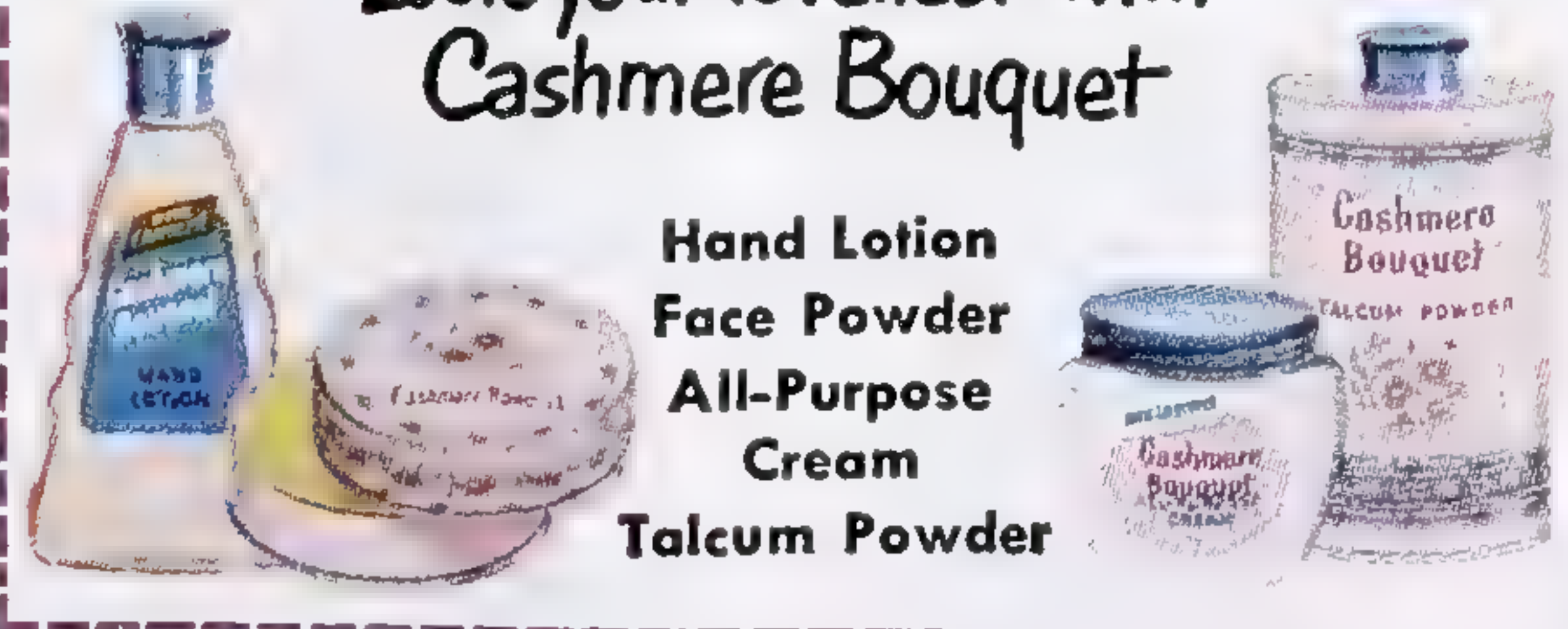
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*John Wayne's courtroom battle
draws almost as big crowds as
his pictures.*

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

THE DUKE TAKES THE STAND!



At the end of the fifteen-day court hearing John was mobbed by his adoring and jubilant fans

● Coming up in October is the third act in the divorce proceedings of he-man John Wayne and his about-to-be-ex-wife Esperanza.

But like all good second acts, the preliminary hearing was filled with punch lines to suit an avid audience. The main point in the dispute was Mrs. Wayne's request for monthly alimony of nine thousand dollars. Among the sidelights, however, was a request that the court restrain Wayne from "molesting" her. In reply to court questioning as to whether he could remember striking Mrs. Wayne, John said, "I never at any time during our marriage struck my wife. I will add that many times I had to protect myself from her temper—I would call it man-handling.

"Many times I had to hold her arms and grab her foot when she was trying to strike or kick me," John added, his face flushing.

At this point the petite Mrs. Wayne cried out from the spectators' section, "Oh, no—that's not true."

John further testified that his wife "broke up" their marriage while they were on a Honolulu trip May 7, 1952. "She returned home alone and then went to Mexico and refused to come back. I did everything in my power and pleaded with her to come back and resume her duties as a wife."

Until October, matters with the Waynes stand as they were—the court found alimony of \$1,100 sufficient until a final hearing.

INSIDE STUFF

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Moonlight and Shadows: Their best false friends believe that Arlene Dahl is beginning to care too much and may be building up to an awful let-down with Fernando Lamas . . . Back in civvies, Vic Damone was lonesome until he met Mona Freeman and then two people weren't lonesome . . . Their personal press agents feel that Rock Hudson and Elaine Stewart were made for each other, so it won't be long now! . . . When Lori Nelson and her high-school sweetheart agreed to disagree and the engagement of Richard Long and Mary Briggs came to an abrupt end, you can guess what happened! Yes, Dick and Lori make a very handsome couple.

No Bones: Apropos of all that front-page publicity on writer Cy Howard and Lauren Bacall Bogart, when Cy claimed that the Bogarts' barking boxers kept him awake all night, the dog fur flew in all directions. At the time Bogie was in Europe making a picture,

so he missed the fun. But when his "Baby" joined him over there, Bogart had all his friends lined up at the airport and when she stepped off the plane—they threw back their heads and *barked* at her!

Cal's News: Any moment now Betty Grable and Twentieth Century-Fox are expected to end their twelve-year association. Refusing to make "The Pleasure Is All Mine" on loanout to Columbia, resulted in her third, and what looks like Betty's last, suspension . . . Just as we predicted months ago, Farley Granger fought his last battle with producer Sam Goldwyn, secured his release and is now on his way to Rome to make a movie. After which New York will be Farley's headquarters, and Dawn Addams will be in the market for a new boy friend in Hollywood . . . There are those on the European scene who report to film-town that Tarzan's mating call isn't

sufficiently intriguing to induce Lana Turner to change her name to Mrs. Lex Barker. Boredom, the reports insist, is lurking just around the not-so-romantic corner.

Favorite Dish: The Pink Pig out San Fernando Valley way is the favorite eating place of many stars, including Virginia Mayo. One evening when the Michael O'Sheas dropped in for dinner, the proprietor announced he had named a salad after the beautiful blonde. "How nice," beamed Virginia sweetly, then as an after thought, "What is it?" The proud proprietor answered, "Stuffed tomato!"

Here and There: Because Terry Hunt's health emporium in the Valley is patronized mostly by women, his best friend, Audie Murphy, has a special front-door key to use on Sundays . . . Bob Wagner's in the dog house with film-town photogs (*Continued on page 86*)



Gentleman Bob Waterfield prefers brunette wife Jane Russell. Married ten years, they plan to adopt third child



Just what the doctor ordered: Rhonda Fleming and her Dr. Lew Morrill celebrated first wedding anniversary this July



Photos by Stern



Up to his old "Houdini" tricks! Now Tony's taking voice lessons, wants to do musical—with Janet

Betty Grable finished "Marry a Millionaire" with Monroe—and started on her third suspension!



Corinne Calvet missed her man, flew to Florida where hubby John was making film "Easy to Love"



*Ben, Esther, Benjie, Kimmie—
they stick together. Now they
look ahead to being a quintet*

BY BEVERLY OTT

● Having finished his lunch, Kimball Austin Gage went for a stroll down the airplane aisle. He paused beside a friendly-faced gentleman and decided to say a few words. "I'm an Indian," he said amiably.

"Thatso?" replied the fellow passenger.

"Benjie's the cowboy. He's chasing me," volunteered Kimmie, standing pretty still for an Indian on the run.

The man eyed the aisle. No lasso shot out. No six-shooters blazed. The cowboy named Benjie was nowhere in sight. "He won't catch me," Kimmie offered hasty assurance. "Not till we get to Florida, anyway."

Obviously the paleface was thinking in terms of ambush. "Just how can you be certain?"

"He's on the other plane," explained Kimmie.

The gentleman shook his head. "The game's surely changed since I played it."

Esther Williams smiled as she listened to her son's conversation. She and Ben Gage are responsible for the atomic-age version of "the

game" and, without explanation, it does seem somewhat far-fetched. With explanation, it makes good sense. The Gages are the proud parents of two youngsters now galloping through the Western phase of childhood. But on lengthy trips, an enthusiastic cowboy plus an equally enthusiastic Indian add up to four cases of needless exhaustion. Consequently, the Gage family travels in sections and its members feel like living when they reach their destination.

It is with such logic that Esther Williams handles her household, her career, her life . . . the only problem being that her methods sometimes clash with the more established Hollywood ways. As a result, many citizens find her reasoning difficult to understand, so they try to interpret her actions in the usual—meaning unusual—filmland manner. The man on the plane has no monopoly on the head-shaking routine. By way of expressing everything from approval to downright sheer amazement, (*Continued on page 89*)

Everywhere that Esther goes...

her family's sure to follow!



**Saludos
Amiga !**



She teaches me the hep talk and about the dates she calls "double." But it is in South America that I really learn about Debbie Reynolds' soft heart



Film ambassadors on tour: Pier, Carleton Carpenter, Debbie

BY PIER ANGELI

● "Pinch me, Debbie," I said. "I can not believe I am awake!"

"Look, Pier!" Debbie shouted. "They're throwing us *real orchids*! Isn't it romantic!"

And for thirty-two days *that* was how our South American trip was! Debbie kept saying, "Pier, I can't believe this can be happening to two Hollywood kids like us!" I remind her that we are not really from Hollywood. Debbie, she is from Texas, and I am from Italy. That is what made it seem even more like a fairy tale!

Take the orchid throwing. How did it happen? Debbie, Carleton Carpenter and I came down in the plane at Medellin where 20,000 people waited at the airport to greet us. It was amazing! But that is not all. We rode in a convertible car to the hotel and through the streets there were 150,000 *more* people waiting to welcome us—with real orchids! And they called our tour work!

I could not believe it! This was not South America; this was a fairyland. When the wonderful, smiling people start throwing the orchids, it was like a purple and yellow rain. The air was filled with them like clouds. We had them up to our knees and in our hair.

We were *swimming* in orchids! At the hotel, Debbie said, "Pier, we look like orchid trees—there're so many of them you'd think they were growing right out of us!"

There I was, nervous and excited, and there sits Debbie, acting just like she always does at home in Hollywood. How I envied her! I know Debbie very well for a long time now, but it was not until some nights later, on one of those dates she calls "double," that I learn something more about the real Debbie.

We were in Rio and we were invited to a society ball at the Gloria Hotel. I had met an old friend. Debbie was with Carleton and I went with my friend. His name was Francesco and he was the first boy I ever knew in the United States! What a coincidence! Francesco, he treated us like visiting royalty. What charm those South American boys have. They are like Galahads. It would be easy for a girl to have her head turned!

"Not me," said Debbie firmly. "I'm strictly the feet-on-the-ground gal, not a head-in-the-clouds kid. Don't forget, nothing bothers me! But . . . it is nice!"

After the party at the Hotel (as if we had not had enough dancing),

Francesco took Debbie and Carleton and me to some of the clubs in Rio where we danced. That night, Debbie and I learned our lesson about South American dancing.

They do the Mambo, you know how, so wonderful! They are smooth like silk on the floor. But . . . they don't move their bodies around like we do. It's all rhythm. However, they forgive us. When they saw Debbie they all shout, "Debbie, Carleton! Come jitterbug for us." So Debbie and Carleton got up and danced half the night for the people in the club.

After we came back to the hotel and were in our rooms, I found myself looking out over the city. Rio de Janeiro, such a beautiful city, with the night sky like a blue glass bowl of cheery stars. It was like Venice with canals and little boats . . . so romantic! I was so happy, that all of a sudden, without being on the stage, I began to cry, because I am so emotional.

Then I wondered how Debbie felt. She is so like a sister to me. So I tip-toe to the door between our rooms and peek in. And what do you know! There was Debbie sitting in the window looking out at the (Continued on page 80)



Jones

I heard a sound, like maracas. No one was doing a rhumba; it was just the young man's knees knocking. This was Rock Hudson, making his bid for stardom

NOT BAD FOR A COUNTRY KID

BY DIRECTOR RAOUL WALSH

● The girl who gets Rock will have to be able to cook a good old New England boiled dinner, all right. But she'll have to make him laugh, too. Rock is Swiss-Irish, and the old Celtic sense of humor, if not exactly boisterous, is deep within him like a bubbling spring.

It'll have to be a girl who meets him a little more than half way, too. Rock is still being ribbed by his friends about Lana Turner. He had been in love with her from the first instant he saw her on the screen. He had even written her a fan letter. Finally, he met her on a sound stage. What did he say? "Nice to meet you."

The only serious romance Rock has been associated with in Hollywood is, of course, Vera-Ellen—and for a guy who looks like Rock Hudson, that's really staying out of mischief. Of

Vera-Ellen, he says, "She's a very cute girl." As to why nothing came of the romance, he explains, "We planned to elope without telling a soul, but we never set a date for it. I guess the date never arrived."

Rock, being twenty-eight, claims he can wait a few years before settling down to the "one" girl. Actually, Rock is as cautious as the sheriff after those cattle-wrestlin' varmints, where girls are concerned. Maybe he's afraid he'll pick the wrong one, so he is still a little hesitant about marriage. But more than anything, I know that Rock loves a home. And when he settles down to one, it will be a good one.

In the meantime, Rock Hudson isn't worried about anything, having already learned that almost everything, including love, comes with time—the right time, when you are ready for it.

One small warning to Miss X, who will someday be Mrs. Hudson: keep a well stocked pantry and refrigerator at all times! Rock has the biggest appetite I have ever seen on man or boy, in keeping with his size. He can eat your dinner, his, and a third person's. I have described him as being able to eat a ton of ice cream and twenty pies, although that might be exaggerating—a bit. But Rock's a big man with a big frame.

I remember one day in London when a little English girl coming toward us on the Strand squinted upward, head tilted way back and said, "Blimey—that's not a Rock, that's a bloomin' cliff!" I had to put my own head back, too, to roar. There, six thousand miles away in London, an equivalent of our own American bobby-soxer (Continued on page 92)

His discoverer, Raoul Walsh, guided Rock in his first star role, now directs him in the 3-D "Gun Fury"

So popular was the Rock Hudson TV show of "This Is Your Life" that it is being repeated this summer



MARILYN
MONROE



Powolny

Kornman

TERRY
MOORE



Hollywood beauties are brushing up on

3-D

BY HILDEGARDE JOHNSON

● Ever since the 3-D deluge hit Hollywood, things have been spinning in a wild tizzy. What with polaroid glasses, CinemaScope and Cinerama, to say nothing of wide screens and curved screens, everybody has been concentrating on techniques and equipment. And some of the most valuable of all the equipment in Hollywood—the appealing curves of the film stars—has been coming in for extra close and extra careful scrutiny.

Would figures that were perfect in 2-D be able to pass the tough inspection of the double or wide-angle lens? Producers have been worried. Stars have been nervous. And fans have been in suspense.

A GI reader wrote PHOTOPLAY: "I for one am dying to see what such stars as Marilyn Monroe, Debra Paget, Mitzi Gaynor look like in 3-D. Boy, if they are as shapely as they are in 2-D films, then just you watch their stock boom!"

What does it take to be a 3-D pinup girl? Arlene Dahl was among the first to go on trial,

Carpenter.

ELAINE
STEWART



their lines to make their figures 3-D perfect

PINUP GIRLS

Six



DORIS
DAY



VIRGINIA
MAYO



RITA
HAYWORTH

Cronenweth

More Pinups—→



BETTY
GRABLE



DEBRA
PAGET



MITZI
GAYNOR

3-D PINUP GIRLS

CONTINUED

in "Sangaree." "This is a back-to-nature process," Arlene announced. "The lighting on the set is so merciless that you must wear less make-up, look completely natural, because every detail will show up. And you don't have to train down to ten pounds below your normal weight. Two-dimensional movies seem to add extra pounds by flattening your figure out, making it seem wider than it really is. But in three-dimensional movies the audience sees you just as you are."

That was a terrifying prospect for actresses who'd been relying too heavily on cosmetics and camera flattery. The outlook was no happier for girls who'd been starving themselves to keep that ten pounds off. Amply curved Jane Russell was promptly hailed as a 3-D ideal: height, 5'7"; weight, 135 pounds; bust, 38½"; waist, 25½"; hips,

38½". On the other hand, Vera-Ellen (5'4½", 105, 33", 21", 33") was urged to fatten up if she didn't want to do a near-disappearing act in 3-D. Arlene, of course, had no problems. Her complexion needs no camouflage, and her figure is voluptuous enough for any number of dimensions: 5'6½", 118, 36", 27", 36".

Marilyn Monroe (in case there was any doubt in your mind) also is excellently equipped for the new medium; and within the past year she has gaily let her famous hips expand an inch. (Up-to-date statistics: 5'5½", 118, 37", 23½", 37½".) In "How to Marry a Millionaire," Cinema-Scope's wide, wide screen is going to show you an awful lot of Marilyn, while its curve brings you closer to hers. One scene, for instance, plumps her down on a chaise longue, and her reclining—and (Continued on page 88)

ARLENE
DAHL



VERA-ELLEN



ROBERTA
HAYNES

JANE RUSSELL



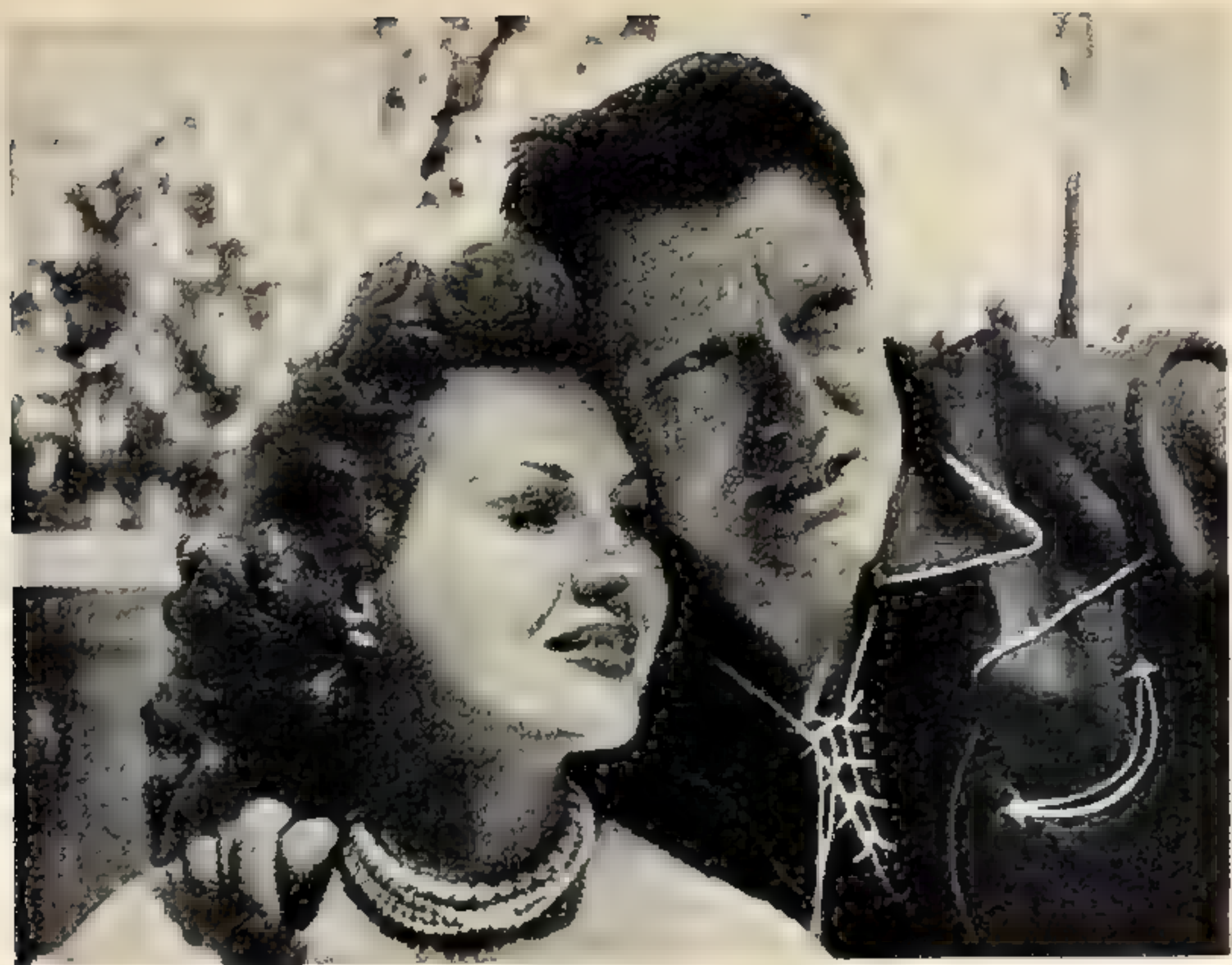
OH, BABY!

Ginny and Mike O'Shea have been longing for you for six years.

But when you arrive, be sure to bring your sense of humor with you.

You'll need it with these parents!





BY RICHARD LEON

The scene is the office of a Beverly Hills physician. The doctor is smiling broadly. His nurse says ecstatically, "Isn't it the most wonderful news?"

In a chair facing the desk sits a beautiful girl, looking slightly dazed. "I still think somebody made a mistake," she answers.

Easily the calmest person in the room is her husband, a big, rough-haired individual named Mike O'Shea. "I was almost sure," he remarks. "She's been looking different lately. Besides, I've been having morning sickness almost every day."

End of scene. After six childless years of marriage during which they have longed to be parents, Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea have been informed that at last they will be—probably in late October.

What does the happy couple do on such a great occasion? Does the expectant father buy gifts? Do they go out and celebrate with champagne—or go home and hold hands in front of the open fire? "Sure, I bought her a present," says Mike. "I went right downstairs, over to the corner pharmacy and got her some calcium for Building Strong Teeth and Sturdy Bones."

"And then we went and looked at houses," adds Virginia. Not, she explains, that they intend to buy a new one; she just likes to look at houses. For the coming of the baby they will add to their own charming home in Van Nuys, as soon as they find an architect "to expand the house upward." Because of the existing floor plan they cannot sensibly spread the house out any further, so a second story will be built over the wing containing Virginia's bedroom. (Continued on page 94)

MARIO LANZA ANSWERS BACK!

Only one person could get this exclusive interview—Hedda.

Only one could tell the truth about Lanza—Mario himself

• You've read many times and in many places how impossible and temperamental and big-headed Mario Lanza has become. He won't work, he won't report to the studio, won't do this, won't do that, they report. Everyone has had his say but Mario. Now here is his story.

But before I begin, I must go back several months to New Jersey, where Ray Fasano lay dying. She was ten years old. And there wasn't much to distinguish her from thousands of other little girls except that she was suffering from an incurable disease, and she loved a movie star and he returned that love. He called her regularly; sang to her over long-distance; entertained her in Hollywood with her mother and a nurse. But she was puzzled. She read so much criticism about her idol. "Why," she repeatedly asked him, "do people write such bad things about you?"

He could not explain; and for this child an explanation wasn't really necessary. When Ray died, she was clutching a photograph of Mario Lanza, and it was buried with her. In Hollywood, the brawny battling tenor received the news and wept.

I write of this incident because it is pertinent to my story of Mario, who for over a year has been the mystery man of Hollywood. During that time, I've traveled extensively; everywhere I've gone people have wanted to know

BY HEDDA HOPPER



CONTINUED



To Hedda, Mario said, "I can sing to people only when they believe in me"

MARIO LANZA ANSWERS BACK!

CONTINUED

He ranted and stormed

what was happening to Lanza. Why would he not answer the whacky stories and charges made against him? Was he having a nervous collapse? Had he gone high hat? Most of all, his fans wanted to know when Mario would sing again?

Last winter, for example, I was walking along a street in Mexico City, thinking I was incognito, when a native stopped me and said, "You're Mario Lanza's friend. Can't you persuade him to return to the screen and sing for us again?" I told him I'd try.

Frankly I was puzzled too, because Mario had been a confiding friend long before he landed in pictures. He even put himself on the spot with other Hollywood reporters by publicly naming me as one of the three people responsible for his movie success. But when I thought he needed help most, he wouldn't answer my telephone calls. I wanted to tell his side of a story that had assumed more ugly angles than a centipede has legs. I got flowers from him, yes, and notes too. But not one shred of information did he give me about his fight with Metro.

Finally I gave up. His fans didn't. Letters asking about Lanza continued to pour into my office. The most touching came from invalids, who depend much on radio for enjoyment. They simply couldn't understand why they were being deprived of the pleasure of hearing the Lanza program.

There were some tragic cases. A mother wrote that her small daughter had lost the use of her hands, but wouldn't exercise them to get the strength back. So she had to resort to a heartbreaking device. The child worshipped Mario; and just before Lanza went on the air, a radio, with the volume turned down very low, was moved near her bed. To hear Lanza, the child *had* to use her hands to turn the dial, bringing the sound up.

Well, you can't skip or ignore a guy with influence for good like that. Finally I got Mario on the telephone and said, "Listen you big lummo, I'm getting hundreds of letters from people who are really concerned about you. They need their faith in you reaffirmed. You owe it to them."

That did it. "Hedda," he said, "why don't you come on out to my house? I'll tell you anything you want to know."

I didn't waste any time in getting out to his beautiful Bel Air home. It's on a quiet street, which is necessary because Mario's a light sleeper. He averages about five hours of slumber a night under the best conditions. According to his wife, Betty, loss of sleep caused by traffic noises so exhausted Mario that he couldn't start "The Student Prince" on schedule. But the new home, built on a hillside, is as quiet as a country meadow.

and joked. He even burst into song for Hedda . . .

Upon entering the house I noticed a ribbon bearing this inscription: "The lion is dead. Long live the tiger," and asked the meaning of it. Mario roared with laughter. "Don't you get it?" he said. "Leo's the lion. I'm the tiger. The ribbon came off a wreath of flowers a friend sent me the day Metro fired me—that is, to put it legally, terminated my contract."

He led me into the living room, where Betty, his wife, and Constantine Callinicos, his accompanist and conductor, were waiting for us.

Mario was in a happy bubbly mood that veered to half-mocking anger only when a person he loathed was mentioned. His face was completely relaxed. He was overweight, but this appearance was partially an illusion. Because of his rather short height, his huge chest and broad shoulders make him look heavier than he actually is. But he has *(Continued on page 105)*



Of new son Damon Anthony, Mario says proudly, "See that back—strong as steel!" And he's just as proud of his two daughters, Elisa and Colleen



IS HER LOVE LIFE JINXED?

BY
JOYCE CARTER

*Some say she's fickle—she
says she's cautious. But Hollywood
can't help wondering whether
Vera-Allen's unlucky in love*

As one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelor girls, Vera-Allen is sometimes inclined to yearn for the privacy of the good old days when she was just plain Miss Rohe of Cincinnati, Ohio. For wherever she goes, the spotlight follows. And though it certainly has its professional value, this very same spotlight has a way of playing havoc with her private life.

Now it's hardly practical for a star to be a recluse unless she's Garbo. And if she's a young lady who likes to go dancing, she can't very well shun the bright lights. Consequently, Vera-Allen may be seen and duly reported in the better-known nightspots with any one of a number of escorts. Upon each occasion, she obligingly poses for the lensmen and the photographs become the property of her public.

But if you look closely, you'll see that in the pictures the laughter is only on her lips—not in her eyes. For her heart is in hiding these days.

Some claim that it's a broken heart. Others say it's a fickle one. "It's cautious," says Vera-Allen herself. "And it's getting more cautious all the time."

But why should this be? Is she afraid of love? Or has she never known what real love is? Or is there some mysterious jinx at work?

One reason for her caution may be an actor named Dean Miller. It's believed that her romance with Dean brought her as close to matrimony as she has come since her arrival in film land. Although they had dated off and on for nearly a year, few columnists gave their courtship serious thought until it was almost over, for they were rarely seen together.

Most of the time, it seems, they were making the long trek to and from the Los Angeles International Airport, where Dean was either meeting her plane or saying goodbye as she left for a personal-appearance tour. There were long-distance calls while she was away. Eventually, there were the inevitable stories of an approaching wedding. And then there was the breakup. "Actually," says Vera-Allen now, "we only went steady—saw each other exclusively—for about two months. We were never formally engaged. We hadn't set a date . . ."

The trips? "I don't think I would have gone on them if I'd actually thought that things could have worked out with Dean. But when you don't feel sure, you sort of try to get away from what's troubling you."

Was it love? "We felt very deeply about each other," Vera-Allen admits. "But we didn't think there were all the ingredients for a lifetime marriage. We didn't feel it would last. We're both cautious types—which is a good thing."

They're still good friends. But, Vera-Allen is a popular girl. She has a number of friends who happen to be men. And they're truthfully "just friends." Despite this fact, she could paper a room with inch-long column items . . . each one linking her name with that of a different escort and announcing that she's falling in love, she's fallen in love, she's on the verge of becoming engaged, or that she'll be making a dash for City Hall almost any hour.

And thereby hangs her problem—or at least part of it. It caught up with her of an (*Continued on page 83*)



Bachrach

Ursula Thiess

Fraker



Elizabeth Taylor

Short Cut

● Suddenly, every she-star of Hollywood is doing it, all the way from saucy Terry Moore to stately Deborah Kerr. Wearing very, very short hair, we mean. It all began, as all chic fashions do, with one daring originator.

In this case, the daring pioneer was Jean Simmons, who has a passion for cropping hair. The time was more than two years ago. The place was the Granger household. The beneficiary was Elizabeth Taylor.

Coburn



Deborah Kerr

*Snip, snip, snip went the
shears and Hollywood came
up with a new glamour crop*

BY RUTH WATERBURY

to Beauty

Liz was beautiful when Jean began idly snipping, one dark ringlet here, another there from the exquisite Taylor head. She was still beautiful when Jean stopped, about an inch and a half from Liz's scalp. In fact, she was more than beautiful. She was original and darling and daring. She looked like a combined dark angel, Renaissance boy, and the most feminine thing on earth.

All because of Liz's beauty, this hair style remained unique with her for many (*Continued on page 108*)



Powolny

Jeanne Crain

Stern



Mona Freeman

Bachrach



Jean Simmons



BY MAXINE ARNOLD



Soon the Rory Calhouns will be starting on a sentimental journey. It's one they're planning to take every five years

● His dark blue suit is five years older than when he wore it on that special day. Moths have taken possession, and it's ten pounds too large. Her once crisp, gray chantilly lace has gone a little tired. And it's perfumed with the unmistakable aroma of having been packed away too long.

But come August 29, Rory and Lita Calhoun will be slipping sentimentally into those same old garments to keep a standing date with love.

"Marry me forever—and five years," Rory had said when they were planning their lives together. "Five years from our wedding day, let's be married again, God willing. The vows we take then will mean even more to us than our first ones, for we'll be even closer and time will have proved how much we belong to each other." And maybe by then, he said, a character called "Smoky" Calhoun might actually have come to believe that he has a right to that much happiness.

They were very much in love, these two, when they stood at the altar in the Trinity Episcopal Church in Santa Barbara that sunny summer day. "We had nothing but each other and a thousand dollars I'd saved and a mortgage on my car," says Rory now. Even the new blue suit wasn't his outright. He'd got it on long-term credit from a tailor who (Continued on page 97)

KEEPING

A DATE

WITH LOVE

Bernard



HOLLYWOOD IS LIKE A MERRY-GO-ROUND. IT THROWS SOME STARS



The press is fair game for Brando

COME OUT OF THAT STAR SPIN!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

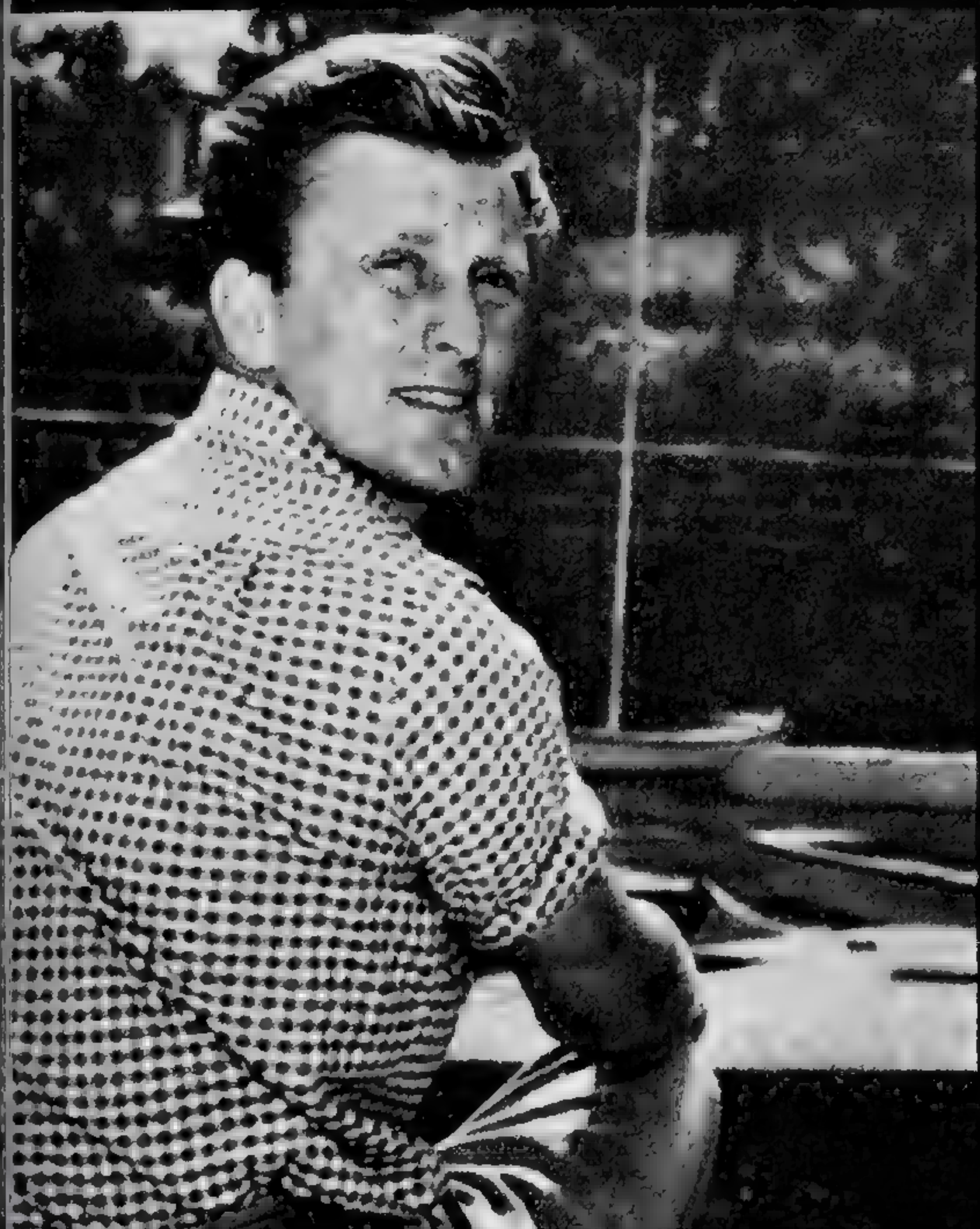
● With things as tough as they are in Hollywood the Big Heads are of necessity shrinking. But there are still enough swollen hold-outs to make a movie reporter's life as nerve racking as a roller coaster ride in 3-D.

Take Bob Wagner for instance. Bob is a cute boy, but it's obvious his success has rushed to his ego. John Wayne will let you take photos of him upstairs, downstairs, and in milord's chamber—he even allowed a PHOTOPLAY photog to follow him around for a week in Acapulco—but little Bobbie Wagner alluva sudden says his home is his castle and trespassing for publicity will be prosecuted. Whereas at the beginning of the climb, he was willing to

throw open every nook and cranny, with granny thrown in for good measure—just so you got his messages over to the public.

Another thing—and this happened recently—Robert has charming parents, and they brought him up well, and he didn't have to pointedly pick up a paper and pretend to read in the middle of a lady reporter's questions. He's never done this to me, and he's a nice boy and I'm sure he'll come out of the spiral. But with so many other people getting mad at him, I'm worried. It's been said before, but this is a good time to repeat it as a friendly warning for Bob: Be nice to the people you meet on the way up, be-

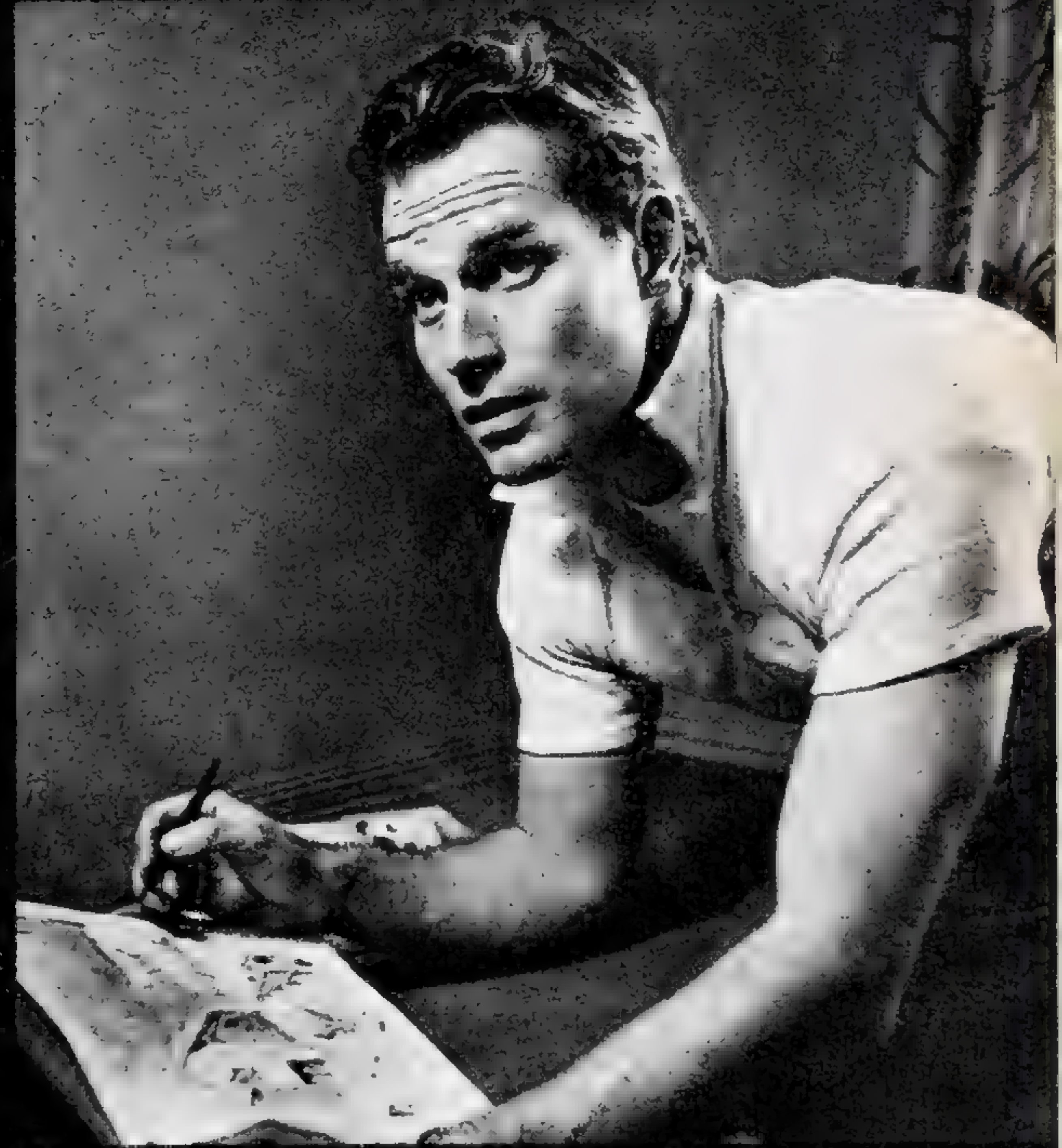
INTO A DIZZY SPELL THAT MAKES THEM A "BIG HEAD" ACHE!



Talk about Douglas—Kirk always does



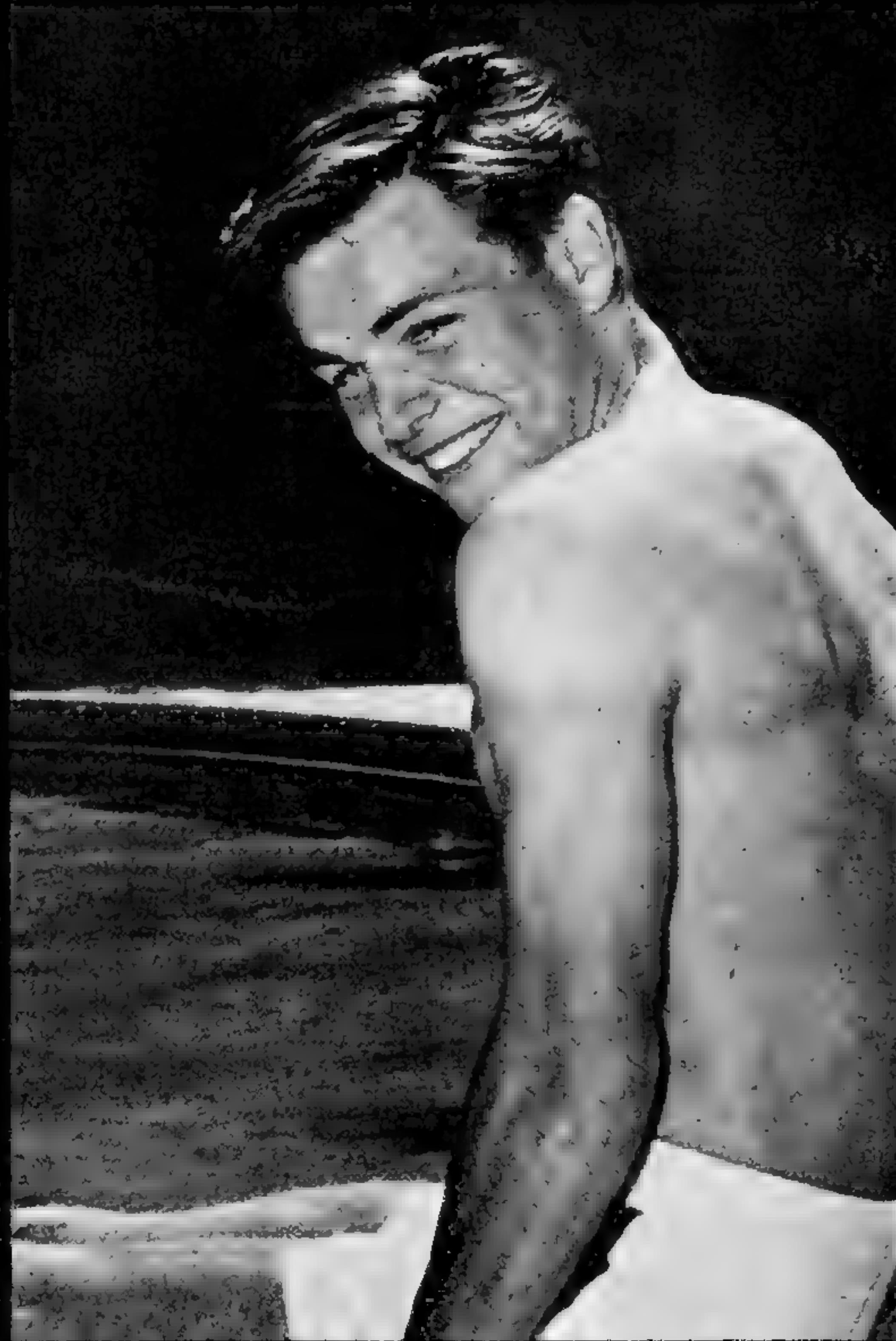
Clooney "arrived," an old friend left



Heston: Lesser "lights" get snubbed



Daytime, nighttime, Doris has no time



Bob's biting the hands that fed him



Gloria Grahame: Dazzled by Oscar?

cause you might meet the same people on your way down.

Jennifer Jones made the jump from obscurity to stardom so quickly, it's hard for me to remember what a sweet girl she was before the release of "The Song of Bernadette." It won her the Oscar and changed her from a frank, happy, friendly character to a tense, brooding, seemingly-suspicious-of-everyone person. Even Garbo posed with lions and did cheesecake photos—i.e., showed her stems—in the early years of her career before clamping down into the Great Silence.

To my knowledge, Garbo did not exclude still camera-men from the set when she was working, because she was

smart enough to know that publicity is necessary for selling a picture. But even though Jennifer wears a swim suit in "Beat the Devil," magazine photographers were excluded. And the list of do's and don'ts made most of us here say, "Why bother?"

Kirk Douglas, than whom there is no whomer in the swelled-head department, gets mad when you tell him that success has changed him. "I've always been the same," he insists. "The only difference is, success allowed me to be myself." I prefer to think there was a time when Kirk was modest about his ability—which is real—that he sometimes used sentences that (Continued on page 100)



*The Dale Robertsons' marriage
story had a stormy beginning,
but now the forecast's fine!*

BY JANE CORWIN

Life

Begins with Marriage

● One day last May, Dale Robertson braked his racy Nile-green British MG at the curb of a sports' shop in Hollywood and turned to his missus seated in the car beside him.

"How's about stoppin' in here, Jackpot?" Dale asked.

"Why, Dale?" Jacqueline, wondering how the sitter was making out with baby Rochelle, glanced disinterestedly at the store.

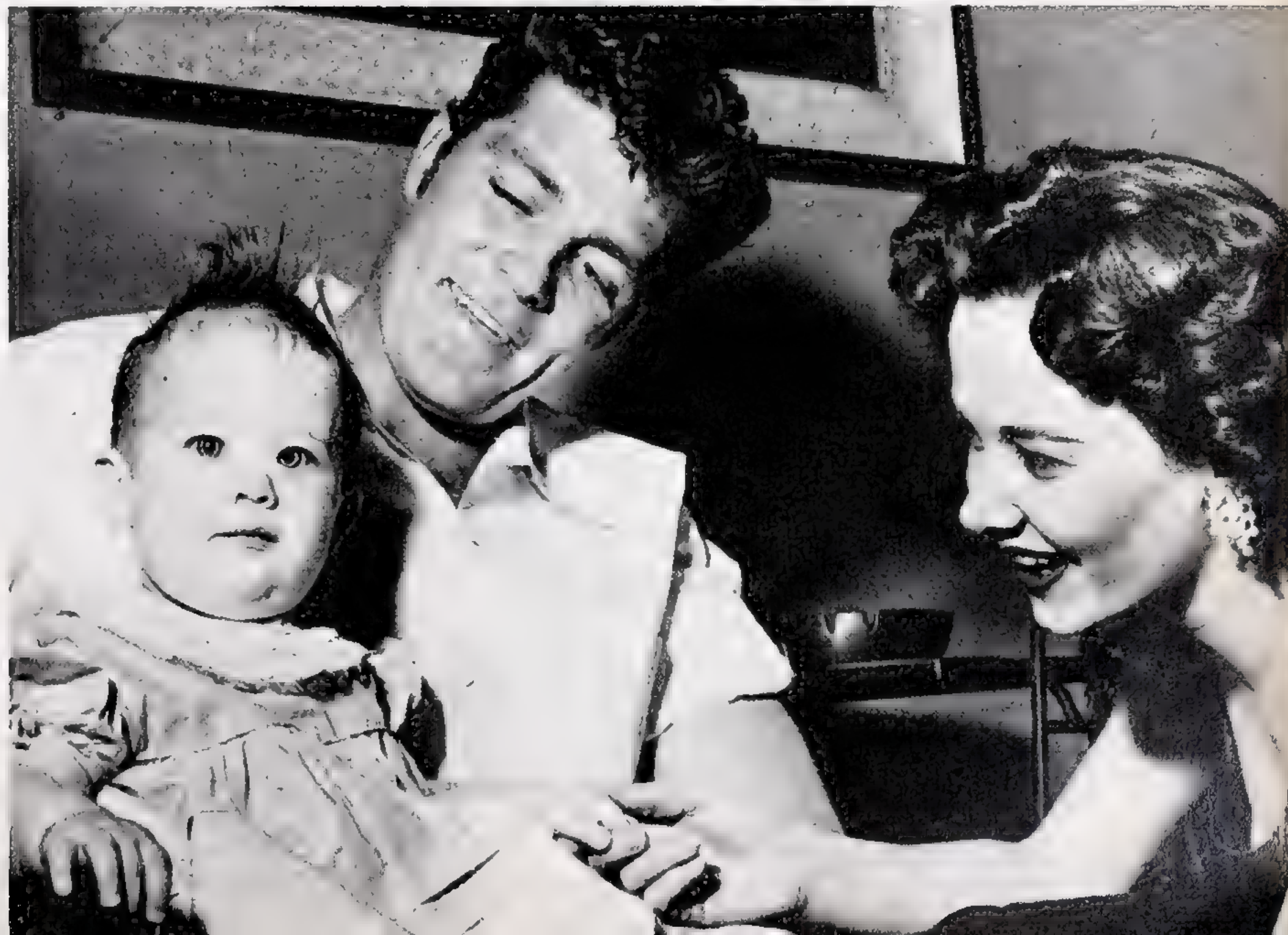
In the shop, Dale's smoky gray-green eyes under their thicket of black lashes widened with excitement. "Hiyah, Pop," he yelled to the proprietor. "Aimin' to find a fishin' rod to hook a mess of trout."

Dale studied rod after rod with deepest concentration. "Honey, how does this one look to you?" he finally asked Jackie.

He watched her flex the rod and nod with approval. "Okay, Pop, wrap it up," Dale said. Then he turned (*Continued on page 102*)

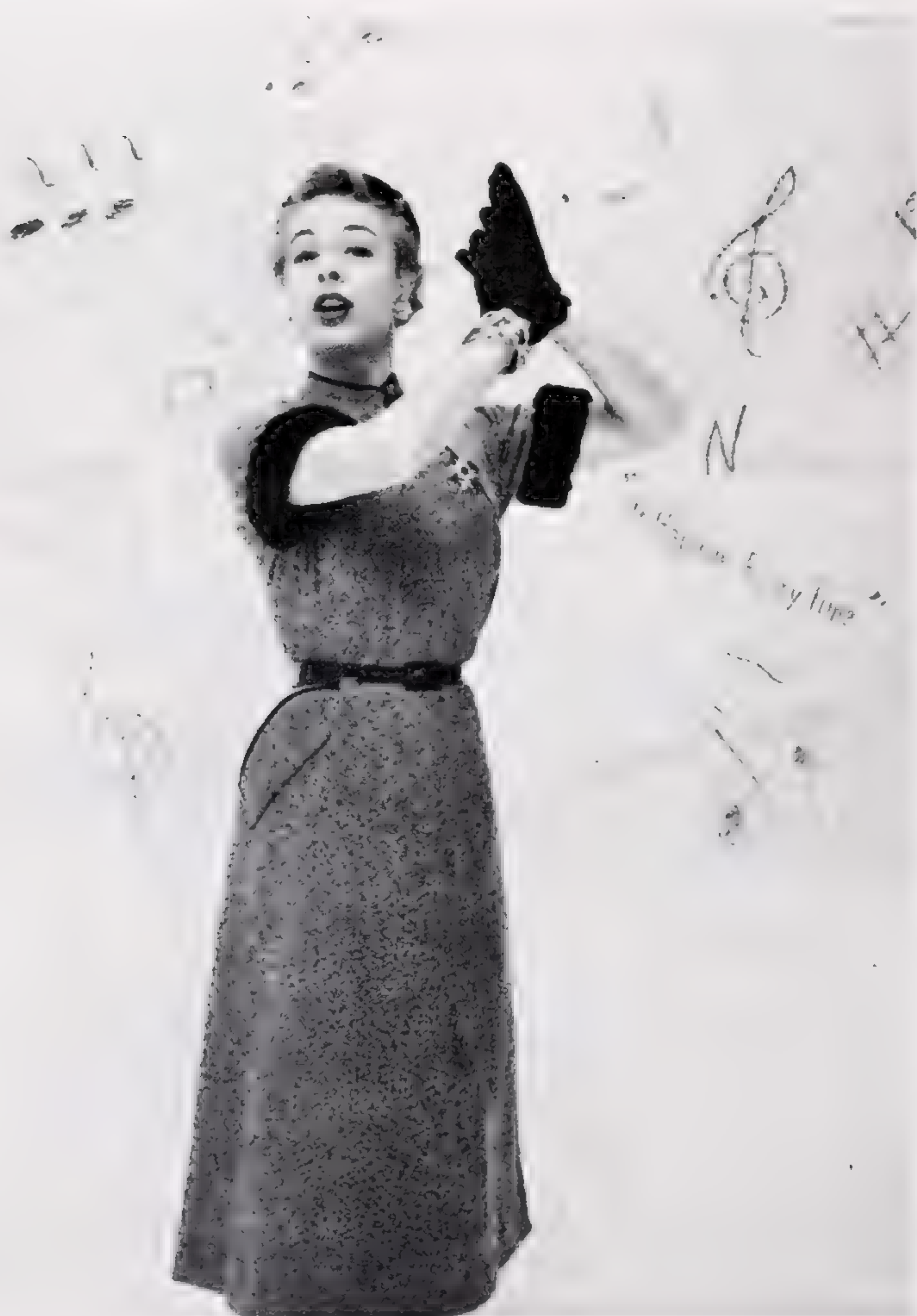


To Dale and Jackie, Rochelle is a happiness dividend—plus!





A Champion goes into her dance—as the lead in Photoplay's hit parade





Fashion Photos by Dan Wynn

FASHION CALLS THE TUNE

YOU AND THE STARS take the downbeat! Gay-as-a-musical clothes whirl you into fall and winter at the drop of a tiny (bank) note! Marge Champion dances fast-tempo num-

bers from her M-G-M tunefilm, "Give a Girl a Break," wearing Kay Windsor's medley of stripes. A fall and winter cotton, 10-18, under \$13. Queen Quality shoes

TURN THE PAGE FOR MORE FASHIONS

FASHION



Nanette Fabray of M-G-M's new musical, "Band Wagon," is perfectly decked out for one of the film's song hits, "Louisiana Hayride." Nardis of Dallas black wool plaid skirt, stole, under \$15, 10-16. Tan top, Wyner wool jersey, under \$10, 10-16. Right, she's in a singing mood in beige coat-suit, Swansdown, under \$60, 10-18. Her shoes: bronze patent Johannsen pumps



★ PHOTOPLAY STAR

FASHIONS:

FALL AND WINTER

CONTINUED

Marge Champion takes a twirl to fashion's tune! R & K grey wool tweed wrap coat-dress, taffeta-lined, real fur-cuffed, 7-17, 8-18, under \$25. Far right, Nanette whirls to "Band Wagon" tune—"Dancing in the Dark." Opera's black evening duo: wool jersey top, pink nylon trim; taffeta skirt, wool-fringed, under \$8 & \$11, 10-18



CALLS THE TUNE

Nannette's dressed for town or country dates in lush black-brown wool tweed suit, cape collar. Lampl, under \$30, 10-18. Paradise plaid and suede Kitten shoes



MORE
FASHIONS →

FASHION CALLS

THE TUNE

CONTINUED

★
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS: FALL AND WINTER



Cyd Charisse dances to "New Sun in the Sky," also from "Band Wagon." Suit skirt (far right) gets new outlook with Judy Bond duo: red, puckered cotton vest, grey cotton blouse with wool knit trim. 10-18, under \$4 each

Singing another of film's hits, "By Myself," Cyd won't be lonely for long in newsy, cape-collared coat-dress trimmed with velvet bows, rhinestone birds. Charcoal rayon faille. Leslie Fay. Petite sizes 12-20, under \$23

BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS IN STORES LISTED ON PAGE 85



Lovely, laughing Cyd Charisse really gets on the "Band Wagon" in an exciting new fall suit. Red and gray checked jacket, matching gray skirt. Soft wool and cashmere blend. Rosenblum of California. About \$55, 10-18

*Musical Instruments
from Fred Gretsch Co.*

*Betmar Hats, MM Bags,
Benedikt Jewelry,
Baar & Beards Scarves,
Dawnelle Gloves*



A PAIR MAKES



● The only thing cuter than one two-year old celebrating her birthday is a pair of them doing ditto, as anybody 'at Jimmy Stewart's house can tell you.

Pappa Jimmy and Mamma Gloria rushed back helter-skelter from New York, where they had been premiering "Thunder Bay," to give Judy and Kelly a hand with their birthday doin's. And

The birthday cake was hidden in the freezer, ready to come out on funday



"Two of a kind and two kings," say the Stewarts, "make a full house—and a very happy one"



When Jimmy and Gloria got back from New York they had to be shown all the flowers that "grew" while they were away

PHOTOPLAY PICTURE STORY

PHOTOS BY STERN



Ronnie and Mike are Gloria's sons. But as far as Jimmy's concerned, they're his boys

TWO

though they didn't quite make it on time, neither the twins nor their big brothers, Mike and Ronnie, minded having the festivities a couple of days late.

As Hollywood affairs go, this may not have been the most elaborate, but it was certainly as full of excitement for the guests of honor as any shindig this town has seen for a long, long time.

Tucked in and ready to trundle off to bed at the end of a perfect day



LOOK WHO'S

BY
CORINNE BAILEY



*Brown hair, gray eyes,
105 pounds, 5'3". Bust; 35½";
waist, 24"; hips, 36"
Born San Francisco, Cali-
fornia, 11/14/31
Pictures: "City That Never
Sleeps"; "Gambler's Moon"*

MALA POWERS has made an amazing comeback—not from voluntary retirement, not from a slump in her career, but from the shadow of death. In the course of her strange illness and miraculous recovery, many distortions and even flat untruths reached print. Mala's own story, told simply and quietly, as she tells it, is far more inspiring. How, at a time when doctors warned her mother that Mala might die within three days, did Mala herself know that she would live? "I went into a chapel," she says. "I had a little conversation, and I got an answer."

As you saw her in "City Beneath the Sea," the sparkling, dark-haired young actress seemed filled with vitality. Actually, while Mala was making this movie, early last year, only spirit kept her

going. She had had a severe case of flu in Tokyo, returning from an entertainment tour in Korea, and she assumed that the Japanese flu bug must be an especially sturdy kind, immune to the new "miracle" drug she was taking. But she wouldn't give in to the headaches or the attacks of weakness; make-up covered her pallor, and she went on working.

When she reported to Bud Westmore one morning, the make-up man took one shocked look at her dead-white face and promptly called a doctor. Mala didn't even finish the picture. She was written out of the café-fight scene. In the hospital, she was simply angry and impatient at first. "Give me the transfusions," she said, "and let me get out of here!" But the tests being

made were leading to an unexpected conclusion.

Mala thought her illness was only a minor one. This belief was shattered by a soft-hearted laboratory technician. The girl came up to Mala with tears streaming down her face and told her, "You're young. The important thing is to stay in the ball game."

Frightened and bewildered, Mala seized the phone and called her mother. "Come right over here and make the doctors tell me what's wrong!" So she learned the truth: She was violently allergic to the drug she had been taking; it was destroying the marrow of her bones, and her body had lost its capacity to make blood.

On her arrival, the hospital's chapel had been (Continued on page 82)

HERE



Blond hair, blue eyes, 180 pounds,
6'2". Born Ocean City, N. J., 7/12/20.

Picture: "Split Second"

Married Jean Cotton, 11/30/46

Sons: Mark and Matthew

KEITH ANDES, in a typical Hollywood switch, has only been seen on the screen in straight dramatic roles. The fine, romantic baritone voice which won him critical acclaim in such Broadway hits as "Kiss Me Kate" and "The Chocolate Soldier" is under wraps as far as movie audiences are concerned.

Keith recently totaled up his years in showbusiness and found them to be an amazing eighteen. His interest in music and the theatre began at such an early age that he was a polished singer and radio performer by the time he was in high school.

But he wasn't thinking of entertainment as a profession; he wanted to be a teacher. He attended Oxford University, received his degree from Temple—and enlisted in the Army Air Force before he ever had an opportunity to know whether he would have been a good teacher or not.

Keith is probably the only man in the world who looks upon pneumonia with a kindly eye. If he hadn't been felled by the bug while in the Air Force, he would never have met a beautiful Army nurse named Jean Cotton. In another of those switches that occurs in the life of Andes, *she* was shipped overseas five days after they met and Keith was left to keep the home fires burning. Those five days convinced him that he was in love—not delirious with pneumonia. And Keith made up his mind that this was the girl he was bound to marry.

It was also while in the Air Force that he got his first big break—in "Winged Victory." With that show the die was cast, and Keith Andes was in showbusiness for good. After his discharge from service and a brief, unsuccessful attempt at picture-making, he went back to New York—to find himself a stage role, and to woo and win Lt. Jean Cotton, who was just then returning from overseas. He landed the male lead in "The Chocolate Soldier" and he married his girl on November 30, 1946.

When his hit performance in "Kiss Me Kate" won him a seven-year contract with RKO three years ago, Keith packed up Jean and their two sons, Mark and Matthew, and headed West. "It's permanent," he says. "Or, at least until the kids (Continued on page 82)



maid in waiting

BY
EVE FORD

"Love must be distracting—and wonderful," says Anna



● The young girl stood at ease under the scorching television lights, and from her throat poured the lovely, liquid notes of "Caro Nome." Out of camera range, a handsome boy named Eddie Fisher, watched intently. Eddie was probably admiring the throat itself, warm and white and beautiful. The dark, glowing eyes. The pink cheeks.

When the applause had died at last and the hot lights were dimmed, he thanked Anna Maria Alberghetti for appearing on his show. He told her she was terrific. Then he asked, "Look, couldn't we go out, sort of celebrate?"

The pink deepened charmingly in her cheeks. "I would love to go, Eddie," Anna Maria said. "Perhaps another time. Tonight I . . . am a little tired. The plane trip here to New York from the Coast, the rehearsals and everything. I hope you understand."

Anna Maria was still keyed up from her performance, still excited, and it would have been wonderful if the remaining hours of the evening had been spun out of the same glorious excitement. Instead, she quietly returned to her hotel, to dream of what they might have done.

Another plane brought her swiftly back to Hollywood, back to the family with which she shares everything. Everything except the dreams. "I wanted very, very much to go out with Eddie," she confessed to a confidante. "But . . . I knew my father wouldn't like it. Still, I do not like to say that I am not yet permitted to go on dates, that I have never had one. So, when I am asked, I make a little excuse."

Somewhere in the future lies that all-important first date. Never suppose she hasn't thought of it often; she

would like it to be a dancing date, complete with soft lights, romantic music and Anna Maria in a long, white dress. But the boy is still a misty figure. "Just a plain, quiet boy—it takes intelligence to be quiet." And if the plain quiet boy were to appear tomorrow, would her parents permit her to go out with him?

"They wouldn't like it, I know," Anna Maria says without hesitation. "But there will be no forbidding. It has never come up yet because it hasn't been important to me."

Hers is not a forbidding family. There have been rumors that her parents would not permit her the use of make-up, high heels or more mature clothes. "Ridiculous," says Anna Maria. "I have worn stage make-up since I was six years old, but when I am not working, I *like* to keep my face clean so the skin can breathe. I like only a

Maria Alberghetti. "Is it?"

little lipstick, and pale, so that it still looks natural. I would look very foolish in sophisticated clothes at my age." And she will continue to think so—until she falls in love.

She dreams of love, the girl-child Anna Maria, but vaguely. To fall in love is the proper thing to do and, when the proper time comes, she will do so. Conveniently, of course, so that she can be married at what she considers the proper age—twenty-three.

Her dream of love is that of a girl who has never been smitten with that giddy, wonderful sensation called a crush. She has never gone weak in the knees at the sound of a special voice. Nor felt the brush of angels' wings at a touching of hands.

All of these things will happen to Anna Maria—and sooner than she expects. No one so lovely and Latin and emotional can stand still on the threshold of life for long.

She will have more and more excuses to make to avoid dates in the future, because she'll be asked out with increasing frequency. Anna Maria is growing into a beautiful woman. And she has enormous sex appeal.

It blends oddly with her childlike qualities, the wonder at a new world and its way of doing things. There was, for instance, her sixteenth birthday.

When she opened her eyes that morning, Anna Maria felt that special glow. It was *her* day. Her heart danced as she went in to breakfast and, smilingly, the family understood. And then she went to the studio.

There it was just another working day. Everyone smiled and said hello in a perfectly ordinary way.

Nobody knew. Tomorrow she would casually mention it, she thought as she made her way back to the set after lunch, and everyone would feel a little remorseful because they hadn't known. She tugged at the heavy double-doors that seal off a set while a scene is being shot; she went in—and her heart stopped. "Happy birthday to you," sang the grinning cast and crew of "The Stars Are Singing." "Happy birthday, Anna Maria, happy birthday to you!" There was the cake with its sixteen candles burning, there were all her studio friends and the mountain of gifts they had hidden from her during the morning's shooting schedule.

Her friends weren't content to leave it as a surprise party, though; they felt an additional American touch was needed. One by one they warned her about Tommy Morton. He was full of tricks, they said, and his gaily wrapped gift was sure to be nothing but a gag. Something

"My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap ...because it's such wholesome skin-care!"



Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)

Read how this glamorous opera singer was helped by Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director

"I was a young hopeful from Birmingham, Alabama," says Miss Harmon, "but in New York I learned mere talent isn't enough! So I went to the Conover School, and my very first lesson was basic complexion care with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Candy Jones told me it was gentle, *wholesome* skin care, and she was right. Now I beauty-cleanse with that fluffy, fragrant lather twice a day. My skin thrives on it!"

Regular care with mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap will give your complexion a softer, *naturally* lovely look that make-up can never achieve. You'll love it!



Here Are Candy Jones' Personal Beauty Tips for You!

1. Protruding ears limit your hair-styles? Put a few drops of collodion behind each ear, press firmly to head for three minutes. They should stay put for hours!
2. When your face "feels tired," a quick washing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap will not only help your skin, but give you a refreshing psychological lift!

More later, *Candy*



Dry, rough skin: "My skin used to be dry and rough," says Phyllis Walker of Charleston, W. Va. "But Noxzema helps it look much smoother and fresher. It's a wonderful night cream."

Look lovelier in 10 days with **DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL** or your money back!

New, easy beauty care helps your skin look fresher, lovelier — and helps keep it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin — here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

This sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *greaseless* beauty cream is a *medicated* formula. It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Thrilling results!

Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's wonderfully quick help for rough, dry, lifeless skin and for externally-caused blemishes.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Tonight, do this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema, then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how fresh

your skin looks the very first time you 'cream-wash' — not dry, or drawn!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast! You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless*. No smeary pillow!

3. Make-up base. 'Cream-wash' again in the morning, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. *externally caused



Noxzema works or money back!
In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women. If not delighted after a 10 day trial, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Money back! Get Noxzema today—40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax at any drug or cosmetic counter!

NOXZEMA

(Continued from page 73)

would pop out of the box to frighten her.

"So, I wouldn't open it," she admits.

Tommy was there, of course, alert and impatient. Now and again he'd say, "Why don't you open mine next, Anna Maria?" and each time she'd pretend not to hear.

"Then there was nothing else left," she says. "So I had to open it. What a surprise! It wasn't any trick, but a beautiful little gold wrist watch."

Her parents, Daniele and Vittoria, were proud that her co-workers on the Paramount lot liked their daughter well enough to give her a party. It had been a perfect birthday. But was it? As the evening wore on, something was missing—a friend her own age who would truly understand.

This is the one flaw in what Anna Maria considers a practically perfect life. As American girls of her age have long since been dating, she would have little in common with them even if she had a chance to meet them, which she hasn't.

Anna Maria is five feet, four inches tall and weighs a pleasingly distributed 110 pounds except when she is making a picture. "The studio makes me take off ten pounds—and oh, how hungry I am then!"

On the subject of food she is eloquent. "I do not like spaghetti. I say so, but everyone says that I am crazy about spaghetti because I am from Italy. Ravioli, yes. And lasagne—ummm! Of American food I am fondest of beefsteak. But I want to make this clear: I don't like spaghetti."

She loves singing to an American audience. "They're different, not cynical. You can tell that they want and expect to like you from the beginning. In other countries sometimes you have got to work to warm your audience up. Here I can just concentrate on singing."

Anna Maria has concentrated on singing since the age of six. When Papa Daniele used to call her for her lesson, she would immediately drop her doll and run to him. His word is still law with her. But she is growing up, and there is a suggestion of steel beneath the softness.

Her little brother, Paul, is more than a prodigy; he is a musical genius who has led full symphony orchestras since he was four years old. Two years ago, when Anna Maria was fifteen and Paul six, the family went home to Pesaro. There it was suggested that a brilliant tour de force would be a joint concert by the two. Signor Alberghetti agreed, and the 3,000-seat opera house was sold out immediately.

She was in excellent voice that night. Then little Paul, a small, sober figure in knee britches, stepped to the podium and raised his baton to lead 120 musicians through an intricate symphony.

"It was hopeless," recalls the female of the species. "I sang my heart out for them, and do you know what they said afterward? They said, 'Well, yes, Anna Maria—but that *darling* little boy!' And I said, 'Never again!' Paul gives his concerts, and I give mine!"

She is just as positive on the subject of love and marriage. She strongly approves of the long engagements customary in Italy because, she says, "You must be very, very sure. After all, marriage is for the rest of your life."

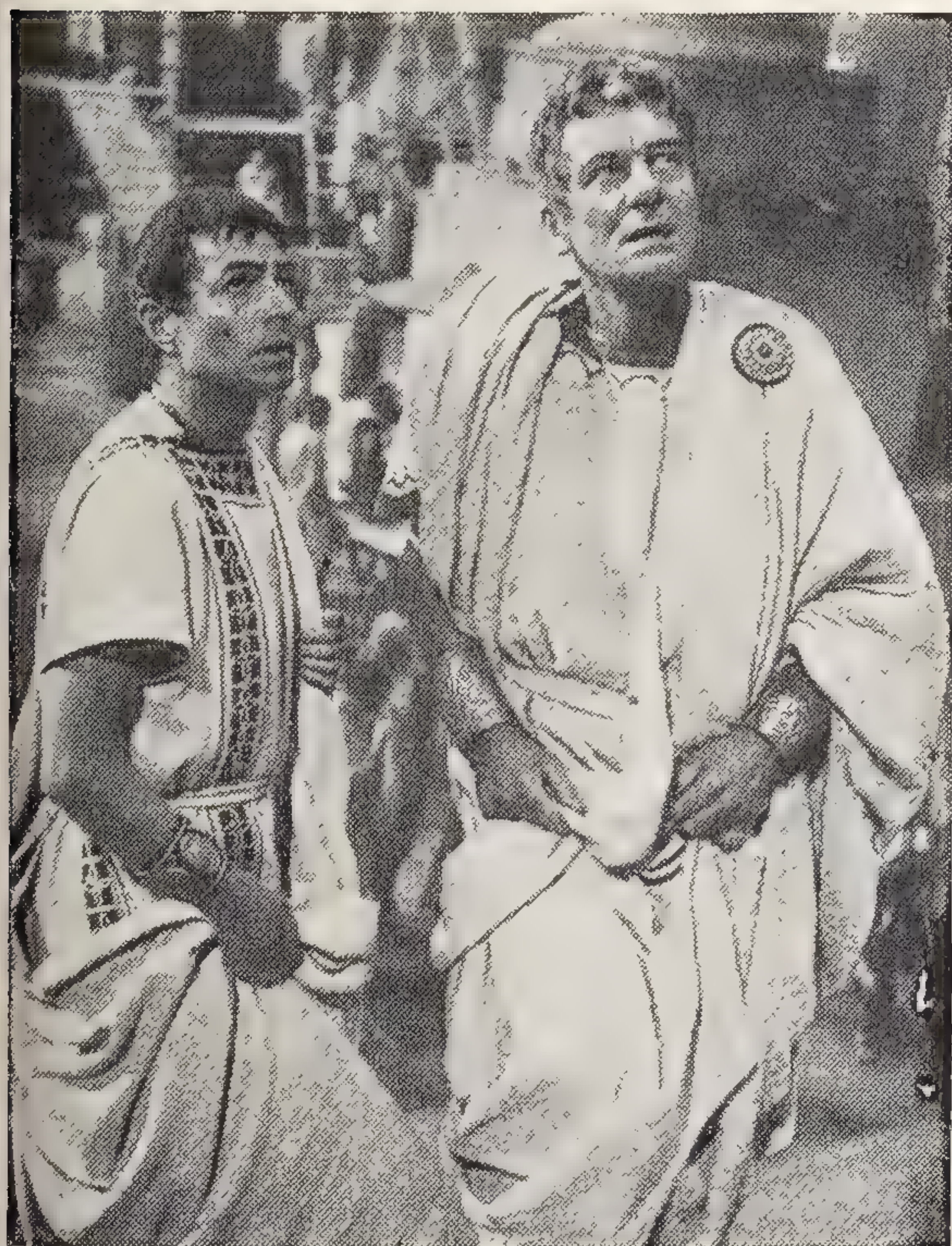
She is quite sure that she will marry a non-professional. "Actors and singers must be high-strung temperamentally," she says with firmness. "Their work depends on it. If we were being nervous at each other, it would be a bad marriage."

But she will wait patiently for marriage—and for love. She will not try to rush life. "Oh, my, no!" she says. "I hope it doesn't happen to me for many years. If love is all these things I hear," she adds gravely, "it must be very distracting—and wonderful . . . Is it?" THE END

Photoplay Applauds:

JULIUS CAESAR

After all, Shakespeare never aimed his plays at the classroom. Himself an actor, he meant them to be acted. And what an array of fine performances marks M-G-M's superb version of "Julius Caesar." Among the conspirators who plot a dictator's death, James Mason as Brutus and John Gielgud as Cassius stand out. Marlon Brando as Mark Antony runs them a close race, however, and Edmond O'Brien's surprisingly effective in a small role. But Louis Calhern's Caesar is a bit too much the tired businessman. It's a man's story; Deborah Kerr and Greer Garson are shadowy figures, on the edge of the violent events. Under Joseph Mankiewicz' taut direction, the deep thoughtfulness of the lines comes through, reflecting emotions and problems of power and responsibility that affect our lives today. High-school English was never like this!



The best: Mason's Brutus, Gielgud's Cassius



Brando turns "Friends, Romans, etc." into a terrifying masterpiece of rabble-rousing

Brilliant acting blows the schoolbook dust off a classic drama and brings it to virile life



Stained with Caesar's blood, the assassins face Mark Antony's denunciation



Heidi-Ann doesn't have to sing to win Patrice Munsel's heart



Richard Hall plies his mother, Ruth Roman, with a rosy gift



Judy Holliday says that young Jonathan's a born comedian too



Jean Hagen has two to be proud of—Arie Philip and Patricia



Shelley Winters still can't believe she's Vittoria's mother

Mother's and father's day come just once a year—but every day's baby's day for these Hollywood moms

KID STUFF

There've been a lot of changes made in Hollywood since the not-so-good old days. And one of the happiest is that film stars' youngsters have been brought out into the open where they belong. It used to be that a star would just as soon be caught strolling down Sunset Boulevard in her unmentionables as be photographed with her child beside her. For some strange reason, someone started the rumor

that a star couldn't be a mother and glamorous at the same time. And far too many stars believed it.

But the modern generation of film lovelies knows better. They've learned—at last—what the public could have told them long ago: that there's nothing so completely irresistible as a lovely child—particularly in the arms of an irresistible woman!



**"It makes you
so happy
about your skin—
this quick, easy
wonderful care!"**

says

Miss Chandler Roosevelt

Granddaughter of the late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and one of the most popular sophomores at her college, Miss Roosevelt is a sunny-gold blonde, with deep blue eyes. Her complexion is enviably lovely—clear and smooth, with a fresh, vital color.

MANY A GIRL gets the idea that a lovely skin is just plain good luck. Skin doctors know this isn't so.

Time and again, a girl's skin has been almost magically changed with the right care.

And it's a fact that any girl can work this complexion magic with one of the simplest, easiest of home treatments. It is the care Miss Roosevelt and so many girls have adopted for the wonders it works—a good Pond's Cold Creaming each night.



**No skin need
look dingy,
rough, "pore-y"**

The root of many, many skin troubles is not just ordinary surface dirt. It's the more insidious dirt that works *deeper* into pore-openings—and hardens and *sticks*.

The unique formulation of Pond's Cold Cream is specifically designed to soften, then *lift out* the embedded dirt that makes pores look enlarged, skin look muddy. This is why a Pond's Cold Creaming makes your skin look noticeably clearer, and finer in texture right away.

And, a daily Pond's Cold Creaming benefits your skin by giving back the oils and moisture your skin loses every day from outdoor exposure, and dry indoor heat. Losing these natural skin softeners gives your skin a coarse look . . . a dry, rough "feel." Pond's Cold Cream *replenishes* oils and moisture—keeps your skin smooth, soft to touch.

Here's the way to get the most good from your daily Pond's Creamings:

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TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH . . .

Words that echoed in Ann Blyth's heart—the waiting heart she had

St. Charles Roman Catholic Church in San Fernando Valley has always been known as a pretty church. But on the Saturday morning of June 27, 1953, it was so beautiful you caught your breath.

Holding the arm of her uncle, Patrick Tobin, who was giving her in marriage to Dr. James Vincent McNulty, Ann Blyth moved slowly down the aisle.

The organ strains of the Lohengrin wedding march sounded in her ears and the scent of Lily of the Valley filled the air around her. Through the haze of sun spinning in motes of gold from the windows she could see the tall white tapers, fern and lily trimmed, burning softly.

Ann Blyth was almost twenty-five and this was her wedding day: the fulfillment of a dream common to all women. An answer to many of the questions of life.

The wedding and high mass were set for 10:00 A.M. but Ann woke shortly after dawn. For a few moments she lay quietly on her bed, reviewing the events that led to this, the most cherished of all days. The Christmas Eve, 1952, when Jim in a sudden rush of words asked the question that, little changed through the years, still holds the thrill of first discovery.

As does the answer he received.

After that, they were teased and made much of; were alone; bought a house hidden near Toluca Lake; produced the memories that were the prelude of their lives together.

As with all weddings, there were the unexpected elements. In the midst of the turmoil, tinsel and laughter, Ann began to wonder if she was going to have any bridesmaids left. Originally Jeanne Crain and Jane Powell were to have been in the bridal party. First, Jane got word that her night-club dates were to take place in June, and then suddenly Jeanne was scheduled for a picture in Europe. Reluc-

tantly, both girls had to bow out. If they were heart-broken on having to withdraw, their hearts were twice broken when, just a few weeks before the wedding, Jane learned that she had a free week at the end of June, and Jeanne's overseas film was canceled. So they could have been bridesmaids after all.

Then Ann learned that "Rose Marie," her second picture under her new M-G-M contract, was to start shooting the beginning of July. It looked as if the honeymoon were going to be cut short. But the bosses at M-G-M had a change of heart, deciding the show *could* go on later after all, for although Ann will be making several pictures a year, her honeymoon was strictly "once-in-a-lifetime."

Last minute revisions in the seating arrangements at the church and reception were made excitedly when dozens of Ann's friends and distant relatives, upon receiving token invitations, wired from all over the country that they were flying to Hollywood to see Ann get married.

Aunt Cissie's own special surprise for Ann was the most touching of all. As the bills started piling up for the wedding, she handed Ann a lump sum she had been saving out of her household budget for several years—just for this occasion.

All these thoughts came to Ann lying there in the soft light of an early dawn. She opened her eyes, half-afraid her wish for a beautiful day would not be granted. Weather in Southern California had, for the month of June, been filled with gloomy dullness and drizzly rain. But this day was as bright as a crystal goblet. Sunshine poured through the window and struck notes of color on the objects in the room like designs in a stained glass window.

The satin whiteness of her wedding gown, hanging so she would see it first thing upon awakening, was dazzling.

In the privacy of her room, she had tried the dress on so many times. Helen Rose had created a poem of young love and loveliness—a white satin sheath covered with a gown of white *mousseline de soie* with heirloom lace forming a deep yoke, long sleeves and insets in the full-skirted hemline. Seed pearls were embroidered into the lace pattern. Her veil billowed from under a Mary, Queen of Scots, cap of seed pearls.

Ann dressed carefully, each movement slow and precise—yet dreamlike. Aunt Cissie and Uncle Pat were waiting to whisk her off to the church.

Jim and his brother, Dennis Day, had already arrived when, on the precise moment of 10:00 A.M., the black shiny limousine carrying the bride pulled up before the church. More than 2,000 onlookers were waiting to catch a glimpse of her.

Inside the Spanish-style church, notables of the movie industry, religious leaders and Ann's friends and family filled the six hundred pews.

Jim, Dennis and the ushers (brothers Francis, John and William McNulty, Ted McConnell, Dr. John Thom and Dr. C. Stehly) took their places at the altar.

There, for the first time in a Hollywood church, a Prince of the Faith, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, Archbishop of Los Angeles, resplendent in robes of red and gold, was waiting.

Bridesmaids Betty Lynn, Peggy Kelley, Marjorie Zimmer, Joan Leslie Caldwell, Alice Krasiva and Jane Withers Moss, preceded by Jane's little daughter Wendy, the flower girl, filed slowly down the aisle. The girls were pretty as portraits in ballerina length gowns of bouffant, delphinium blue, silk shantung. Their bodices were tight with taffeta cummerbunds. Long white gloves covered their arms; each carried a small muff of delphiniums and wore a

Given to Jim McNulty

blue lace picture hat with matching taffeta streamers. Blue silk shantung shoes completed the outfits.

The bridesmaids were followed by the maid of honor, Ann's cousin, Betty Lynch, who wore a full skirted gown of lavender over pink organza.

Ann joined Jim before the Cardinal, where they spoke their marriage vows, Ann said her "I do's" clearly and distinctly without a trace of nervousness.

At the conclusion of the double-ring ceremony, Cardinal McIntyre announced: "I have a letter from the Apostolic Delegate in Washington, which conveys the special blessing from our Holy Father. The Pope sends his special apostolic benediction of eternal affection to Dr. and Mrs. McNulty and their families and friends gathered here. He sends his personal congratulations and best wishes."

Later, in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, Ann, Jim and the wedding party tirelessly received more than 800 guests at a very simple and dignified champagne breakfast.

It was 2:30 P.M. when Ann and Jim left the table to cut their magnificent four-tiered wedding cake. Then, skipping onto the little balcony of the Crystal Room, Ann threw her wedding bouquet, announced, "I'm the happiest girl in the whole world," and left.

Ann and Jim had quietly made arrangements for their honeymoon, but not even their closest friends knew where they were going until they reached Lake Tahoe.

Somehow these two people—one, the member of a profession of imagination, fantasy, dreams; the other, a profession of fact and precision—seemed to be symbolic of all people joining together for the love and betterment of mankind. And, above all, there was the personal reality of their love, their lives made one.



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Saludos Amiga!

(Continued from page 39)

beautiful night—with soft tears in her eyes as big as the moon! So, I thought, here is the one who never gets emotional. "Ah ha," I say. "Nothing bothers you! Not the people, not the stage—but, oh, these *Rio nights!*"

"Oh!" said Debbie. "It's so beautiful. Isn't it romantic? But, Pier, please don't tell anyone about this?" She put her fingers to her rainy eyes. "Promise?"

"Of course, I won't tell anyone, silly!" And I never will!

We were in South America on a personal-appearance tour and we hoped when we got up on the stage we could repay their welcome with our performance.

But the very first night we were to appear, I was worried. I remembered how I felt before we even left Hollywood. "Debbie," I had said, "what will I do? You and Carleton can sing and dance—and besides you've been on the stage. I never have!"

"Don't worry, Pier," Debbie calmed me, "we'll work out something. You won't be left with nothing to do."

I wasn't! Before we left Hollywood we all learned little speeches in Spanish and Debbie and Carleton and I practiced a soft-shoe dance until it came out our ears. There was only one thing wrong. In the dance I could never remember my break—you know, a spot in the routine where I do a few steps alone. So they began counting for me, "One, two, three; one, two, three; *now!*"

So there we were the night of the first performance. It really was a first performance for me because I had never been on a stage before. I did not know whether to be nervous or not. Watching Debbie and Carleton was no help. Carleton was nervous like a jiggly cup of water; but Debbie was calm outside like a smooth piece of glass. Poor Carleton. He stood by the fountain and gulped cup after cup of water. I was afraid we would have to pour him on and off.

But Debbie, she was cool as cucumbers. I felt filled with pride watching her. "A real trouper," as you say. When I said this to her she laughed so gaily, "Why, Pier, there's nothing to it. Can't you see, *nothing* bothers me—so nothing should bother you!"

I began feeling funny anyhow. I peeked through the curtain and saw the house was full; people were standing! "Look," I said to Debbie. "Can you believe this is happening? All those people came just to see us! Oh, Debbie, is it not wonderful! I love these people. I am going to go back to Hollywood and work so hard to make good pictures for them!"

Debbie looked at me. For a minute, she was solemn. "Golly, yes, that's right!" Then I saw she was feeling just what I was feeling, too. I began wondering, "Is this Debbie really one which nothing bothers? Or is she the Debbie I see the other night?"

Suddenly the emcee introduced me—and there I was in front of that warm ocean of people. Then I am not nervous—but felt like I was back in my own Italy. They were so much like my Italian people—all heart. They shout up to me, "Hello, Pier, hello—tell us about Hollywood," or "Pier, how's your sister Marisa?"

Of course they spoke in Spanish, but I understood everything they said because it is so much like my own Italian. Then I would start to answer them in English, but they shout, "No, speak to us in Italian!" and so I would chatter away in Italian.

When Debbie and I did our dance with Carleton it was so funny because we are

such shorties and he is a beanpole. It just seems to go on and on like the Eiffel Tower. It got more funny when Debbie started counting for my break, "One, two, three, one, two, three—*now!*" And I just stood there! The house roared.

Every night it was the same thing though we were always in a different city. Debbie said I was going to be "the good will ambassadress" South America ever had. She said, "Pier, you're real good on this place and they're real gone on you! These torrid South Americans think you're pretty cool!"

I was so pleased by Debbie's calling me a "good will ambassadress" I forgot to ask her what is this "real gone." And "cool!"

But we did not spend all of the time of the trip working. No, not at all. Our friends in the American Embassy and in the Italian Embassy gave us parties and receptions. We had many double dates. We were very fortunate because wherever we went we ran into old friends. In Uruguay I saw an old friend whose father is a big lawyer there. He took us dancing and shopping into the heart of the city.

He and the shopkeepers must have thought we were "gone," as Debbie says. You see Debbie collects little monkey and I collect dolls. So wherever we were we'd only buy monkeys and dolls! Debbie went, as she says, "overboard." "Come on, Pier," she'd say every day, "let's shop."

"All right," I'd reply, "providing you shop on one side of the street and leave me on the other—I can't be looking a day for monkeys!"

Of course she agreed. But you know what happened? She ended up with forty-four monkeys and I have only a handful of dolls. That's right. I think she went back at night and shopped both sides of the street and around the corner, too.

When we weren't working, shopping, or at parties, we were playing. In Havana we took time off to go sailing in the Bay. It was there one of the funniest things of the trip happened. Debbie met a real live monkey!

When we came in from sailing the monkey was sitting on the bow of one of the boats. He belonged to the boatman, who must have thought we were crazy. When Debbie sees the monkey her eyes almost came out of the head. "Look! Look! Pier..." she shouted. "A real live monkey!"

She first tries to get the monkey's attention by singing to him; but he just looked past her. Then she tries dancing... nothing happened with the monkey but the boatman moved to the other side of a dinghy. She was so desperate to play with the monkey she starts singing and dancing—and almost fell in the water! The monkey only continued to swing back and forth on his perch and paid no attention to poor Debbie!

Debbie was not the only clown on the trip. I'm sure I must have looked like one. And without Deb, I'd probably look like one still. I had to go on the stage and that meant I had to wear make-up. But I hate make-up and had never worn any excepting when I was in front of the cameras. So I had never learned how to put on make-up. But Debbie knows! What would I do without Debbie? The first time she came into the dressing room and saw how I was applying the face, she bent over with laughs. "Oh, Pier! Ringling Brothers Circus went thataway!"

I looked in the mirror—I was almost scared! The make-up was all blotchy and white. Like big patches of snow. The mascara was too thick and running into my eyes. And the lines are so heavy they

made me look like a sad basset hound. I couldn't make my eyebrow pencil draw up! "Oh, Debbie," I cried, "I give up!" "Not yet, Pier. I'll show you how and you'll be a smash."

I don't know how "smash" I was, but, thanks to Debbie, I did learn how to put on the stage make-up.

And the hair! In South America it was very hot, even though it was already beginning winter down there. When the temperature went up, the hair came down. Even if it had just been put up, down it came again like a lame window shade. Debbie and I looked out through those limp strands like those funny English sheepdogs do.

The first day Debbie looked at me joking and said, "I feel like barking..." But it didn't last long. Debbie came to the rescue with bobby pins.

Lucky for me that Debbie showed me how to manage those bobby pins. For on that I am sure was the hottest day of the year, we were invited to visit the President of Chile!

The President! Can you imagine? What a wonderful experience that was! Debbie and I were as excited as school girls on our way to the President's palace. "Debbie," I asked, "what do we call him? Your honor or Mr. President...?"

"I'm not sure," said Debbie. "I don't even know what we'll say to him!"

But we should not have worried. He was charming. Just like your father. So kind and gentle and easy to talk to. I spoke to him in Italian and he understood. But he spoke English, too. Nearly everyone in South America does.

After we left, Debbie was the first to catch her breath. "Do you realize how lucky we were! An interview with the president of Chile! And Pier, did you see that a beautiful room it was? And the old chair he sat upon—wasn't it just like a throne! I call that 'real gone!'"

But I had been so impressed by the president that I had hardly seen the room and its elegant furniture.

The whole trip was so magic it is almost too much to believe. The only trouble, it all went so quick. Debbie and I agreed on our thirty-second and last day that we had not seen nearly enough of the exciting South American moon or nights, or danced enough of their romantic Mambo. We wanted more, and flying back on the plane, Debbie said, "We must go back again, Pier. I feel as if I've left something of me there. Isn't that silly..."

"No, that is not silly," I said. And I was thinking that Miss Debbie "Nothing Others Me" Reynolds was giving her soft heart away again. "That's not silly because I admit I am emotional and I know what you left behind. It was some of the sentiment you say you don't have."

"Oh, go on..."

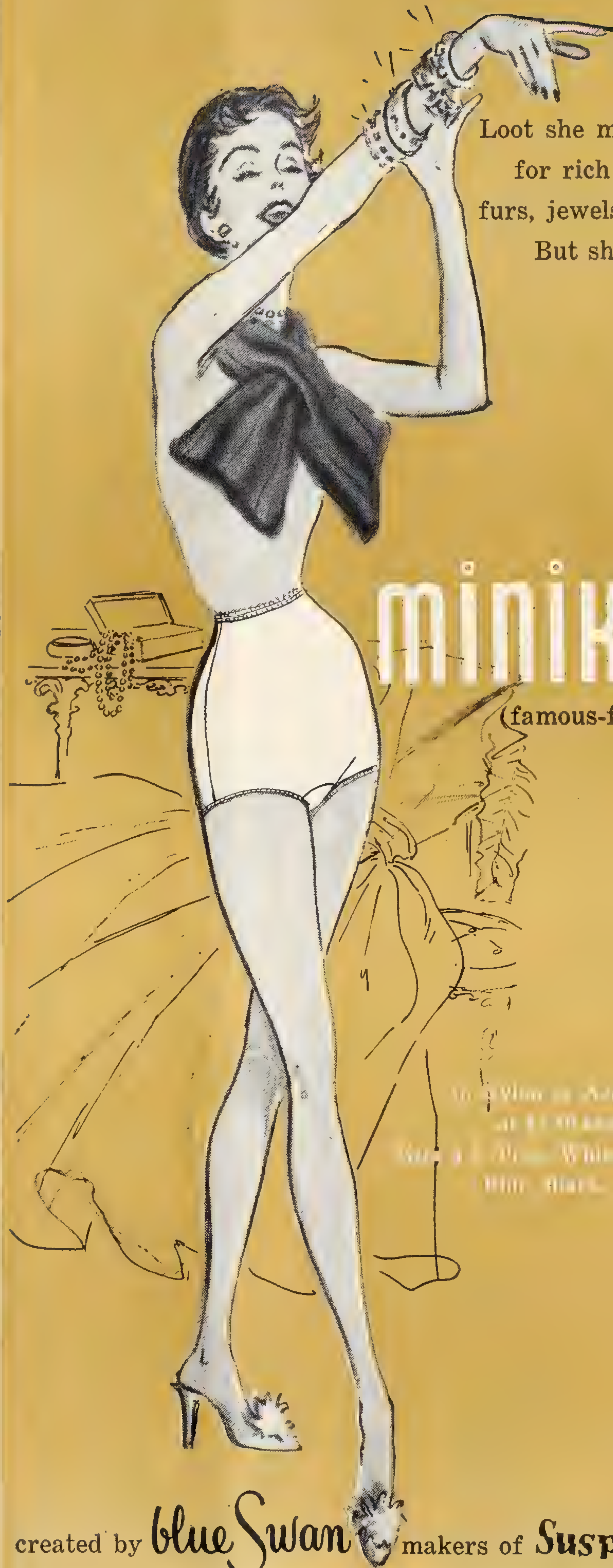
"Yes. We both saw it in their eyes. We felt it in our hearts—and that makes it big. So, we will go back in 1954 to the Film Festival. We have an invitation!"

Debbie's eyes lit up like searchlights at premiere. "The Film Festival! Of course, why didn't I think of that? I can learn Spanish in six months easily. Oh, isn't wonderful. I can't wait to get back!"

We'll be busy girls between now and then learning Spanish and preparing ourselves for the trip back to see everything we missed, to see our friends again, to have more double dates. If I should be called good-will ambassadress, I think Debbie would be, too. Now, she can do nothing but talk about this fairyland that is South America.

We are both, how she said, "real gone" in the place!

THE END



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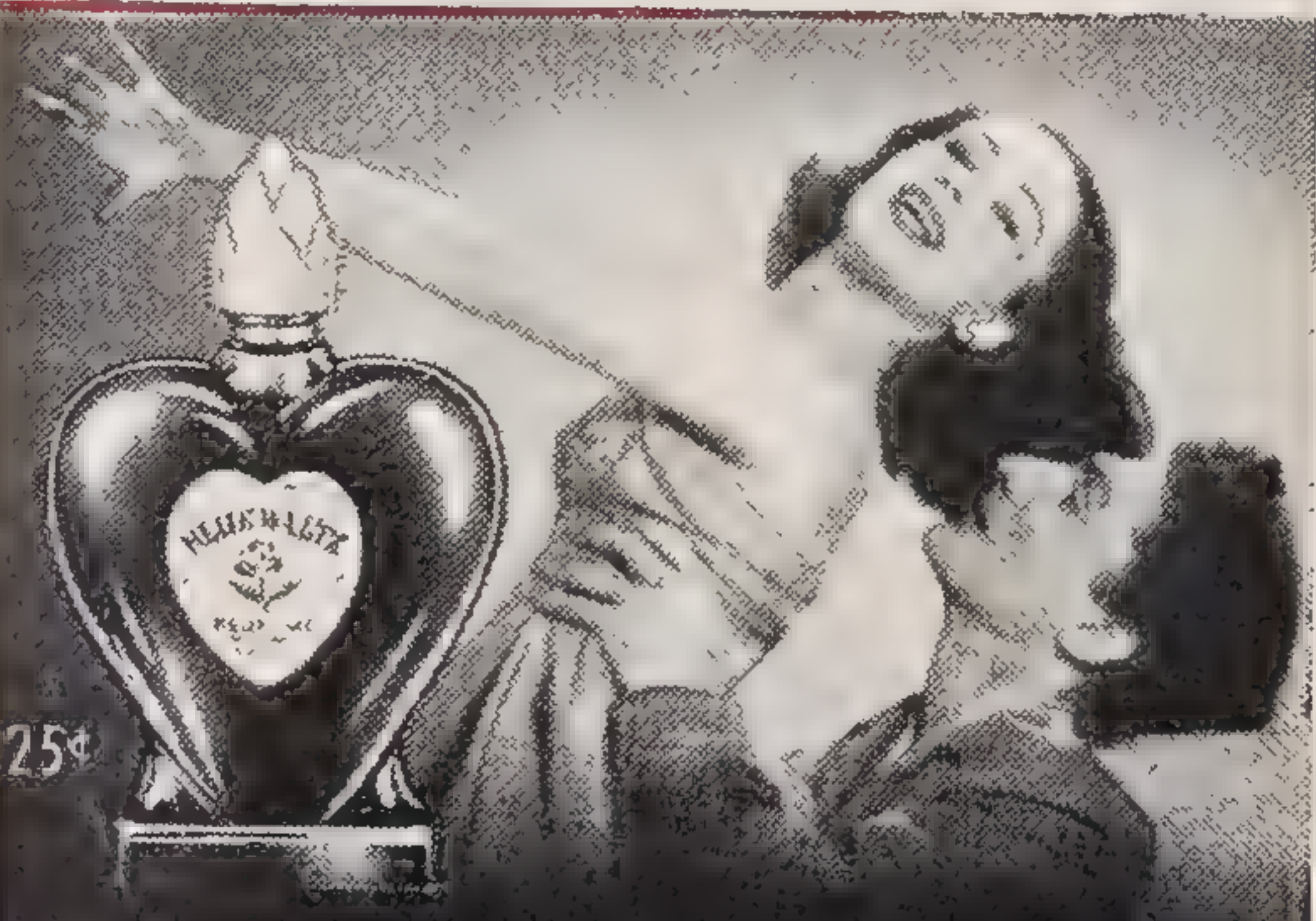
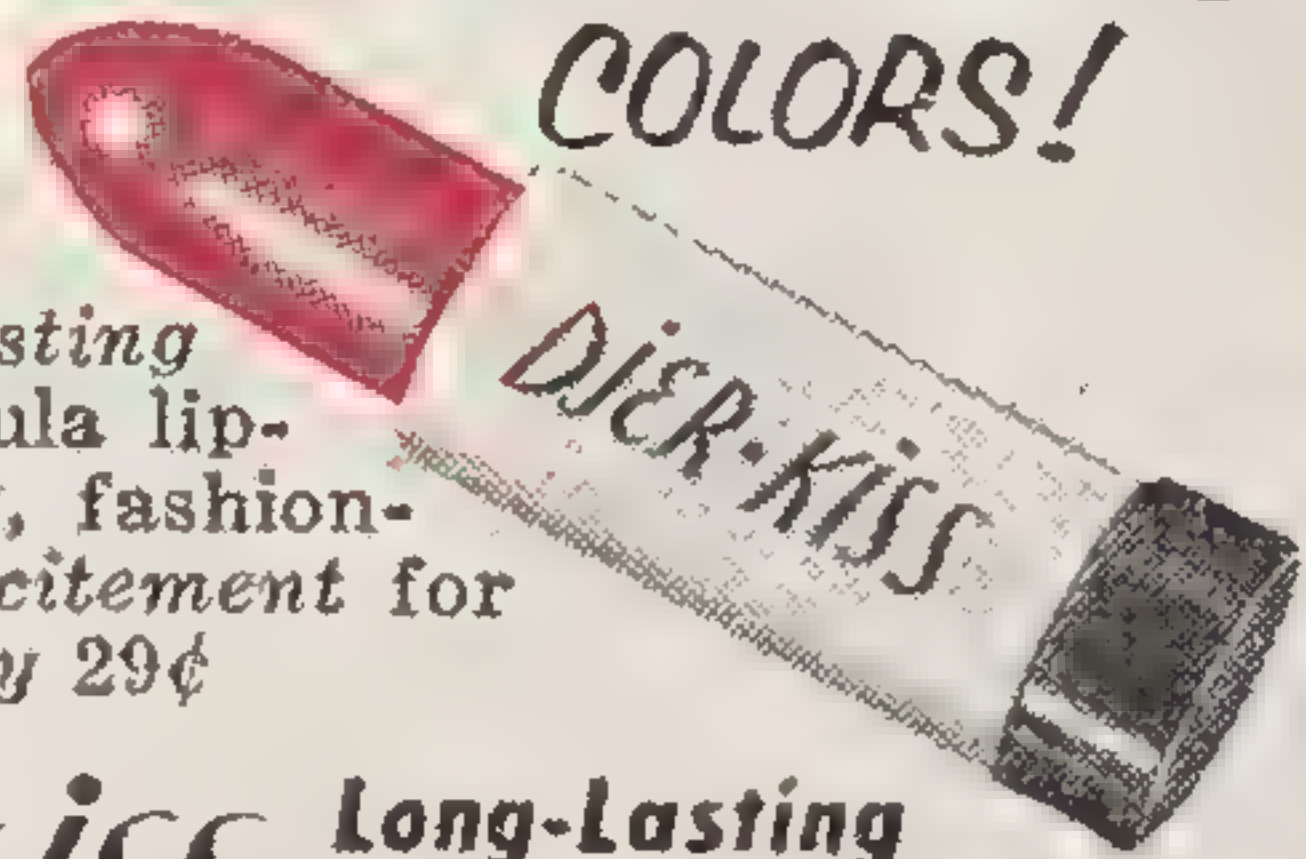
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**MALA
POWERS**

pointed out to her. Now she went into the chapel, alone. She said, "Dear Christ, tell me whether I'm going to die. If I am, is there something I must do first?"

Mala waited, and she was answered. There was no voice; she just felt, suddenly, the firm assurance that she would live. This faith sustained her through the long months of treatment—shots every six hours, one transfusion after another. She watched the plants in her room, green and growing, heartening symbols of life. Finally, she had a sense of something growing inside her. This was literally true; her blood cells were rebuilding.

Naturally, Mala had human help, too, through the constant, gentle care of the doctors and nurses, through the warm, automatic generosity of show-people. Though her own studio, RKO, had merely loaned her to Universal-International for "City Beneath the Sea," U-I paid her hospital bills up to the time of diagnosis. Fellow players, crew members, executives—all of them took a personal interest in her welfare. When the word went out that Mala needed blood, everybody she knew wanted to be a donor. And there were offers of financial help.

Eventually, her doctors granted that she would recover. Mala, of course, had known this ever since the conversation in the chapel. (It should be emphasized here that she did not have leukemia. Both Mala and her doctors were infuriated at the columnist who made this erroneous statement. Mala even phoned the columnist, only to be told, "You don't know what's really wrong with you." And the statement was printed again. It was a tragic mistake, because as Mala convalesced she and her doctors were besieged with hopeful letters from leukemia victims, inquiring about "the new cure.")

At this point, the doctors cautiously warned Mala, "Don't expect too much. You may be well enough to work in a couple of years—or never." But Ida Lupino, barely recovered from her own serious illness after the birth of her baby, gave Mala a wonderful lift by bringing her a script to read. "It was just what I needed," Mala recalls. "Just the thought of getting back to work again!" She started to read other scripts. In all, she had to turn down seven, because the roles were too strenuous, calling for swimming, riding, dancing.

Finally, a part came along that won her doctors' okay. It was Republic's "City That Never Sleeps," which began shooting in December. Mala had gone into the hospital in April. She hadn't been on her feet for more than a couple of hours a day since then; she was still getting regular transfusions. When she reported for work she was confronted with a dance scene! But she got through it. "That night," Mala says, "was the greatest I've ever had. 'I'm not going to be an invalid,' I kept thinking. I'd wanted to act since I was eight years old. Now, after such a long time away from it, here I was doing it again."

On her return to Hollywood from Chicago, where most of the film was made, Mala's blood count had practically doubled. So other roles could be lined up, including

"Gambler's Moon." Now owned by RKO this is the very script Ida Lupino brought to the hospital. Mala's personal life has returned to normal, too, with no risks to her health involved, since she has always lived quietly. For recreation, she likes mad sessions of Scrabble (a glorified anagram game), simple dinner-and-movie or amusement-park dates with Gig Young or producer Stanley Rubin.

You might think that the year of Mala's ordeal would be thrust to the back of her mind, like a nightmare to be forgotten. But it isn't the fear or the suffering that she remembers. She remembers her experience of humanity at its best. She remembers her close, comforting knowledge of a presence beyond humanity. She says softly, "It was a year I'd never trade for anything in the world."



**KEITH
ANDES**

are old enough for college. Then, if they want to go to school in the East and things work out that way, we may move back. And, of course, I'll be going back to do shows whenever I can, but this is home."

Home is a three-acre ranch in Chatsworth in the San Fernando Valley. Only one acre is under cultivation, and there's a reason: "I want to work the soil myself," says Keith. "I can take care of one acre fine, even with studio commitments, but once you tackle more than that, you're in business." He has also become interested in horse breeding.

Keith and "Slim," as he calls Jean, and the boys live a quiet and deeply satisfactory life there in the Valley. "Gosh," he says, "I'd have to think a long time to tell you what we do. Naturally, with two youngsters, we don't get out a lot. Slim and I are both heavy readers—or we watch a little TV—or visit my folks in North Hollywood. And we have close friends who enjoy the same kind of living."

They are up early of a morning—"like everybody else with kids and animals." The boys attend a nearby public school where they get no special treatment because they're the sons of a movie star, which is exactly the way Slim and Keith want it. "We have the pool, and the guy down the road has a baseball diamond, and that's how we're identified by the neighborhood kids. On a good hot day the pool is alive with them, all colors and kinds. I don't know who they are, just that they go to school with the boys and live somewhere around."

Keith doesn't have to worry about his weight; his chores around the ranch keep him slim and muscular. Dubbed the "Golden Boy of RKO," he has literally become so under the California sun; his hair and skin are almost exactly the same tawny color, making the blueness of his eyes and his wide, white smile even more attractive.

He, himself, has always had the idea that the way he looks wouldn't do in Hollywood. "I just didn't think I'd come off on the screen," he admits. "Eyes too big, mouth too big—I just don't look like a movie star. But the fans are kind. Nobody has run screaming into the street after seeing me, so I guess it's all right."

THE END

Is Her Love Life Jinxed?

(Continued from page 53)

evening while she was dining with one Hollywood gentleman. It was their second date. As they finished their coffee, he gave her a long, appreciative look and said, "You know, you're the nicest fiancée I've never proposed to."

Vera-Ellen glanced up from her coffee cup, her eyes as wide as the saucer. "I'm . . . you . . . what?" she choked.

He went on, still playing it straight. "But where were you when we were seen pricing wedding rings?" he asked.

"Depends on which paper you read," Vera-Ellen grinned, getting the picture.

It was good for a grin and a couple of chuckles. But to Vera-Ellen, it was somewhat less than hysterical. It brought to mind the time she'd returned from a trip to read that she'd been going steady while she was three thousand miles away. The only trouble with that one was that the fellow mentioned in the items had been at home in Hollywood. She frequently has dinner with her agent, Henry Willson. If the discussions appear to be serious it's because they're talking business. Yet, every so often columnists declare that Henry has popped the question.

And why is Vera-Ellen unable to shrug off the gossip as many stars do? Perhaps because there's a protective barrier that the gossip builds or perhaps the answer to her caution and her concern lies in her past. Miss Rohe became Mrs. Robert Hightower while still in her teens. She and Bob had worked together in several Broadway musicals. When they were married, they sincerely believed it was for keeps. It wasn't. Possibly youth mistook infatuation for love. At any rate, the marriage didn't work out, and the couple was already separated when Vera-Ellen's show-stopping part in the stage revival of "A Connecticut Yankee" brought her a movie contract.

To others in the show, a Hollywood contract sounded like a reasonable facsimile of heaven. They dreamed out loud of Vera-Ellen living on mink-lined Cloud Number Seven, wine and dined by a succession of handsome leading men, caught up in a glittering and glamorous social whirl. They knew about the Hightowers' separation. So why not off with the old, on with the new?

They didn't reckon with Vera-Ellen. She moved into a small home in the Valley, with her parents. As far as she was concerned she was a married woman and she made up her mind to behave like one. She was new in the community and, whether it was Hollywood or East Overshoe, she wanted that community's respect. The telephone rang often after her arrival. She refused all dates for over a year. And finally the telephone gave up and stopped ringing. Eventually, when she was certain that her marriage was finished, she filed for divorce. And not until she was free to do so, did she accept her first Hollywood date.

She went with Farley Granger for a time. She was seen with Rory Calhoun before his marriage to Lita Baron. They had fun together. Rory's a sportsman. And Vera-Ellen's perfectly at home on the beach or in a sailboat. When she's dressed to go dancing, she's a fragile doll. Small wonder that her datebook is always full. A. C. Lyles, Ernie Byfield, John Hart have all been among her escorts. Rock Hudson was supposed to have been a serious romance. They dated for over a year. In those days, Rock was meeting her planes . . . seeing her off. "We're not able to think about romance now," said Rock at the

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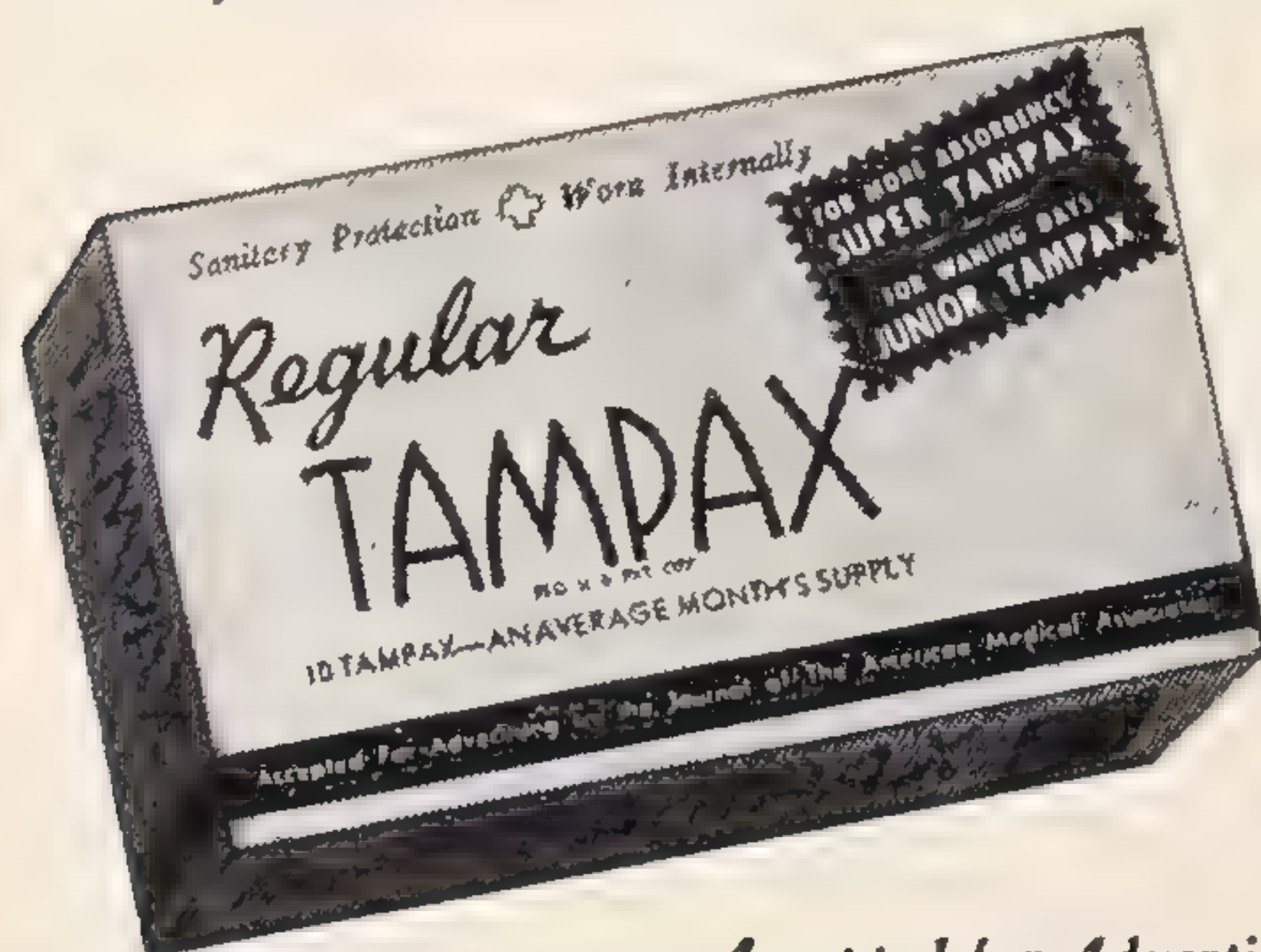
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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

time. "Perhaps when my career is established. . ."

Vera-Ellen, as usual, said little. No one was able to tell whether it was for love or laughs. The columns settled for love. But the principles knew it wasn't quite the real thing.

The Dean Miller-Vera-Ellen idyl took about the same turn. But by the time Hollywood realized its existence, it was over.

After her breakup with Dean Miller, Vera-Ellen refused all invitations for a long while. The old bugaboo. She was afraid that she would be romantically linked with someone again and that people would be saying that she was trying to break some sort of Hollywood romance record. But if her heart is more cautious than ever, so are her words. "I date a lot of men," she told an interviewer recently. "Some are in the industry, some are not. There's a doctor. Then there's a man in the sales end of the movie business. And there's a director. . ."

"Grand," said the eager writer. "Wonderful! Now let's have the names." She might as well have asked for the moon on a platter of sunshine. There was a long silence. "Uh . . . er . . . how do you spell those names?" the scribe asked cagily.

Vera-Ellen grinned. "You don't," she said firmly, and no amount of coaxing could persuade her to reveal identities. "They're just good friends," she said. "But even if she does like someone, a girl doesn't want to be rushed—by the press."

Columnists would have had a speculator's field day if they'd been along when Vera-Ellen was filming "The Big Leaguer" in Florida. The number of telephone calls she received from admirers was staggering. They were also rather public. She was living in one of the cottages a few yards from the hotel. The buildings were new and no telephones had been installed. Consequently, she took her phone calls in a booth in the hotel lobby. There were calls from her doctor, from a fellow she had met in Denver, from singer Russ Severin who was in Billings, Montana, fulfilling a night-club engagement. However, speculators might have been disappointed in the conversations. "I understand they're awfully impersonal," complained one cast member teasingly.

"How can you say anything personal when you're shouting from a phone booth in the middle of a hotel lobby?" Vera-Ellen wanted to know. And she sounded almost grateful for the lack of privacy that helped guard her tongue—and her heart. As for the doctor? "No comment."

The man in Denver? "I met him only recently," she says. "I'm not going with him. Yes, he's phoned. But . . ."

Russ Severin? They met in St. Louis while she was on a personal-appearance tour. He was working in the same show. When she returned to California, he wired and wrote to her. Later, he appeared in Hollywood. "We've been dancing quite a lot," says Vera-Ellen. And that is all.

While Vera-Ellen tries to lead a life of her own, Hollywood wonders about her marital future. "Nothing has interfered," she vows. "My career, my mother nothing. Every girl wants to get married. But I'm not going around looking for marriage unless it can make me happy." The question is, what can make her happy?

"The kind of man? I've never had a set picture. Honesty and sincerity are two qualities I'd hope to find in him. He'll be someone who doesn't say 'I love you' all day. I'd already know that. He'll be someone who would sacrifice anything for me. And I'd do the same for him."

"I go through periods when I think I'd like to marry someone outside of the industry. If it would be necessary to give up my career, I would, though it would be nice to make a picture a year providing it didn't confuse things."

"Of course, my career is important, but not so important that if the man comes along I couldn't go right into the kitchen."

And what of her numerous dates? "I have a lot of men friends," explains Vera-Ellen. "I like their company. I enjoy having dinner with them. Period."

While Vera-Ellen continues to be seen at premieres and parties with various escorts, she laughingly imparts a clue to her romantic future and the press might well take note. "People you date the most . . . well, you go with them to little places . . . where no one sees you!"

And so, dear reader, if by chance you should be dining in a secluded little place which members of the press would find hard to locate with road maps and St. Bernards . . . a place where the walls have no ears and the waiter wears a discreet look upon his face . . . survey the scene closely. If you catch a glimpse of a handsome young man slipping an engagement ring on the finger of the blonde and lovely Miss Vera-Ellen and you note, with glee, that her heart is in her eyes—please don't break the spell. However, do slip quietly to the telephone and call your nearest PHOTOPLAY office. Vera-Ellen is one of our favorite people. And we'd like to be the first to wish her happiness once the jinx is off her love life.

THE END

"It brought us back together again"



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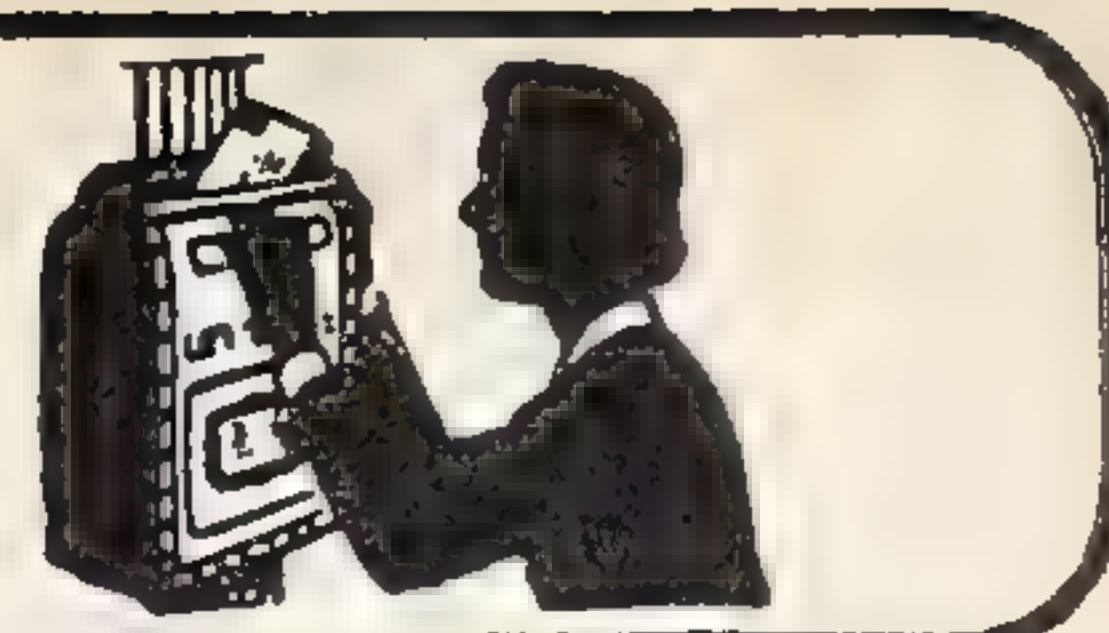
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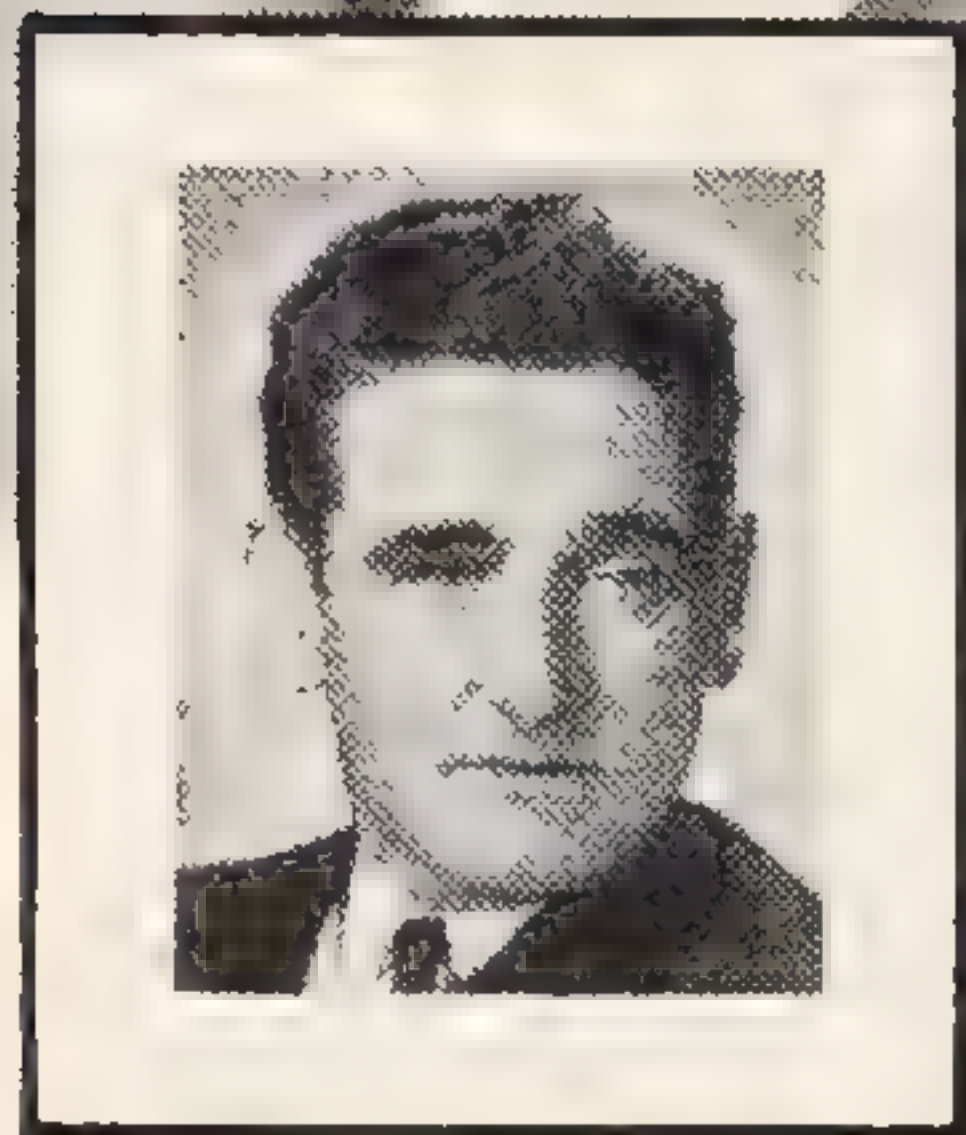
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Two years to the day after they were married, Tony and Janet help launch a pair of New York friends, RKO's John Springer and singer Monica Lane, on the happy sea of matrimony

because he will not allow any of them to shoot pictures in his bachelor apartment . . . Patrice Wymore in Monte Carlo post-cards friends that she's hoping her expected baby can be named Errol Flynn, Jr. . . . June Allyson devoted an entire day to making the rounds and saying a final thank-you before she checked off the M-G-M lot . . . Driving back from Detroit in his new yellow convertible, Rock Hudson walked in on surprised relatives in Kansas City. They put him up for the night—on a cot in the living room!

Just for Laughs: Clifton Webb about a TV star who looks so round, so firm, so fully packed—with food: "If she doesn't lay off those whipped-cream desserts, she'll eat herself right onto one of those panel shows!"

Red Letter Date: While Janet and Tony Curtis were in New York to plug their film, "Houdini," they took time off for some big celebrations: Their second wedding anniversary and the marriage of close friends, singer Monica Lane and RKO publicist John Springer. Who could ask for more?

Blue Skies: The tall, handsome young man stood at the airport gate and watched the plane out of sight. When he finally turned away his shoulders sagged slightly. John Hodiak had come to bid goodbye to his young daughter, Katrina, who was off to join her mother, Anne Baxter, in Europe. With his little girl gone, the last tie to John's marriage was broken. A kindly man, he deserves happiness.

Peeks at Production: Temper and temperament displayed by Howard Keel and Kathryn Grayson on the "Kiss Me Kate" set had nothing to do with his splitting his tights. The big guy just stooped over too fast! . . . The day

following his first torrid love scene with Rita Hayworth in "Miss Sadie Thompson," Aldo Ray's upper lip developed a fever blister! Coincidence? . . . Gold sandals, bangs and the shortest skirt allowed by the Breen office comprise the Biblical costumes worn by Vic Mature and Richard Egan in "The Story of Demetrius"—which is why the studio messenger girls whistle.

Hollywood's Unhappy About: Guy Madison's futile attempts to solve his marital situation with Gail Russell. No man ever tried harder to help his wife find a release from her problems. . . . Pier Angeli's susceptibility to the charms of Kirk Douglas. Now that both are making movies in Europe, there's the possibility of an early marriage . . . Eleanor Parker's surprise decision to divorce producer husband, Bert Friedlob . . . Whispers that float across the Atlantic to say that Laurence Olivier has a new heart interest and as soon as Vivien Leigh recovers from her illness, there will be an announcement.



Not serious? Then why does Pier wear that charm showing her and Kirk in the trapeze act they do in "Story of Three Loves"?

see these

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by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER

3-D Pinup Girls

(Continued from page 44)

fabulous—figure seems to extend about half a block. Yet, this king-sized Marilyn looks slimmer than she does on the average-proportioned screen used for "Niagara."

Just when the girls were getting ready to relax and throw away their reducing menus, up came a word of warning from Helen Rose. As M-G-M's chief designer, she wasn't anxious to drape her beautiful costumes on a bevy of hefty honeys. "3-D is super-realistic," she warned, "Overweight girls cannot rely on girdles to look trim. They can be a little heavier, but they will have to get themselves in genuine shape for the 3-D camera."

So the diets have not been discarded, after all. If a girl is close to the new-style lens when a scene is shot, she's going to land practically in the laps of the audience when it's screened. Elaine Stewart, Metro's brunette threat to Monroe, can face such short-range scrutiny with no fears. The same height as Marilyn, Elaine is constructed more delicately: 5' 6½", 118, 34", 25", 36". Preparing for her 3-Debut in "Lucky Me," Doris Day (5' 5¾", 116, 36", 25", 36"), always a fine, healthy figger of a girl, has shed four pounds. And Debra Paget (5' 2", 104, 33", 21½", 35") is a little less curvesome than she was a year ago.

Back in the days when Rita Hayworth was Aly Khan's princess, she didn't have to worry about her figure. Where Aly comes from, the men like their women well-upholstered. But before she could make her movie comeback, there had to be a good deal less of Rita. Dutifully, she brought herself down to camera weight. In recent months, she's taken off another inch here, another there, and the tri-dimensional Hayworth of "Miss Sadie Thompson" is a neat 5' 6", 120, 35", 25", 35".

Luckily, newcomer Roberta Haynes didn't try to look like a local lass when she located in Samoa for "Return to Paradise." Like Aly, Samoan gents go for generous curves. In their eyes, trimly built Roberta (5' 3½", 112, 35", 24", 34½") was plenty of nothing. But her pleasantly average proportions are made to order for the depth photography of "Gun Fury."

Even when a pinup queen has assured herself that her appearance will get by, her 3-D troubles still aren't over. Ask Virginia Mayo, who finished "Devil's Canyon" before approaching motherhood began to change the flawless Mayo figure (5' 5", 118, 34", 24", 34"). This Western movie had a weird effect on Virginia's off-screen conduct. Sharing her first close-up with Dale Robertson, she looked at him as one would naturally do, only to find that in the 3-D rushes she seemed to be staring off into space. To avoid this uncomplimentary illusion, Virginia was told to look fixedly at one of Dale's eyes—the one closest to the camera. This trick worked beautifully, as a look at the rushes proved.

The difficulty was, Virginia learned it

too well. A few days afterwards, she began to notice that husband Mike O'Shea and their friends seemed acutely uncomfortable while talking with her. Finally, Mike got up abruptly one evening in the midst of a conversation. He walked out of the room; Virginia quietly followed him. She caught him standing in front of a mirror anxiously examining his left eye—which she had unconsciously been gazing at.

Once an actress has learned how to look lovingly at her leading man in 3-D, she encounters still another problem if she happens to be working in a musical. Any musical, with the arduous rehearsing its routines require, is rougher on its players than the average dramatic film. But if it's going to be viewed through polaroid glasses, which have a slightly darkening effect, lighting on the set must be extra-brilliant. Rhonda Fleming (5' 6", 118, 37", 26", 36½") tackled "Those Sisters from Seattle" feeling fairly calm mentally—but keeping cool physically was another matter. "Red Garters" has Rosemary Clooney (5' 6½", 118, 37", 24", 34") sizzling under the lights.

The temperature's more reasonable on the set of a musical being shot in CinemaScope, which requires no glasses. But when Mitzi Gaynor (5' 6", 112, 35½", 23", 37") steps out in her first dance routine for the wide screen, she'll have to keep in mind the increased range of the camera. The same concern got Terry Moore (5' 2", 100, 35½", 23", 35") rather rattled during her CinemaScope debut, "Beneath the Twelve Mile Reef." In an early scene, Bob Wagner was supposed to chase her through a park, catch her and, after a tussle on the grass, kiss her. During the first rehearsal, Terry ran too fast. Next time, she was too slow. The third time, with cameras rolling, everything went beautifully. Wrestling on the grass, she turned and twisted her head to avoid Bob's kiss. At that point, the co-stars were completely broken up when a fan watching through the park fence, cried out, "Oh, no! Terry, you fool, you!"

A reaction just about as implausible was required of Cameron Mitchell in "How to Marry a Millionaire." There before him were all three of the comedy's feminine stars, lined up for a simultaneous shot in the sweeping range of CinemaScope: luscious Marilyn Monre in a low-cut red bathing suit; small, trim Betty Grable (5' 3½", 112, 36" 23½", 35½") in a halter-bra and shorts; tall, lithe Lauren Bacall (5' 6½", 119, 34", 23½", 35") in a sexy evening gown. This magnificent display was supposed to leave Cam cold (it said here in the script). But when the cue came for his line of dialogue, he announced fervently, "I'll take them all!"

"Cut!" said director Jean Negulesco. "Your line is 'You haven't got anything I want!'"

"I know," Cam admitted sheepishly. "But when I looked at these 3-D dames, I guess I just lost my head." THE END

What puts the M-M-M in Monroe?

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(Continued from page 36)

filmland folk have been shaking their heads at Esther since she first set foot inside the den of Leo, the Lion. However, no matter what the situation, there is no longer doubt in anyone's mind that Esther will manage with ease.

Although divorce rumors have cropped up annually since their wedding, Esther and Ben Gage—cheerfully admitting that they have their arguments—have managed to maintain a happy marriage and have celebrated seven anniversaries of same.

Most recently, a columnist pointed to a deplorable number of stars who leave their children at the family fireside when they travel. Hollywood was quick to defend its own, calling attention to the fact that it is highly impractical for stars to keep children closeted in hotels while on busy location stints. About this time, Esther flew to Cypress Gardens, Florida, to co-star with Van Johnson in "Easy to Love." She took her sons with her. Furthermore, she proceeded to set up housekeeping in a modest home in the town of Winter Haven, a few miles from the Gardens.

The studio found the house for the Gages and, fortunately, Ben was able to take time off from his work to help them get settled. Then, too, June—the smallfries' nurse—helped them stay settled.

For several days after their arrival, Benjie and Kimmie talked of going back to California soon. They'd eye their parents as if to say, "Well, this has been fun, but when do we leave?"

Esther concluded that the answer was nursery school, so that the boys might make new friends and their time would be occupied while she was making the picture. She found a school and promptly enrolled them. And as she had guessed, there was no more talk of leaving. Instead, the conversation turned to her sons' daily activities, including the field trips taken by their classes. One was a jaunt to the local dairy where they watched the cows being milked. At breakfast next morning, Benjie gave a lecture on the visit. "And d'you know how they get this milk?" he concluded, peering into his glass. "They just squeeze it out of all those old cows!"

The nursery school also took to Benjie and Kimmie, a fact that was evidenced in a note sent home by their teacher. "We're awfully glad your youngsters have come to stay," it read. "We've had a guinea pig who had never been named. Benjie calls him 'Squeaky,' and Kimmie calls him 'Chubby.' So now, we have a choice."

This was Esther's second note from school. The first one came at the conclusion of Benjie's initial day in class. A "situation" had arisen that morning and he had handled it with a touch of genius. The teacher related the details in dialogue:

Little Bobby: Who are you?

Little Benjie: I'm Benjamin Gage.

Little Bobby: What do you think you're doing here?

Little Benjie: I'm going to school.

Little Bobby: We don't need you here. We got enough people.

Little Benjie: Well, now you've got another one.

Little Bobby: Okay, I'm a wild horse. Chase me.

Little Benjie: Okay, I'm an Indian. And I'm going to catch you.

Esther, too, found herself in a spot of sorts soon after her arrival. In the picture, she was scheduled to portray the star of the Cypress Gardens ski show. In real life, she had tried the sport exactly once before she began rehearsals. In addition to the Cypress Gardens troupe, M-G-M had imported fifty skiers from all over the United



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States, not to mention Canada, Mexico and France. It was awe-inspiring company for a beginner. Granted, when waterskiing, the ability to swim is a great asset, but only when the skier takes a tumble. Esther, who goes to the trouble of caring what people think of her, wondered how the experts would take to the idea of a novice coming in to be the star of the show. And she made a silent vow that she would give them no cause for complaint.

After a few days of practice, they were ready to film a number. A very involved one. It went on for what can seem like a lifetime when you're skimming along a lake on a couple of overgrown toothpicks. However, the director, surveying the scene from a boat, was no fool. As long as none of the performers called a halt, he wasn't going to shout, "Cut!" So the skiers stayed up, Esther thinking the ordeal would never end. "If they can do it, I can," she'd mutter, trying to interpret the looks she was getting from the experts.

Later, on dry land, one of the skiers interpreted the looks for her. "We figured if you could do it, we could," he said, with unconcealed admiration.

"Let's get together on our signals," Esther grinned. "Then we'll all know when we've had enough."

Since Esther's sets are famous for informality, it wasn't long before she became known as "Mom"—rather than "star." Ben was "Dad." Mrs. Gage also dubbed herself "Girl Galley Slave," a name for which Van Johnson, Cyd Charisse, Tony Martin and John Bromfield were responsible. However, Esther started it all herself when she volunteered to toss a salad for lunch one day. She was quite unaware of what would follow, whenever the clock struck twelve. What followed was Van calling, "Esther, what's on the menu? Another salad?"

Not that the cast stood over her with a whip. They merely took turns rounding up the ingredients and presenting them to her at mealtime.

Esther had more than culinary and acting duties to occupy her hours. Location trips are noted for action—everything must be jammed into as short a space of time as possible, which means that cast and crew must work like beavers. Yet, when the cameras weren't grinding, Esther made personal appearances. She studied her lines. She posed for publicity stills.

Juggling the demands on her time is old-hat for Esther, and for many other movie mothers. However, with Esther it never gets to be a matter of Career versus Children. If she can possibly oblige the press, she will do so gladly. But as busy as she may be, she never gives her children cause

to feel neglected. Secure in the knowledge that they're loved and wanted, Kimmie and Benjie can understand the demands of their mother's career . . . and accept them in good spirits. After all, they're most important in their mother's life and if M-G-M is content to play second fiddle, it's all right with the Gage boys.

In Florida, as in California, the Gages start their day together. Around the breakfast table. At 8:30 A.M., the kids head for school. They stay until noon, after which they head home for lunch and naps. However, they had their own headquarters at the Gardens, where they were no strangers. In the patio outside the Williams dressing room was a sandpile and beside it there was a set of swings.

Early evenings, the boys waited for their mother on the front porch. While Ben was there, the trio would hike down to the corner where she made the last turn toward home and settle themselves comfortably on the curb waiting for her. Then Benjie and Kimmie would go wading in the lake across the street, while Esther took a swim. Each night, the family had dinner together by candlelight, after which Esther would tuck her two youngsters into bed.

The Gage residence in Florida was no different from their house in California when it came to having guests drop in. Locations always breed a malady called "location fever." The troupe starts out in high spirits—and then homesickness sets in. The Gage place may not have been a complete cure, but it was a home where contentment proved contagious. And cast members acquired the happy habit of dropping by for dinner. To keep Esther company, they said nobly, handing her a few heads of lettuce.

There was one note of discord during the trip. It was brought about by what is getting to be known as an eternal triangle in Esther's location life . . . expectant mother—obstetrician—columnists. At any rate, a similar occurrence happened when Esther was filming "Pagan Love Song" in Hawaii, and began to suspect that Benjie would not be an only child. Esther would neither confirm nor deny the baby rumors until she could get back to the States and consult her doctor. However, on a Sunday night a columnist announced that Mrs. Gage was expecting. On Monday, the doctor told Esther. And other columnists let it be known that they were upset about having been scooped on the item.

From Florida, a baby rumor found its way back to the West Coast with the instinct of a homing pigeon. Then the telephone company made a mint. "Is it true?" columnists were calling to find out.

"I'm honestly not certain as yet," replied



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Esther, who was awaiting a medical report. "Don't try to fool us," came the answers. "We know."

By the time that Esther discovered that it was a fact, the press was giving her sharp little speeches about having kept the story from them. But the press did seem to feel assured that her marriage is many miles from the rocks . . . at least until rumor time rolls around again.

If the Hollywood scribes could have seen the flowers on the "Easy to Love" set they'd have had even fewer doubts about the stability of the Gage marriage. In person, Ben is a very talkative fellow, but there are some things he likes to say with flowers. He sent flowers at the beginning of the picture. He apparently bought out a florist when Esther called to tell him about the baby. Otherwise, he sent posies for no reason at all—unless it's because he loves his wife. And then there was the wire that added a special glow to Esther's face of an afternoon. "Happy ninth," it said. "It only seems like seven-and-a-half. Love, Dad." On this day, nine years before, Esther Williams had met Ben Gage.

Seven-and-a-half years and two children later, the date is still an event. And the next event in their lives will be the blessed one. The Gages wouldn't object to having another girl around the house. Benjie and Kimmie would take care of her in fine style. They're serious about their responsibilities. Before Ben, Sr., left for Hollywood, he gave them orders to take care of their mother. One night at dinner, a few weeks before they were scheduled to leave Cypress Gardens, Benjie asked Esther how they were going to ride on the planes. "You go with me this time," said Esther. "Kimmie will go ahead with your nurse and get the California house open. We'll close this one."

"Okay," said Benjie. "And don't worry about this house. We'll close it okay."

"Okay," said Kimmie. "Don't you worry about the other one. We'll open it okay."

A man's idea of a perfect wife is the old girlfriend he didn't marry.

MARLON BRANDO

Benjie and Kimmie are always in on the Gage plans. Esther believes that it gives them a sense of responsibility and a feeling of security, both of which make for happy, well-adjusted adults.

The family will be opening a brand new home soon. They're building on their property in Pacific Palisades. They need more room—even more than they'd thought—and baby will have its own nursery. They'd planned the bigger house before Kimmie was born—and then decided to move into their current home in Mandeville Canyon. In fact, they'd been in the house only fifteen hours before Kimmie's premature arrival.

Prior to hospital time, Esther was busy alongside of the workers, who were trying to finish the remodeling job on the Gage residence before the stork arrived.

The majority of the workers were amazed at her energy. However, one man was bewildered. He had made the Gages a magnificent lamp. And he was at a loss when Esther saw it and gasped, "It's elegant. But it's too elegant. Would you mind taking it back and beating on it?"

"I beg your pardon," said the man.

"I want something that looks comfortable," Esther explained logically. "This house is going to be lived in."

And so will the new one. It will be lived in by the five Gages. And the most famous quintet since the Dionnes will manage nicely. Leave it to Esther. THE END

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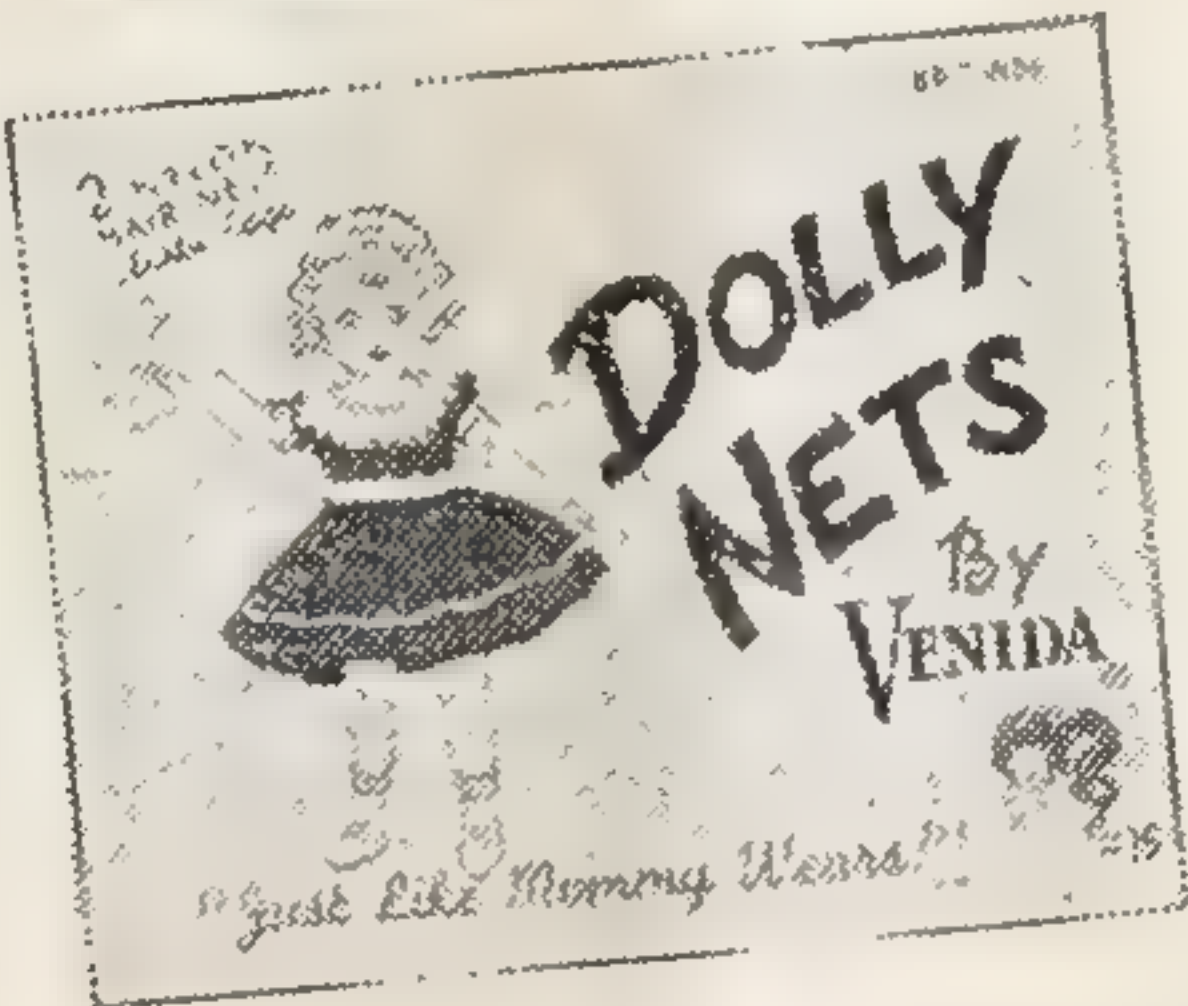
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Not Bad for a Country Kid

(Continued from page 41)

was saying exactly what I had thought the first time I laid eyes on him—the first day Rock Hudson walked into my office.

Only then, I couldn't capsule it as nicely as our little British friend. The name tossed at me by agent Henry Willson, who brought him, sounded like Roy Fitzgerald. The name didn't matter. But the guy did. What Willson had in tow was a young man unusually endowed with nature's assets—six feet four, with the kind of facial structure a camera loves to explore. His dark hair was carelessly tossed . . . precisely the sort of thatch women like to run their fingers through.

"Green," I commented to myself, "but with possibility." His bashfulness and the look of wonder in his brown eyes cinched it. Standing in front of me was perfect Western fodder, if ever I saw it in my thirty-six years in motion pictures. Even if he couldn't do anything, he'd add to the scenery just standing around. Then I heard a sound, like maracas. No one was doing a rhumba; it was just the young man's knees knocking.

"Do you ride horses?" I asked him.

"Sure," he answered. The actual fact, that he hated horses and they hated him, came out later. At the moment I was directing "Fighter Squadron," which had to do with planes, not equines. So I put him in with the other hot pilots.

He had only one line to say. It was "You'd better get a bigger blackboard." I can hardly forget it, because it took thirty-eight takes to get it right. I glared around my eye patch (which, since my loss of an eye to a Western many years ago, seems to have become my trademark) but I had to keep my mouth shut. Hadn't I cast this character myself—besides having him under personal contract at \$125 a week?

I also made a test with him. That turned out so well that Bill Orr, then casting director for Warners, wanted to put him in my next picture, "Colorado Territory." But the studio wouldn't give him the sizable part unless I turned him loose from our contract. I didn't do that, but I did take him along to New Mexico. "It'll give you a chance to do some riding," I told him, wondering why he turned green.

At first, it was strictly a struggle between Rock and horses, whom he regarded as his sworn enemies. But he got up at four in the morning with the wranglers and had

coffee and beans. He not only helped load the quadrupeds into the trucks, he was soon riding them like the Indians. There was one note of insult added to injury. When the exhausted guy fell asleep one day, a jealous gelding chewed up a liberal helping of his mane.

A lot happened between the time Rock earned his saddle sores learning how a Western is made and the incident of the teenager on the Strand. There we were in England, where I had brought him to make "Sea Devils." By chance, it was the time of the Royal Command Performance. And here was Rock—being presented to the Queen. Not bad for a country kid from Winnetka! When Her Majesty asked him about the picture he was making, tears came into his eyes.

But the events that preceded Rock's appearance were not so poignant.

White tie and tails are obligatory, but naturally Rock had never owned such a rig. Well, others rent them, why not Rock? The only fly in that ointment was there just wasn't anything available to fit his physique. Rock couldn't even get into a sleeve. With that meticulous British tailoring, it takes two months to turn out a set of tails, and this was two *days* before the Performance. But studios, even abroad, have a way of getting things done. Somehow they shanghai a couple of tailors, and I think they locked them up with cloth, needles and thread.

When Rock grins, he's at his best. And there stood Rock, more like a cliff maybe, like the girl said, on the stage of the Empire Theater in Leicester Square—grinning at the hand he was getting. Every actor who is invited to the Command Performances introduces an act; Rock was introducing Walt Disney's "Snow White," and he did it so well I admit pride swelled out my own stiff white-shirted front.

After the show, the guests assemble in the large foyer upstairs—to be "received" by the Queen, Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret, assorted title holders and the Ladies in Waiting. A chap over a microphone tries to keep the others posted on what's going on. Rock Hudson is still not noted for making much small talk, but what came over that mike went like this: "Her Majesty is now shaking hands with Mr. Rock Hudson . . . I say, Mr. Hudson has evidently made a witticism, the Queen is smiling . . ."

Universal-International tells me that



One look at Rock Hudson on Ralph Edwards' television show "This Is Your Life," over NBC, and audiences clamored for a repeat performance

Rock's fan mail now runs about 7,000 letters a month. It seems to be a universal feeling (and I don't mean the studio I so haphazardly sold Rock's contract to!) because the feeling for Rock was just as big in Europe, too. From London to the Isle of Jersey, to Brussels, where he attended the Film Festival and was treated like royalty himself—the fans followed him around. They followed him day and night, in fact—and there was nothing Rock wouldn't do to sign an autograph. Once, when the doorman at a theater shooed his "faithfuls" away, Rock walked around the corner, where they followed.

The trip to Europe was a wonderful experience for Rock, where he saw another side of the world and rubbed elbows with prominent people. A bevy of British beauties showed him the social side of London. But Rock is still far from a magpie. Like other strong, silent he-men, he just doesn't talk unless he has something to say.

There is still something of the overgrown boy in Rock, but if he seems bashful, he is certainly not backward. If he gives the impression of being shy, he can also warm up to you. Rock is very easy to handle, if you get to know him. He's not temperamental, only nervous because he wants to get it right, which makes him work too hard at what he's doing.

I believe that the old trouble, his knees knocking together, still comes back when he thinks about that test. When I signed Rock, I was under exclusive contract, with two years to go, at Warners. I couldn't use him at the studio, and I couldn't make an outside picture with him, so while Warners was wondering what to do, I turned my pact with Rock over to U. I.

Rock sat up all night with me to coach him, and pots of coffee to keep us awake, while he studied for the test he was to make there. When he got to the studio the

following morning, shaky but at least sure he knew his part, he found he had been given the wrong script! In Rock's condition, that was enough to make anybody call for the smelling salts. He did the test, from a new script he had never seen before. There were other tests, too, of which Rock says, "I run 'em sometimes, and I get the knee shakes all over again."

Time galloped along. And so did Rock through various parts. When the fans besieged him at a couple of personal appearances, the studio decided he was too big for small parts, but wondered if he was ready for starring ones. That was when I found myself at Universal, too.

It seems only fateful that I should have directed Rock's first starring picture. The studio sent me some scripts, from which I was to choose one for Rock. I picked "The Lawless Breed"—in which he ages almost twenty years. I had no qualms about it; like a thoroughbred, Rock needs handling by someone he is familiar with.

Rock is restive working with strangers; so we kept the cast right in the family.

Rock did all right after that, too, with Budd Boetticher as his director, in "Seminole." And when I was to make "Sea Devils" in Europe, of course, I wanted my boy. The studio loaned him to RKO so I could take him along, and the co-star was Yvonne DeCarlo, with whom Rock had worked in "Scarlet Angel." Recently he's made "Back to God's Country." And now I've guided Rock through his first 3-D picture, "Gun Fury."

With the bashful boyishness, Rock has a poise of maturity that is coming out more and more on the screen. He backs it up in person, too, because Rock is a boy who can take care of himself. He has the stuff of cooperation, and you can't make pictures without that. When he insists on doing his

own stunts, he winds up doing them all.

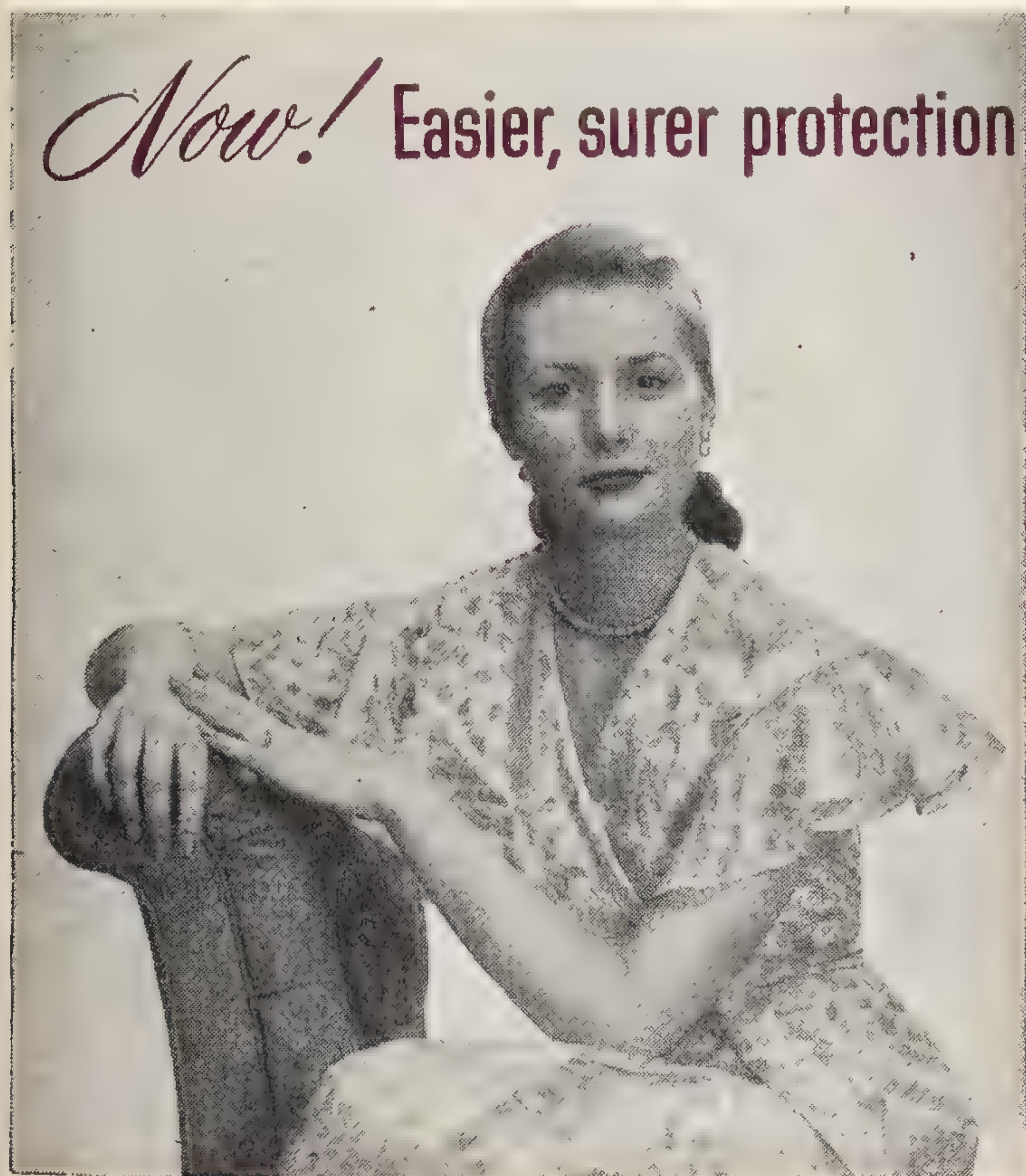
In the South Pacific, he wound up with what he considered the best job in Uncle Sam's Navy. Where? In the laundry department! Rock explains it this way: "The cooks have to have their white clothes washed, so you just tell 'em if they want better service, they better furnish you with plenty of food—to keep your strength up!"

There is one annoyance he feels *might* take care of itself by quietly expiring of old age. That's the story that before Rock got into pictures he was a mailman. "Not true," insists Rock indignantly, "I was a truck driver. It's true I carried the mail for a few months in Winnetka, but that wasn't how I got into movies."

Not that Rock has anything against mailmen. But he's just stubborn enough to like the truth. And the truth is that he came to California after his Navy hitch and worked for a while in his father's electrical shop. He had actually intended to go to the University of Southern California. But because a lot of other ex-servicemen also had the same idea, the entrance exam grade had been raised to a B-plus. Rock cheerfully admits he never made a B-plus in his life. So he started driving a truck, hauling beans.

Rock thinks now maybe it was all for the best. Because when he had some pictures taken, a friend sent them to a radio producer. The pictures wound up with Willson, who brought Rock to me.

I have the feeling that maybe I should have just held on to that contract, because I think Rock is of the stuff from which we will get our future Gary Coopers. The future looms ahead of him as big and wide as his shoulders. And while I don't have just held onto that contract, because of knowing I can always feel, "That's my boy, Rock." It's a great feeling, because he is *really* a great guy. THE END



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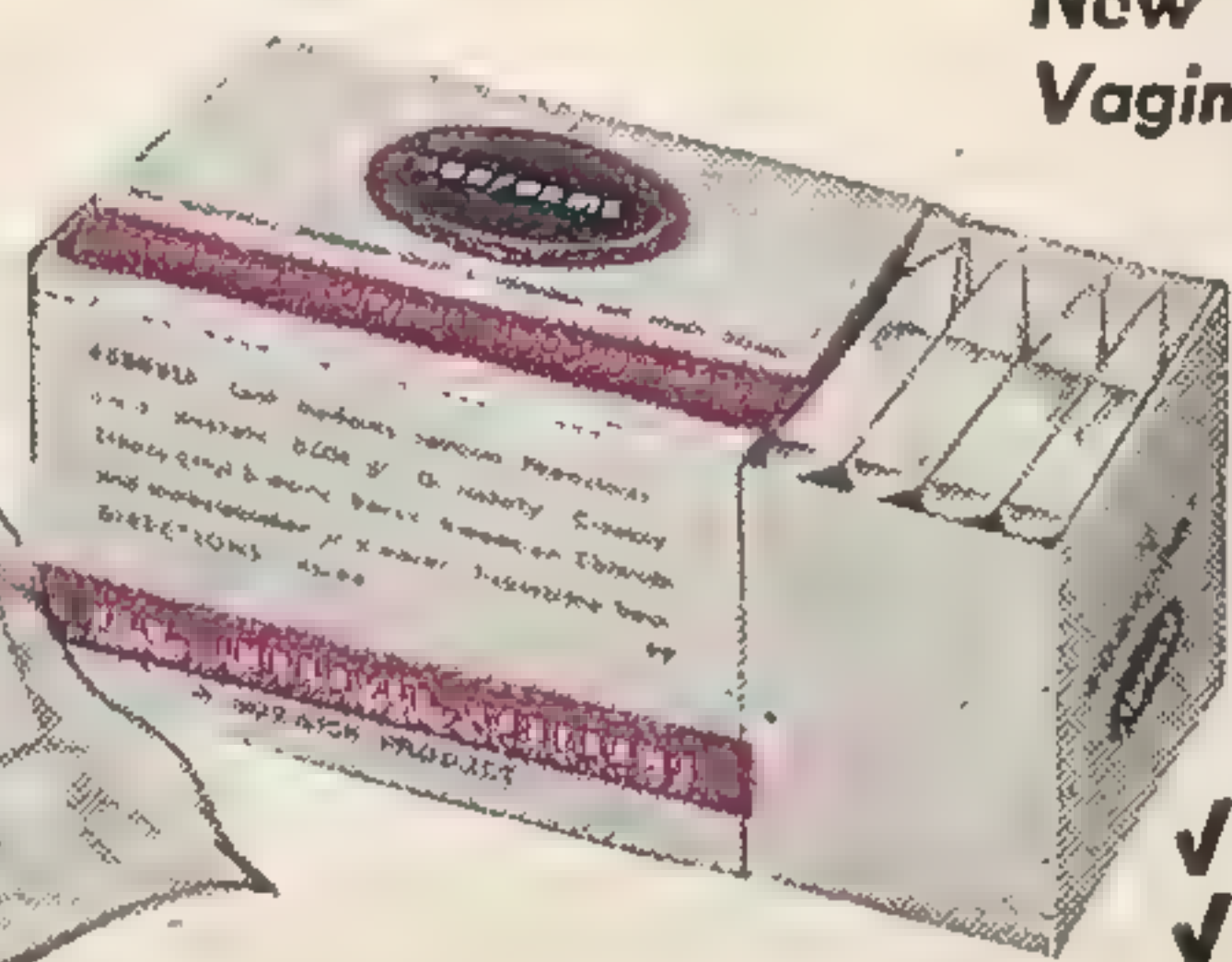
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Oh, Baby!

(Continued from page 47)
She still can't believe it's true, even though her doctor has been treating both O'Sheas for more than a year with the express purpose of making parents of them. He says it was not medication but common sense that brought about fulfillment of the dream. "A sensible diet, a normal routine of living, and the normal thing happened."

"But," says Virginia, "I don't feel different and, even if Mike says I do, I don't look different to myself." She does tire more easily these days, though, and is more inclined to lethargy.

Now that the first is on the way, Virginia wants six children. "Children adjust better when they have brothers and sisters," she says, "and I think it's healthier for the parents, too."

Would they like to have the babies as close together as possible or spaced out? "Spaced out," says Mike. "One a year."

Mrs. O'Shea wants a girl first, largely because Mr. O'Shea wants same; he considers boys overrated by far. And they both favor old-fashioned names. "People are really going nuts with crazy names," Mike points out. "Piper, Joni, Rock."

"You know, I spent six months in Ireland once," said Mike, "and I never met one Derrick or one Kevin. Everybody was Cholly or Joe or Willie."

"I want to name my daughter something simple, like Mary Catherine, and call her Kate. I had an ancestor—ancestress, rather—named Kate O'Shea who had a little something going with a guy named Parnell," Mike says, eyes twinkling. "So maybe if we have a son instead, we should call him Parnell in commemoration."

"Mary Catherine O'Shea," repeats Virginia experimentally. "Catherine Mary . . . Kate O'Shea." She looks pleased.

Impending motherhood has already made one welcome change in Virginia's life—she's taking a real vacation for the first time in years. With "South Sea Woman" and "Devil's Canyon" finished, she plans no new pictures until after the baby's birth; in the interim months she will stay home rather than seek out fashionable vacation spots. "I just like to sit here. People are always asking me what I do between pictures, and they think it's funny when I tell them that I just sit. I know lots of actors and actresses who work harder at one hobby after another than they do on a picture. I love my home and my husband and our life together, and my hobby is thinking about them, enjoying them. And that's what I do when I say I'm just sitting." It's a wise girl indeed who savors the present happy moment, who doesn't take it for granted while it's

here, and then, after it's gone, looks back on it wistfully.

There is one trip that Michael O'Shea wants very much to take before the baby comes. That trip is to the altar of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, where he and Virginia will kneel and repeat their marriage vows before their good friend, Bishop Fulton Sheen.

In the years of their marriage, the fact that Virginia is a Presbyterian and Mike a Catholic has never been an issue. "We don't think it matters what you call yourself," they feel. It's true that last year Virginia took instruction from Bishop Sheen, but whether she will become a convert to Catholicism is a decision she is not yet ready to make. The possibility has met with opposition from her family and, of course, her own church; and Mike is too sensitive a guy to press the point.

Actually, it isn't necessary for her to become a Catholic in order to be married in the church. As long as she agrees that her children be raised in the faith, she can be married by the Bishop and still remain a Protestant if she wishes. Also, contrary to current fable, it is not necessary for Mike to receive special dispensation for this marriage. As he and his first wife were also wedded outside the church, neither the marriage nor subsequent divorce is recognized, and there is therefore no religious obstacle to overcome. Now as always, religion is not a danger area in the life of the O'Sheas; they simply intend to renew their vows in the holy ceremony for the sake of the coming child.

Mike teases her a little, of course. "Virginia," he'll ask, "what is my autographed prayer book from the Bishop doing in your heathen bedroom?" But . . . he wouldn't be Mike if he weren't teasing about something, and she wouldn't be Virginia if she minded.

They share very definite views on the care and upbringing of little O'Sheas—old-fashioned views that have nothing to do with tomes on child psychology. "First time he acts up, I'm gonna belt 'im one," says Mike. "Then I'll wake him up and tell him why."

"No, seriously, all you have to do is use horse sense. What's wrong with most kids is their parents. A couple has a kid, and it's a novelty to teach him tricks, like a trained dog. Guests come to the house, and right away Sam's got to recite his little poem or do his little tap dance for the nice people. He gets used to it. Then the novelty wears off. Sam's at the awkward age. Or they've got a new baby or everybody they know has heard Sam's poem. "So what does this mean to Sam? He

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isn't old enough to figure things out for himself, and nobody sits down and explains it to him. All he knows is that he used to be the center of attention and he's not, anymore. But he finds out that if he says dirty words or throws the oatmeal at his mother, he gets plenty of attention. First thing you know, old Sam's a problem child—only, he isn't. He's a normal kid with problem parents."

"Well, there are other things, too," Virginia adds.

"Yeah. The second thing wrong with kids is grandparents. First time I rap Sam and my mother-in-law starts babying him, I'm gonna belt her on the ear, too."

Virginia is unperturbed by the suggestion that her maternal parent might come to bodily harm. "She's quite strict with my brother's children," she reminds Mike. "And that has to go, too," says Mr. O'Shea. "Kids get confused when too many people give them orders. There has to be a headquarters, and here that's us."

In case anyone is thinking of forming a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Unborn Tots, let it be pointed out that the sound and the fury of Mike O'Shea signifies nothing at all. He makes black Irish threats to his stallion, to the four dogs and, in all probability, to his beautiful wife. But there is no cowering at the master's approach to indicate that he has ever carried out one of those violent threats. Every living thing on the place, man and beast, responds to the charm of the guy, even when he's making menacing noises. Particularly then, knowing that this is how he shows affection.

It was even suggested that he'll spoil the daylights out of the baby, but Virginia doesn't think so. "Spoiling them at home just makes it more difficult for them to get along with the rest of the world.

Mike's more responsible than that, and I feel the way he does. I'd rather spoil the dogs and train the children. They'll know how much they're loved and wanted—but discipline has to start somewhere, at some time. Where's a better place than at home with the parents who love you?"

Young Kate—or Old Sam, as the father calls the expected baby, with generous disregard for his own fond hopes—will grow up in an atmosphere that's astonishingly normal. The O'Shea home, one of the loveliest in glittertown, has no swimming pool, no tennis court, no standard star stuff, but it has enormous charm. Virginia and Mike live quietly, comfortably, and as decent people should. The entertaining they do is without fanfare. They're early-to-bed people, even when Virginia isn't working on a picture, because Mike is a man who gets up at five o'clock in the morning. Habit, he says—and besides, it's the most beautiful hour of the day.

At home, Young Kate will find it difficult to learn that she is the child of a famous couple. She is doubly blessed with the parents she will have. Not because her mother is Warners' biggest star, but because her mother is so matter-of-fact about herself and her career. It isn't that Virginia takes any of the wonderful things that have happened to her for granted. She doesn't. But she is simply incapable of suffering delusions of grandeur. If Young Kate ever sees her mother putting on airs, you can bet that it will be on the screen.

She'll learn about acting from the inimitable clown who is her father. Mike O'Shea would probably find it impossible to tell a story without acting out every role—and he tells a wonderful story. He's a brilliant, entertaining conversationalist and, despite having left school in the fifth grade, one of the best-read men in Hollywood. A humble man. Young Kate will

see him working about the place in faded levis, planting the honeysuckle her mother loves, repairing a fence, giving the hired help a hand with the chores. A big man, without false pride.

Young Kate will leave St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, where she is scheduled to make her debut, for a home in which there is balance and serenity and much love. Admirable qualities, hard fought for and won, for the O'Sheas have had no story-book time of marriage. They have had as many problems as any couple in Hollywood; the only difference is in the way they coped with theirs and the intelligent adjustments they were able to make. Because of love.

And, Kate O'Shea . . . to be sure to bring your sense of humor with you. There's a funny man in the house, you know. When one girlish interviewer sought his reaction to your coming, he said with a straight face that he thought puppies were cuter than babies. She actually believed him. But you won't have to know him long to learn when he says a thing like that it's just a gag. He told another writer that it was too bad your estimated time of arrival conflicted with the World Series; he was going to miss greeting you, he said. And that was his idea of a joke, too.

Then, there's the matter of that name, Sam. Your father had been visiting a Texas cattleman who had a servant named Sam. Pronounced, Texas style, Syam. Your father was delighted; he rolled those syllables around on his tongue for days. It was about that time that your parents learned about you. When a columnist called to ask what your name would be, your father solemnly said, "Ah think we'll call 'im Syam O'Shea."

And he might at that. It's going to be fun.

THE END

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AFFAIR WITH A STRANGER—RKO. Directed by Roy Rowland: Carolyn Parker, Jean Simmons; Bill Blakeley, Victor Mature; Dolly Murray, Mary Jo Tarola; Janet Boothe, Monica Lewis; Ma Stanton, Jane Darwell; Happy Murray, Dabbs Greer; Joe, Wally Vernon; George Craig, Nicholas Joy; Cynthia Craig, Olive Carey; Mrs. Wallace, Victoria Horne; Miss Crutcher, Lillian Bronson; Pop, George Cleveland; The Older Timmy, Bill Chapin.

AFFAIRS OF DOBIE GILLIS, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Don Weis: Pansy Hammer, Debbie Reynolds; Dobie Gillis, Bobby Van; Lorna Ellingboe, Barbara Ruick; Charlie Trask, Bob Fosse; Mr. Hammer, Hanley Stafford; Mrs. Hammer, Lurene Tuttle; Prof. Amos Pomfritt, Hans Conried; Prof. Obispo, Charles Lane; Harry Dorcas, Archer MacDonald; Happy Stella, Kathleen Freeman; Aunt Naomi, Almira Sessions.

ARROWHEAD—Paramount. Directed by Charles Marquis Warren: Ed Bannon, Charlton Heston; Toriano, Jack Palance; Nita, Katy Jurado; Capt. North, Brian Keith; Lela Wilson, Mary Sinclair; Sandy MacKinnon, Milburn Stone; Lt. Kirk, Richard Shannon; Col. Weybright, Lewis Martin; Chief Chattez, Frank de Kova; Sgt. Stone, Robert Wilke; Spanish, Peter Coe; Jerry August, Kyle James; John Gunther, John M. Pickard; Jim Eagle, Pat Hogan; Mrs. Kirk, Judith Ames.

BAND WAGON, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Vincente Minnelli: Tony Hunter, Fred Astaire; Gaby, Cyd Charisse; Lester Marton, Oscar Levant; Lily Marton, Nanette Fabray; Jeffrey Cordova, Jack Buchanan; Paul Byrd, James Mitchell; Hal Benton, Robert Gist.

CHARGE AT FEATHER RIVER, THE—Warners. Directed by Gordon Douglas: Miles Archer, Guy Madison; Sgt. Baker, Frank Lovejoy; Ann McKeever, Helen Westcott; Jennie McKeever, Vera Miles; Cullen, Dick Wesson; Grover Johnson, Onslow Stevens; Ryan, Steve Brodie; Johnny McKeever, Ron Hagerthy; Lt. Col. Kilrain, Fay Rooper; Morgan, Neville Brand; Smiley, Henry Kulky; Poinsett, Lane Chandler; Chief Thunder Hawk, Fred Carson.

CITY IS DARK, THE—Warners. Directed by Andre de Toth: Det. Lieut. Sims, Sterling Hayden; Steve Lacey, Gene Nelson; Ellen, Phyllis Kirk; "Doc" Penny, Ted de Corsia; Hastings, Charles Buchinsky; "Dr." Otto Hessler, Jay Novello; Daniel O'Keefe, James Bell; Gus Snider, Dubb Taylor; Kelly, Gayle Kellogg; Sully, Mack Chandler; Johnny, Timothy Carey; Mark, Richard Benjamin.

FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Henry Levin: Molly, Betty Grable; Daniel Harrow, Dale Robertson; Lucy Cashdollar, Thelma Ritter; Jotham Klore, John Carroll; Fortune Friendly, Eddie Foy, Jr.; Pearl, Charlotte Austin; Susanna, Kathleen Crowley; Hannah, Merry Anders; Eva, Donna Lee Hickey; Amy, Noreen Michaels; Abbie, Ruth Hall; John, William Pullen; Miss Kranz, Juanita Evers; Floyd, Mort Mills; Andy, Lee Turnbull; Governor Fish, Howard Negley; Boat-wife, Joanne Jordan; Abigail, Gwyneth Verdon.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Howard Hawks: Dorothy, Jane Russell; Lorelei, Marilyn Monroe; Sir Francis Beekman, Charles Coburn; Malone, Elliott Reid; Gus Esmond, Tommy Noonan; Henry Spofford, III, George Winslow; Magistrate, Marcel Dalio; Esmond, Sr., Taylor Holmes; Lady Beekman, Norma Varden; Watson, Howard Wendell; Hotel Manager, Steven Geray; Grotier, Henri Letondal; Phillippe, Leo Mostovoy; Pritchard, Alex Frazier; Cab Driver, George Davis; Headwaiter, Alphonse Martell; Boy Dancers, Jimmie and Freddie Moultrie; Gendarmes, Jean De Briac, George Dee, Peter Camlin; Winslow, Harry Carey, Jr.; Ship's Captain, Jean Del Val; Peters, Ray Montgomery; Anderson, Alvy Moore.

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE—U-I. Directed by Jack Arnold: John Putnam, Richard Carlson; Ellen Fields, Barbara Rush; Sheriff Matt Warren, Charles Drake; George, Russell Johnson; Jane, Kathleen Hughes; Frank Daylon, Joseph Sawyer; Dave Loring, Alan Dexter; Pete Davis, Dave Willock; Dr. Snell, George Eldridge.

JULIUS CAESAR—M-G-M. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Players in order of their appearance: Marullus, George Macready; Flavius, Michael Pate; Julius Caesar, Louis Calhern; Casca, Edmond O'Brien; Calpurnia, Greer Garson; Portia, Deborah Kerr; Mark Antony, Marlon Brando; Brutus, James Mason; Cassius, John Gielgud; A Soothsayer, Richard Hale; Cicero, Alan Napier; Cinna, William Cottrell; Lucius, John Hardy; Decius Brutus, John Hoyt; Metellus Cimber, Tom Powers; Publius, Lumsden Hare; Artemidorus, Morgan Farley; Octavius Caesar, Douglas Watson; Lepidus, Douglass Dumbrille; Lucilius, Rhys Williams; Strato, Edmund Purdom; First Citizen, Paul Guilfoyle; Second Citizen, John Doucette.

MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY—M-G-M. Directed by Tay Garnett: Tony Monaco, Tom Morton; Mary Craig, Mary Murphy; Mildred Waterbury, Agnes Moorehead; Frank Johnson, Herb Shriner; Mrs. Craig, Rosemary De Camp; Mr. Craig, Clinton Sundberg; and Tallulah Bankhead, Ethel Barry-

more, Lionel Barrymore, Gertrude Berg, Shirley Booth, Louis Calhern, Leo Durocher, Faye Emerson, Oscar Hammerstein, II, Rex Harrison, Helen Hayes, Joshua Logan, Mary Martin, Lilli Palmer, Richard Rodgers, John Van Druten, Cornel Wilde.

MAN FROM THE ALAMO, THE—U-I. Directed by Bud Boetticher: John Stroud, Glenn Ford; Beth Anders, Julia Adams; John Gage, Chill Wills; Wade, Victor Jory; Lt. Lamar, Hugh O'Brian; Kate Lamar, Jeanne Cooper; Carlos, Butch Cavell; Cavish, John Day; Cobby, Dan Poore; Ma Anders, Myra Marsh; Sheriff Kohl, George Eldridge; General Houston, Howard Negley.

MASTER OF BALLANTRAE, THE—Warners. Directed by William Keighley: Jamie Durisdeer, Errol Flynn; Col. Francis Burke, Roger Livesey; Henry Durisdeer, Anthony Steel; Lady Alison, Beatrice Campbell; Jessie Brown, Yvonne Furneaux; Lord Durisdeer, Felix Aylmer; MacKellar, Mervyn Johns; Mendoza, Charles Goldner.

MELBA—U.A. Directed by Lewis Milestone: Nellie Melba, Patrice Munsell; Oscar Hammerstein, Robert Morley; Charles Armstrong, John McCallum; Eric Walton, John Justin; Cesar Carlton, Alec Clunes; Madame Marchesi, Martita Hunt; Queen Victoria, Sybil Thorndike; Thomas Mitchell, Joseph Tomelty; Aunt Catherine, Beatrice Varley; Roger, Marcel Ponsin; Paul Brotha, Theodore Bikel; Prima Ballerina, Violetta Elvin.

RETURN TO PARADISE—U.A. Directed by Mark Robson: Mr. Morgan, Gary Cooper; Maeva, Roberta Haynes; Pastor Cobbett, Barry Jones; Turia, Moira MacDonald; Harry Faber, John Hudson; Rori (aged 9), Va'a; Rori (aged 21), Hans Kruse; Tonga, Mamea Mataumua; Kura, Herbert Ah Sue.

RIDE, VAQUERO!—M-G-M. Directed by John Farrow: Rio, Robert Taylor; Cordelia Cameron, Ava Gardner; King Cameron, Howard Keel; Jose Esqueda, Anthony Quinn; Father Antonio, Kurt Kasznar; Sheriff Parker, Ted de Corsia; Singer, Charlita; Barton, Jack Elam; Adam Smith, Walter Baldwin; Vincente, Joe Dominguez; Pete, Frank McGrath; Vaquero, Charles Stevens.

SAILOR OF THE KING—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Roy Boulting: Andrew Brown, Jeffrey Hunter; Captain Saville, Michael Rennie; Lucinda Bentley, Wendy Hiller; Wheatley, Bernard Lee; Von Falk, Peter Van Eyck; Earnshaw, Victor Mader; Commander Willis, John Horsley; Captain Ashley, Patrick Barr.

SEA DEVILS—RKO. Directed by Raoul Walsh: Drouette, Yvonne De Carlo; Gilliatt, Rock Hudson; Rantaine, Maxwell Reed; Lethierry, Dennis O'Dea; Ragan, Michael Goodliffe; Willie, Bryan Forbes; Fouche, Jacques Brunius; Benson, Ivor Barnard; Baron de Vaudrec, Arthur Wontner; Napoleon, Gerard Oury.

SHANE—Paramount. Directed by George Stevens: Shane, Alan Ladd; Mrs. Starrett, Jean Arthur; Mr. Starrett, Van Heflin; Joey Starrett, Brandon De Wilde; Wilson, Jack Palance; Chris, Ben Johnson; Lewis, Edgar Buchanan; Ryker, Emile Meyer; Torrey, Elisha Cook, Jr.; Mr. Shipstead, Douglas Spencer; Morgan, John Dierkes; Mrs. Torrey, Ellen Corby.

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—RKO. Directed by Lloyd Bacon: Doc, Robert Mitchum; Corby, Jean Simmons; Otey, Arthur Hunnicutt; Ad Meeker, Edgar Buchanan; Joe, Wallace Ford; Judge Holbert, Raymond Walburn; Digger, Jimmy Hunt; Sheriff, Ralph Dumke; Mrs. McMurtry, Hope Landin; Ed Gruman, Gus Schilling; Sally, Eleanor Todd; Elmer Wooley, Pinky Tomlin.

SOUTH SEA WOMAN—Warners. Directed by Arthur Lubin: Sgt. O'Hearn, Burt Lancaster; Ginger Martin, Virginia Mayo; David White, Chuck Connors; Donovan, USNR, Arthur Shields; Col. Hickman, Barry Kelley; Marchand, Leon Askin; Madame Duval, Veola Vonn; Lt. Miller, Robert Sweeney; Lt. Fears, Hayden Rorke; Rear Adm. Peabody, Raymond Greenleaf.

SWORD AND THE ROSE, THE—Disney, RKO. Directed by Kenneth Annakin: Charles Brandon, Richard Todd; Mary Tudor, Glynis Johns; Henry VIII, James Robertson Justice; Margaret, Jane Barrett; Buckingham, Michael Gough; Louis XII, Jean Mercure; Francis, Gerard Cury.

THUNDER BAY—U-I. Directed by Anthony Mann: Steve Martin, James Stewart; Stella Rigaud, Joanne Dru; Tache Bossier, Gilbert Roland; Johnny Gambi, Dan Duryea; Francesca Rigaud, Marcia Henderson; Kermit Macdonald, Jay C. Flippen; Dominique Rigaud, Antonio Moreno; Phillippe Bayard, Robert Monet; Rawlings, Henry Morgan.

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Henry Hathaway: Ellen, Susan Hayward; Lonni, Robert Mitchum; Huysman, Walter Slezak; Jacques, Mashood Ajala; Utembo, Joseph C. Narcisse; Kapuka, Elzie Emanuel; Jarrett, Timothy Carey; Bakuba Boy, Otis Greene; Gorilla, Charles Gemora; Witch Doctors, Paul Thompson; Naaman Brown, Aganza, Myrtle Anderson; Bakuba King, Everett Brown; Chief's Wife, Dorothy Harris.

Keeping a Date With Love

(Continued from page 56)
was willing to take a gamble on Rory's future in films.

And so, with the mission bells ringing in the background, they were married—for richer or for poorer—forever and five years.

They had no way of knowing how much "richer" they would be when their five-year anniversary rolled around. There was no hint that Rory would be under contract to Twentieth and one of the fastest-rising stars in Hollywood. And they couldn't have guessed that, when next they were married, Rory would be on location thousands of miles from home in Alberta, Canada, co-starring in a CinemaScope epic called "River of No Return." Nor that Bob Mitchum would be best man and Marilyn Monroe, maid of honor.

But what Rory did know, and believed devoutly from the beginning, was that theirs would be a relationship that would grow dearer, mature happily along with the gray lace and the navy blue suit. Although he couldn't know then how much dearer, how many experiences, both heart-breaking and hilarious, tempestuous and tender, would be shared.

The comfort of the words, "I, Lita, take thee, Rory," was brought home to him almost immediately after their marriage, when Rory had to go on location in the Navajo country in Arizona. Never had he known such loneliness. And as a guy who'd lived with the trees, the rivers, the sun and the sky, never had he thought he could. "We'd just been married a week. I went crazy. To have so much happiness, then to be separated—it really leaves you with nothing."

He wanted to tell Lita how he felt. And he tried every night. But in this remote country, he was on a thirty-five party line and the natives just couldn't resist listening in on what the "picture folks" were saying. Every time he raised his receiver, one by one they raised theirs until the connection was weakened to a whisper.

"I can't hear you," Lita would keep saying.

"What did you say, darling?"

"I can't hear you"

"What did you say, darling?"

"She said she couldn't hear you," one of the party-liners interpreted. As more receivers clicked up, Rory and Lita screamed themselves into faintness, until finally the thirty-fifth blacked them out completely. What he felt would wait. It would have to. . . .

"Until death do us part," they promised. And those words were never closer and never to be remembered more than during Christmas in Korea together on Bunker Hill, with the heavy boom-boom of the 155-Howitzers drowning out the sound of "Silent Night" and an over-conscientious Korean guard keeping them a kiss apart.

Their unit, with Rory emceeing, had been giving shows all that day. Going back to the tent for chow, remembering the happy faces of GI's watching her sing and dance, Lita had never seemed dearer, thought Rory, than that moment—in fatigues and with a smudge of dirt on her cheek. After the party, they went to their separate quarters. But Rory wanted to kiss her goodnight—again—and tell her just how much she meant to him—again. He was stopped at the door of the women's quarters by a Korean guard, rifle in hand.

"No-no-no . . . no men," was all the English he could say, but he kept saying it over and over very effectively.

"But she's my wife," Rory kept saying.

(Continued on next page)

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"No-no-no... no men," the guard replied.

"Show him your ring, honey," Rory urged Lita, who was standing on the other side of the gun. "Look—ring—married—husband—wife."

The guard examined the ring interestedly. Then, in turn, showed them a ring he was wearing.

Encouraged, Rory moved in—to cold steel. "No-no-no! No men!" And saying, "See you on the helicopter, Honey," Lita stepped back into the tent hastily, rather than risk a kiss of fire.

But being separated by a rifle is as nothing compared with being 7,800 miles apart, as they were one memorable New Year's Eve.

"Forsaking all others." These words they've remembered, but gossip columns seemed to forget them, they found during that terribly lonely time when their careers kept them apart for three months. From time to time, one columnist in particular raised the rhetorical question, "A trial separation for the Calhouns?"

Theirs was a trying separation, but not in the way she meant. They'd spent every New Year's Eve at the Ojai Inn, where they'd honeymooned; but this year Lita was headlining the act at Ciro's with Billy Daniel, and Rory was in South America making "Way Of a Gaucho." Some way, he was determined to get back to Hollywood before her engagement ended January 3, and applaud her from out front. When the company finally finished the film, the Bowl games were on and there wasn't a plane reservation to be had. "Just give me an open ticket. I'll take the chance," he said.

Rory hitch-hiked through the air—7,800 miles of it—so slowly he felt he was barely inching his way across the sky one cloud at a time. He sweated it out waiting for the next available space in Tampa, Birmingham, and New Orleans. He landed at Los Angeles at 11:30 p.m. and rushed straight to Ciro's, tired, dirty, and with a three-day growth of beard, just in time for the last half of Lita's last show. He was close enough to touch a whirling ankle as she danced, but blinded by the lights, she didn't see him. She was leaving the stage when Billy Daniel whispered, "Nice Rory got back." He saw the curtains part again, heard a happy cry, and Lita was in his arms.

His first day back at the studio, Rory saw the columnist who'd speculated, "A trial separation for the Calhouns?" In a voice loud enough for the whole commissary to hear he shouted, "No, we're not getting a divorce!"

The mere word "divorce" grates against the grain of a guy whose wedding vows grow more sacred through the years, and who proves he means it when he says, "I got married to stay married," by marrying again after five years.

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow" means more now too. And it's a kick for Smoky Calhoun, homeward bound from Twentieth Century-Fox, to pass by the brick-yard where once he fired bricks, to swing around the service station where he once gassed and lubed cars, and to turn up the palm-lined drive in Beverly Hills to his first Hollywood home—a New England-style house complete with swimming pool and four bathrooms. "I find that right interesting," he grins. Once home, he dons jeans and puts as much love and labor into his house as any pioneering homesteader.

In a well-butlered neighborhood, the Calhouns are a busy pair. "It isn't that we can't afford help exactly, and we do have somebody in once a week to help wash woodwork and windows and scrub, but the way we see it, when you do

things around the place yourself, you take more interest in your home."

It was Lita who found their house, with its roomy backyard, the tall, tall trees backgrounding the property, and the swimming pool and dressing room that were once a part of the old Will Rogers estate. The trees keep shedding into the pool, but as Rory says, "The only way to get rid of that is to get rid of the trees—and that doesn't make sense."

They're Early American-izing the whole place, refurnishing and decorating it in vital dark greens and rich, red-brown paneling. After Rory finished "Powder River" he built a knotty-pine breakfast nook in the kitchen and papered it with Robert E. Lee patterned wallpaper. He converted the maid's room into a den and paneled that. He plans to build a "Western room" over the garage as his own sacred domain, to house his saddles, guns, arrows and eighty-pound draw bows. The piano in the living room will be "old-fashioned" in antique red and gold leaf. Already, they can hear friends of theirs like Debbie Reynolds coming in with, "Dig that crazy Valentine!"

At present they're refinishing the hall, following Rory's attempt to get his beloved super king-sized bed up the stairs. This was a colossal fiasco which might have been avoided had he not underestimated his gal's canny and intuitive eye. His five years have taught him how dependable that eye is. Rory had fallen in love with the bed for their first apartment and wanted to buy it. "But Rory, it won't fit in," Lita cautioned. "I'll take it over the roof," he said. And after a great deal of struggling he did take it over the roof and through the fire escape, ripping off most of the bottom en route.

Nor would the bed go up the stairs of their new home. But Rory wasn't to be denied. He kept eyeing the bed, which jammed the whole downstairs hall. "I've got it, Iz," he said finally, using his nickname for her real name, Isabelita. "Well... Rory?" He proceeded, without batting an eye, to saw the frame widthwise completely in two. Then the studio called him for a picture, and he left it there, two wounded halves. Lita called in a carpenter, and phoned Rory on the set of "How to Marry a Millionaire." "There's a man here who says he'll fix the bed. For sixty-seven dollars he'll hinge it back together again," she said. And heard her husband sigh happily, "I knew there was some way of getting that bed up there."

For two who came from such different worlds, they've weathered their first five years very happily. "Lita's made more adjustments than I have—to be fair," Rory says readily. "She was a little hot-house flower when we married. Now she's camping out like a veteran and loving it."

Rory himself, he admits now, was a little worried at first as to how she would manage the rugged fishing trips on the Colorado River. But after the first, Howard Hill, famed archer and fisherman who accompanied them, said, "Stop worrying about your little 'Squaw', Rory. The kid's a real natural. She's used to moving in rhythm. She'll outrun trouble any time." And she has.

But the trips have given her some strange thrills. She awakened with a shock one afternoon when she was napping on her cot to find twelve buzzards hovering five feet over her head. "Rory!" she yelled, "they must think I'm—dead!"

But as she says, "Rory will go to night clubs with me too now." Which, as anybody who knows Smoky Calhoun can tell you, is more than a mild concession. He likes to catch the acts and various bands, but as for "sitting hunched up, with your

knees jammed against a table," says he, "dodging other couples on the dance floor, and just staring across at others who are staring back across at you" he'd rather have a few friends in at home. It's cheaper and less painful. Furthermore, it seems rumors have a way of sprouting among the night club set. "Just stay out of the traffic, and you're all right," he says.

But for an admittedly old-fashioned guy he has no objections to Lita's having a career. "Why should I?" he asks. "Lita was in showbusiness long before I was—ever since she was a kid. I'm proud of her. False pride usually causes the trouble between working couples, with first one on top of the heap, and then the other. But when you love each other . . .

"Of course it hasn't been all roses," Rory goes on. "And when we have an argument, it's a real beauty. But when it's over, there's no hangover. We forget it. And that Lita—she's such a doll, forgetting's easy with her."

Looking back over their first five years together, as he sees it, plurality presented the problem. "When you marry the whole scope broadens. You have to stop thinking 'I' and start thinking 'We'."

Thinking plural didn't come too easy at times for a guy who'd lone-wolfed it through all his early years. "I'm going out to dinner with so-and-so tomorrow," he would say casually. "You are?" Lita would reply with raised eyebrows. "Well, have a good time." Then Rory would correct hastily, "I mean *we're* going." And she would smile, "That's nice. I'm glad you told me."

"People are anxious to improve their circumstances, but are unwilling to improve themselves."

MARLENE DIETRICH

But how truly they were bound together as one was brought home to them poignantly when tragedy touched them for the first time—when Lita lost the baby around whom they'd woven so many plans and dreams. The doctor assured her she had nothing to fear, that there could be another baby another day. But more comforting and more steadying was Rory's arm around her.

He's ready to let the whole world know how much being bound together means to him. So much, he's taking it in installments five years at a time to let it really sink in. "They'll look a little out of style twenty years from now," he laughs of the gray lace and the blue suit. "Folks will be saying, 'Aren't they a gra-a-an-n-d old couple,'" he says mimicking in a quavering voice.

But how lucky can a guy be? his tone asks—a guy who five years ago watched a girl come dancing out onto the stage of the Mocambo into his life and his heart. "If you'll trust me, I'd like to take you home," he said and sensed from that night that he meant, "I'd like to take you—to our home."

In his own way, Rory explained it to the minister who performed their first wedding ceremony, when he discussed their marrying again. Used to silver and golden weddings, the minister was surprised. "Isn't this a little soon, Son?" he asked. "Maybe. But I still can't believe it," Rory said slowly. "That's why I want to do it over again." THE END



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FREE
BOOKLET

Come Out of that Star Spin!

(Continued from page 59)

didn't start with "I." That women, once in
awhile, were companions, not conquests.

Doris Day, who was Miss Eager Beaver
of 1948 when she first came to Hollywood,
has done perhaps the biggest flip-flop in
the head department because of her suc-
cess. Her excuse for refusing home photo-
graphs now is that she has new white
carpets. But when she didn't have carpets,
I'm sure it was all right to roll up the rug
and dance, sister, dance! She won't even
pose around the tennis court—unlike June
Allyson, who'll give her home and her
life's blood, if it will make you happy.

Miss Day has also developed a faraway
manner that she didn't have at the begin-
ning. There was never a more forthright
girl than this blonde ex-chubby-faced sing-
er used to be. Her husband, Marty Melcher,
is said to be the main spring behind the
change in Doris. But I'm told that even he
has trouble pinning her down to anything
definite. Like when he said, "Let's go to
Yosemite." Doris: "Uh huh." Marty: "When
shall we go?" Doris: "Oh, some day."

You can't start too young to believe your
publicity, apparently. There's Joanne Gil-
bert, who was hailed as a new Judy Gar-
land when she sang here at the Mocambo.
I missed the first night, but after reading
her great notices, I went the second. She
was great for a girl of nineteen, but this
was no Judy Garland. The impetus of the
raves, however, propelled her to top money
in top night clubs across the country. May-
be Joanne wasn't sophisticated enough for
New York. She didn't pack the house
there, and when she was asked to take a
cut, she ducked out to her sunny screen
career in California—leaving a couple of
TV and radio commentators who had dates
with her, with egg on their faces, and no
Joanne on their show.

Now Marlon Brando is quite different.
He just sees no one. He believes he's ex-
tremely logical with his excuse, "I'll only
talk with the legitimate press." But he has
never explained what he means by "il-
legitimate." And his idea of fun is to get
a mate for his revolting racoon. Or to call
columnists and say, "I've just married
Movita," then hang up. And if the caller
isn't Marlon, then the hoaxer does an
awfully good imitation of him.

They say that winning an Oscar went
to Gloria Grahame's tousled blonde head.
But I don't think so. Gloria has always
been vague. You talk to her and she's miles
and miles away. But she's always grateful
for good reviews without believing, "This
is it, I don't have to do any more." But
Gloria was confused, almost sick with the
excitement of winning the gold statue. And
when she came out of the spin, she called
everyone who had complained, to apolo-
gize. How humble can you be?

There've been lots of murmurs against
the Monroe Doctrine—Marilyn's that is—
that she used to break her neck to be
pleasant to everyone and doesn't have time
now. But if this blondeshell were to try to
be nice to everyone who wants to be nice
to her, she'd really have to be five people.
Imagine, after "How to Marry a Million-
aire," Marilyn had eighty-seven inter-
views! Sure, she keeps everyone waiting
on the set—that's our Marilyn. She just
can't seem to get ready. But if she is more
swelled since her success, it certainly isn't
in the head department.

Britisher Dick Burton is another new
star accused of taking it big. But he has a
sense of humor, which can be a life and
popularity saver. When a columnist wrote
that he was wearing a bigger size in hats,
he asked his wife to measure his head, and
reported back to the tattler, "By golly,

you're right, my head has grown an inch!"

Gene Kelly has his detractors who say
he has always been snooty. But there's a
difference between conceit and concentra-
tion on the job in hand. I've learned never
to interrupt him on the set when he's
setting up a scene. He just doesn't see you.
Anyway, I guess Gene can afford to be
high-hat from now on in. He cleared half
a million dollars on his eighteen months'
tax exemption abroad.

Charlton Heston was friendlier the first
year, although I haven't had too much to
do with him at any time. He's been busy
and so have I. But some of the lady stars
who spell their names in lesser lights, re-
port that Charlton snubs them. They say
he's okay with top-notchers like Susan
Hayward, but gets busy between scenes
when his co-star is of lesser calibre.

I have to write as I find, and Dale Rob-
ertson has never been high-hat with me.
But others report differently. One day I'm
going to sit down with Dale and try to
find out what it's all about—the repeated
rumors of marriage trouble and complaints
of the press. Dale reportedly told his studio
head he'd had too much publicity!

If anything, Betty Grable has become
more home-folksy since her success. She
made the grade and she doesn't have to
impress anyone. She's kept the same
friends—her closest is still her hair
dresser. But she just can't be bothered
with publicity or the press. This doesn't
mean a swelled head, and you can't say
she's stupid, because she's still collecting
\$300,000 a year. Wouldn't you love to be
stupid like that?

The other day, at Robert Stack's cock-
tail party, I met David Lewin, movie
critic for the London *Daily Express*, and
asked him, "Why did the British go over-
board for Danny Kaye at the Palladium?"
"Because," said David seriously, "he fol-
lowed Mickey Rooney—whom the Brit-
ish didn't like at all."

But Danny is reportedly not quite as
popular with royalty these days. And you
can trace it back to the time he posed for
a photograph at the Café de Paris, with
his arm around the Duchess of Kent's
chair. Unfortunately, she was in it, and
that simply is not done in England, my
dear. I guess Danny has learned that if
you can keep your head when all about
you are losing theirs over royalty, you'll
remain more friendly with them.

Tops, of course, in this kind of snobbism,
is the son of that old swashbuckler, Dou-
glas Fairbanks, Jr. When you phone his
home in Kensington, I'm told, his butler
answers, "Sir Douglas Fairbanks' home,"
even though the Court Register refers to
our Doug as "Mr." But you have to hand
it to this Hollywood boy. He *did* get
Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edin-
burgh to dine with him. But he too ap-
parently lost his equilibrium in such ex-
alted company, and allowed the news to
seep into the press, causing dowagers to
choke into their tea and crumpets.

To get nearer home. I didn't know Rose-
mary Clooney before she came to Holly-
wood, but when I met her at a Santa
Monica beach home, she seemed a nice,
average person whom you wouldn't pick
out in a crowd. Later I heard reports of
broken dates with irate reporters in
Gotham. I can't judge her too harshly on
that score, because I broke a date with
Rosey myself when I had laryngitis. She
evened the score by cutting three with me!

But it's hard to understand why Miss
Clooney dropped friend Jackie Sherman
overboard, after her big hit at Paramount
in "The Stars Are Singing." Jackie, who
has lots of money, was like a godmother

to Rosemary in the early days of her struggle. Rosie had free run of her apartment at the swank Hampshire House, and Jackie even worked as her secretary at the time to make a good showing of success for the singer. I don't know whether it's because Rosemary can now afford to pay for these luxuries herself, but anyway, Jackie doesn't Come-on-a-Her-House any more.

It was a combination of career and Marcus Goodrich that re-shaped Olivia de Havilland's personality. Now that he's gone, she sounds like the old Livvy. But she listens with her eyes, not her ears, or vice versa, I can never quite tell which. I only know that she isn't quite with you, and that's always disconcerting.

For awhile there, Anne Baxter was impossible. You know the type, always on the run just as you get set to say something. But when she tossed John Hodiak out of her life, she took the bit, not to mention the cigar, between her teeth, and tried to lose the lady in her. You'll never do it, Annie. Something between the old Anne and the new would be right.

Like Shelley Winters; no matter how many expensive dresses she buys Shelley will always look overdressed. When I saw her at a fashion luncheon the other day she wore a high-necked, long-sleeved, blue silk dress, with long blue gloves and a bunch of orange blossoms and blue veiling atop her head. But all she accomplished was an imitation of the Squire's lady in the country about to open a charity bazaar. But for all that and for all the temperamental shenanigans, Shelley has always been very humble and respectful towards talent—and that includes her husband, Vittorio Gassman, touted by his bride as the greatest actor in all of Italy.

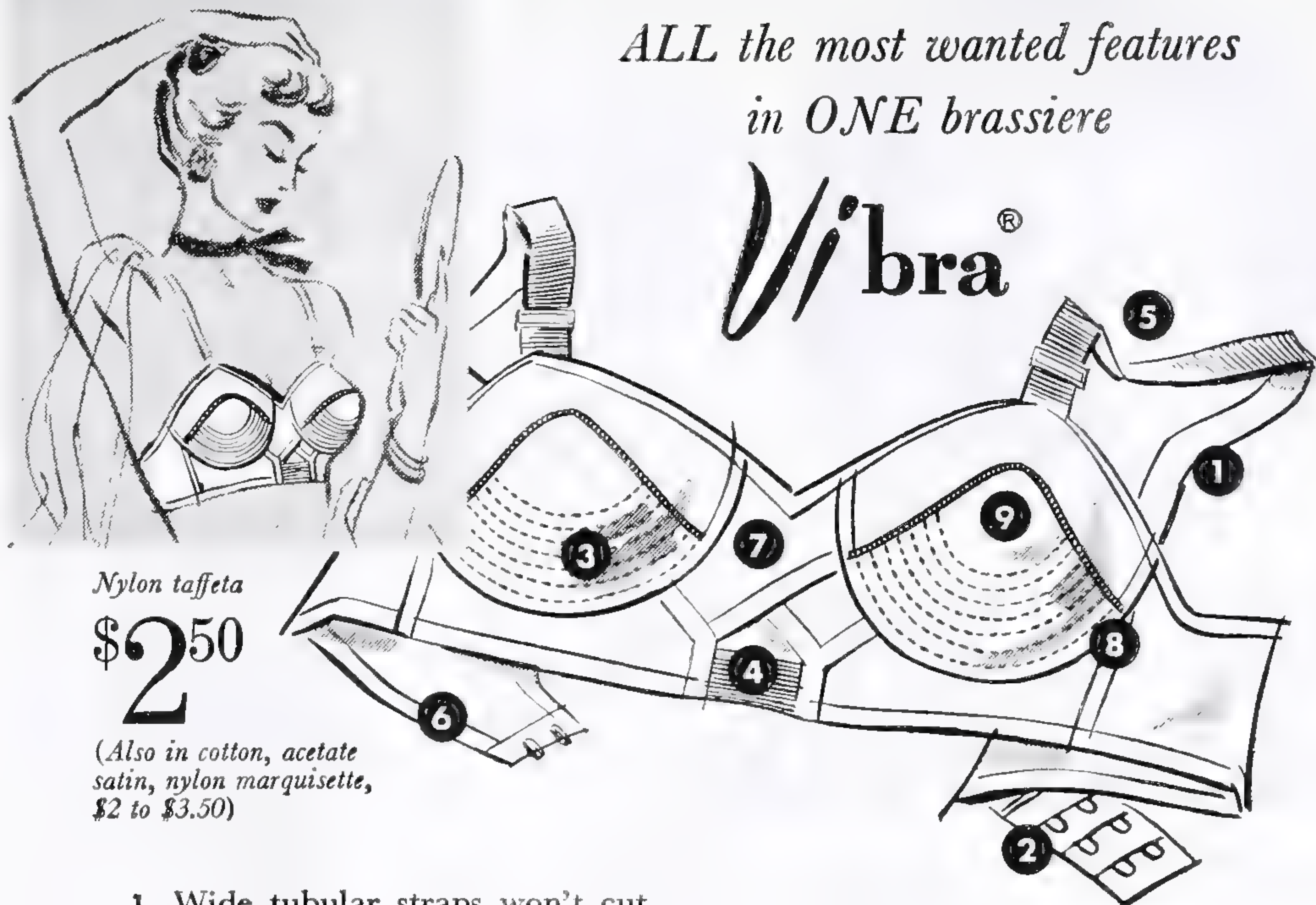
Except at the very beginning, when he was making "Wuthering Heights" for Sam Goldwyn—no one knew him here then—I have always found Sir Laurence Olivier a completely pompous personality off the screen. Poor Vivien Leigh, she not only couldn't cope with the demands of success, she floundered and sank under the heavy burden. Some people believe her collapse was due to trying to keep up with Olivier. She reminds me of Robert Walker, but I hope she'll be able to pull out of it.

It was never a swelled head with Bette Davis—she just grew more irritable with success. Whereas Hedy Lamarr's rush to the heights was accomplished with a rush of mis'ries born of a belief that life still owed her something. Can you think of anything she hasn't had?

Cary Grant has remained more or less the same during the last decade, although there's usually a cynical, half smile on his lips—a "Who cares?" attitude . . . Farley Granger, who was so eager, is now so bored . . . But there's no change with Virginia Mayo. This gal is a dream! And Alan Ladd is as thoughtful today as when no one except Sue knew or had faith in him. And Bing Crosby—he's the same casual, exasperating, but wonderful guy . . . Greg Peck? His success went to his marriage—or is it merely the dangerous age? No bigger hat for Robert Taylor, who prefers his pilot pal to all the big shots in Hollywood . . . Ann Blyth hasn't changed an eyelash—always kind—she practices her religion, never preaches it . . . No change for George Sanders—he was always a clinker in my book.

It's interesting that the two biggest sweethearts in Hollywood are the two biggest hits on television—Lucille Ball and Donald O'Connor. Can it be there's no room for a swollen head or time for temperament in the faster medium of TV? It's something for movie star bigheads, who might get bogged on the beach of yesterday, to think about

THE END



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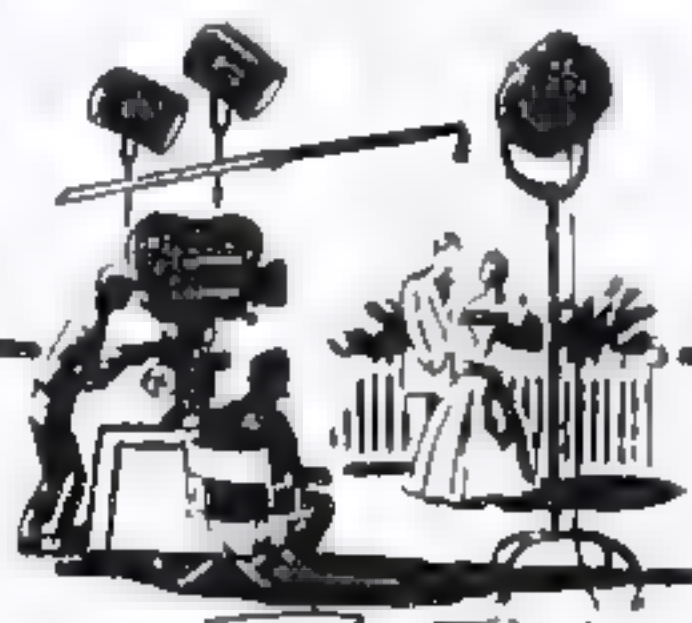
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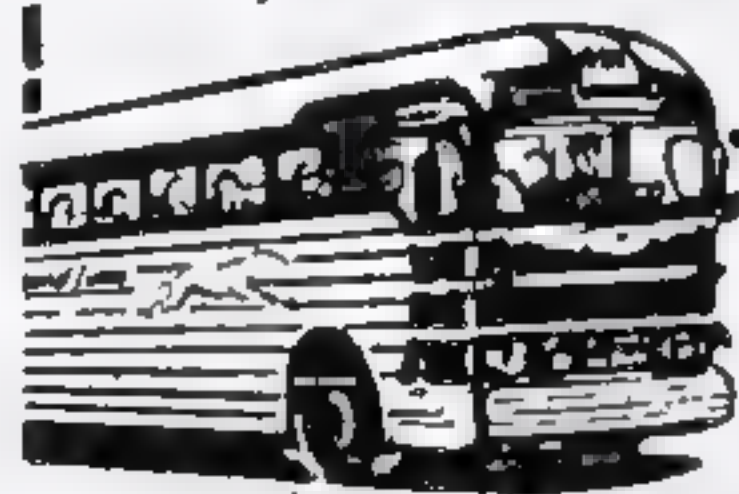
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(Continued from page 61)

to his wife. "That, Frederica Jacqueline Wilson Robertson, is your Mother's Day present!" said Dale in his soft, Oklahoma drawl. "I figure to make an expert fisherwoman out of you."

"Thank you, Dayle LyMoine Robertson," Jackie curtsied in her politest manner.

Four out of five wives of Hollywood film stars would have stared steely-eyed into the mouth of that gift horse—then unceremoniously flung it at their ever-lovin' spouses. But not Jacqueline.

To her it signified that two years of marriage had mellowed Dale into a true oneness with her—that he wanted to share fully with her not only his everyday life, but his hobbies as well. For Dale, a man's man to the core, had gone on record early in their marriage with words forbidding to any bride: "When a man works six days a week, he should have the seventh off for sports—if he wants that. And one complete weekend a month to go off by himself hunting or fishing. A man's spare time should be his own."

On May 19, 1953, Jackie and Dale blithely celebrated the second anniversary of a storm-tossed marriage which Hollywood wisenheimers had prophesied would never survive. The Robertsons celebrated that day simply—in the pattern established a year earlier. First a fine steak dinner, and then they shopped around for a movie. As they drove by Grauman's Chinese on Hollywood Boulevard (both are avid movie patrons) they noted that an unnamed major preview was an added attraction.

And they both burst into surprised laughter as the credits unfolded on the screen—Betty Grable and Dale Robertson in "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

"What do you know?" said Dale.

To commemorate that precious second anniversary Jackie presented Dale with a leather foldup sports stool and a box for his fishing gear, while Dale gave Jackie a beautiful dress and matching purse to wear with the luxurious breath of spring mink stole her parents had given her as a wedding gift.

"I'd rather you'd pick out your own dress," Dale had told her. "Even if you offered me a fine quarter horse I wouldn't be caught alive in one of those ladies' stores. Not since that time in New York when I bought you those maternity outfits. You'd have thought I had forgotten to wear my trousers the way those customers and salesgirls stared at me!"

Jackie remembers gratefully. There've been some changes made in the erstwhile jackhammer operator, bulldogger and prize fighter. The wild, unbroken Oklahoma colt had taken a little longer than most to be gentled into double harness.

If you were driving through the GI house community of Reseda in the San Fernando Valley looking for a bona fide movie star your chances of finding one would appear slim. Nevertheless, that is where the Robertsons reside, though it is some twenty-five miles from fashionable Bel Air. It's a long way from Hollywood to Reseda in more ways than one. For Dale Robertson is *not* Hollywood. And this modest three-bedroom house (\$200 down and \$58 a month) emphasizes it. There are no fish-tail Cadillacs, no swimming pool, projection room or tennis court. But there, directly across the street, is Reseda Park ("biggest backyard any star's home can boast") with space for Dale's favorite softball games and room to romp his dogs—Chief, the German shepherd, and Radar, the pointer.

And in this modest home, baby Rochelle.

amazingly advanced for her fourteen months, darts around the house with the agility of a wiry two-year-old.

"I'd always heard the first year of marriage with its personality adjustments was the hardest to make. But now," Jackie sighs, "I'm told it's the first five. Three more to go! You know, in our case, I just don't believe it. I think all the stress and strain is behind us. Dale and I knew so little of each other and so little about marriage two years ago. Marriage is lots more than champagne toasts and dreamy waltzes. And really nobody can tell you—you've got to find out for yourself."

An expert marriage counselor, studying Dale's and Jackie's personality traits and backgrounds, could have told them, back on their wedding day, May 19, 1951, that the going would be rough for awhile. Even without the use of a crystal ball he might have prophesied that short tearful separation and eventual reconciliation. But these two young people really love each other, and that's why they are together.

Experts know that marriage, particularly at its beginning, is a state of "antagonistic co-operation." The sexes are different, physically and psychologically and there is likely to be conflict. In looking at Dale, the expert would arrive at some conclusions and then he'd want to study his early life. Physically, Dale has the rangy, broad-shouldered, narrow-hipped body and the chiseled, sensitive though strong features of a prize fighter—which Dale has been in his time. His gray-green, moody eyes framed in their devastatingly long curly lashes are the kind of eyes women love. The flirtatious eyes, the flashing grin, the gift of Irish blarney topped off by a rare kind of courtly southern gallantry (he still says "Ma'am" to every woman) mean that Dale has had more than his share of attention "from the fillies" ever since he pulled the pigtails of the little girl in front of him in the first grade. Even then, his chin probably showed a dominant, aggressive, outspoken personality, while his deceptively gentle Oklahoma drawl masked plenty of stubbornness and iron will.

It's the kind of personality which frequently accompanies natural male rebellion against a mother with dominant strength of character. And that is what Dale, youngest of three sons, had in his beautiful Irish mother, who today looks like a slightly older sister instead of mother to Dale.

As he explains, "Mother had a fiery nag back there in Harrah, Oklahoma. It was a hot muggy night and Mother says she was restless at the end of her pregnancy. So she mounted Prince and took off cross country, sailin' over fences and ditches in the moonlight. Knowing her fourth child was about to be born, she just galloped Prince right on past the house and straight up to the hospital. If that Prince hadn't been such a fast horse I'd have been born right in the saddle."

His father, small and wiry Melvin Robertson, was a high wire man for the electric company—a restless man, unhappy in the confines and responsibilities of marriage, and when Dale was six his parents were divorced. From then on, Mrs. Robertson, a capable, independent woman, offspring of many generations of western pioneer stock, supported and reared the boys "and umpteen dogs" alone. In addition to her petticoat government, Dale was coddled by two maiden aunts.

The Robertsons are a clannish, close-knit and sentimental family. Not a week goes by without Dale's phoning his mother two or three times. Even today, Dale still



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talks and acts as if he'd never left the sagebrush and wind-swept sand hills.

For a short while in his late teens during the war, Dale's heart was drawn to a girl in Oklahoma about whom Hollywood has learned little. They married, lived together briefly, and parted with a quiet divorce. Explains Dale, "It was one of those things which just didn't work out. She was a fine girl, but I'd rather not discuss it. I guess the truth is I just wasn't ready for the responsibilities of marriage and raisin' a family, and when things didn't work out we decided it was better to part."

After that there were girls aplenty—how could there help being with such a super-charged male personality as Dale's? But there came a gala night, April 14, 1951 ("I'll never forget that date," says Dale), when the ex-bulldogger found himself a bit out of his element. He'd been invited to a dinner party, and the sophisticated conversation fluttered around confusingly in rapid-fire language. Dale's gray-green eyes lost themselves, and at some length, in a pair of eyes of the identical color. They belonged, of course, to nineteen-year-old Jackie.

The youngest of three children, Jackie was much indulged by loving parents who tended to keep her young, even for her tender years. Where Dale rebelled against a strong mother, Jackie, a sensitive, proud girl, was dependent on her parents, docilely following the pattern they established, yet able, by feminine tactics, to get her own way. She is the daughter of Broadway actress and silent star, Faire Binney, and the niece of another silent picture star, Constance Binney. Born in Paris, educated at eastern finishing schools, Jackie followed the family theatrical tradition and had already had a small part in a film.

Two more basically diverse personalities can scarcely be imagined than Jackie and Dale; yet they fell deeply in love on that Saturday night. Dale phoned her on Sunday, took her for a drive Monday, proposed Tuesday and they were married three weeks from the day they first met.

Marriage counselors studying this young pair would have noted the serious clash in personalities and advised a much longer period of courtship, particularly since Dale is the son of divorced parents, has been divorced himself. They would have recognized Jackie's dependent and too sensitive nature, her desire to be the center of attention, her need to have decisions made for her. And the experts would have insisted on a leisurely honeymoon so that the newlyweds could get to know one another in a tranquil atmosphere.

Instead, Dale made his first and most serious error. He selected Santa Barbara for the one-day honeymoon because a horse show was in progress. So they spent the day inspecting thoroughbreds! Next day he was back on the movie lot.

But it wasn't his fault that he already had a house for his bride. Now, every new bride wants a hand in selecting furnishings for her first home. Installed as mistress in Dale's bachelor cottage in Reseda, Jackie found a completely furnished house—even to the decor in the master bedroom—wallpaper featuring horse heads in masculine hues. The expensively brought up bride may have desired a bit more elegance in her honeymoon domicile—one closer to her friends', but she was content. "It keeps the rain off," Dale had told her, "and when you're in love, what more do you need?"

Jackie found she needed experience in dealing with the butcher and the baker. She was completely untrained for her duties as a homemaker; had to start by learning to make coffee. Dale, with the example of an extremely competent mother, found this a trying period. In addition,



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unpunctuality bothers Dale, and Jackie in those days was perennially unpunctual.

Jackie for her part recognized immediately that Dale's fundamental concept of wedded bliss did not coincide with hers and so she, like many a bride before her, resorted to gentle nagging in an effort to remake Dale closer to her heart's desire.

"If there's one thing an outdoor man can't stand," Dale remarked gloomily at the time, "it's to have a woman a-naggin' at him all the time. I don't like to be questioned too much. Such as 'What time will you be home for dinner tonight?' How do I know? I don't blame a woman for dislikin' housework—I'm sure no help in that department. But if a wife dumps her household woes on a husband—they'll sure end up arguing. The minute a woman makes a man feel he's hooked by his suspenders, begins the 'Don't do this. Don't do that' routine she's bustin' up a perfectly good marriage."

As a man of controlled emotions with a talent for composure, Dale, during those early days, found that his moody periods upset his wife. "Jackie expects me to be a little more attentive and a little more conscious that she's around. I may not act like it but I'm very conscious of her. Sometimes I sit silent for long periods thinking things out, just as you would riding alone in the Oklahoma back trails. But Jackie misunderstands. I've explained to her that these moody periods are part of the Irish in me, have nothing to do with her at all."

All these differences in viewpoint, large and small, are in the past now, both the Robertsons admit—but while they lasted, life was pretty rugged for both. Yet Hollywood was shocked when, little more than a year after their marriage, they separated. Even the birth of baby Rochelle hadn't helped. At the time Dale confided to a friend, "Our troubles have been going on almost since we married. It hasn't been pleasant for either of us and we've tried hard to work out our problems. We almost separated a couple of times before, but didn't. Fundamentally we love each other. And even now, we're a long way from talking about a divorce."

A week later the Robertsons, a little wiser in the ways of marriage, were back together. And they've remained together and courageously undertaken to solve their marital problems because of two basic facts: their very real love for each other and their abiding love for their baby.

They've learned to make compromises, to give a little, forget a little, and approach the future knowing that a true marriage is not "oneness" but "weness."

"One thing I've learned," Jackie says seriously, "is not to pay attention to irresponsible columnists who have tried to make a triangle of our marriage ever since it started. Dale is home seven nights a week so I know this gossip is pure fabrication. Not long ago, for example, Dale and I went to Las Vegas for the wedding of Dale's double, Tom McDonough, who was best man at our own wedding. One column intimated that Dale had spent cozy hours with an entertainer. She happens to be the sister-in-law of Tom's wife, and we were all together in a group. Another paper said I'd gone to Las Vegas for a divorce! Still another crazy rumor was that Dale punched his best friend in the nose. The truth was that a wedding guest had had too much to drink. Dale, in order not to embarrass the others, had led the man outside."

"Then there was that fantastic story linking Dale with Rita Hayworth! She denied the rumor, explaining that not only had she never met him but she'd never even seen him in a film. The only amusing thing about that malicious story was when Dale remarked 'I wish she'd eliminated that last part!'"

And the press, it appears, may also eliminate stories speculating on any unhappy future for Mr. and Mrs. Dale Robertson. For both feel they can count on many more anniversaries to come.

A strong factor in that belief is their feeling for little sturdy bright-eyed Rochelle. It is plain to see that young as she is, every day is Father's Day with Rochelle.

And as Dale holds the baby on his lap his proud smile shows, better than words, that he considers her the most remarkable baby in the world. "Sweetest little girl in the world" is what Dale calls her when he doesn't refer to her simply as "Young."

There's something else new with the Robertsons. "Jackie," Dale says, "is becoming a much better cook. She turns out a dog-gone good meat loaf. And since Mom gave her some lessons, I don't think I'll have to go clear back to Oklahoma to sample a mess of crisp fried catfish and hoecakes."

Hollywood needn't worry about the Robertsons. The truth is that Dale and Jackie have found out (though admittedly the hard way) that life does begin with marriage!

THE END



BON VOYAGE! Jeanne and Dean Martin made up for the fun they'll be missing while he's in Europe by having a wonderful whirl in New York before he left. Jeanne had to stay home because of expected baby

Mario Lanza Answers Back

(Continued from page 51)

veloped a pouch, and I said, "Too much wine, my boy."

No, Hedda, food," he declared. "And making of food . . ." As if on cue a maid entered with a huge tray of hors d'oeuvres.

You idiot!" I screamed. "I told you I was on a diet and not to tempt me."

I got it all for you," he howled, "and by the best—caviar, *paté de foie gras*, cheese, shrimp. Come on. Let's live it up a little. I'm going into strict training for a concert tour. I'll be gone eight weeks. And wouldn't you know it? I picked July and August, the hottest months of the year." Why didn't you go to England for the coronation?" I asked.

I thought," he said, "it was more important to sell myself back to my own country first. I've taken a lot on the chin, but I feel that I owe lots to people who've remained loyal to me through all this trouble. I had a fabulous offer from England—\$300,000 to sing there during Coronation week. You must bear in mind that I'm not humble about myself, but also very honest. I don't believe in the farkey of a person's being modest about his career. I've spent thousands of dollars to find out how valuable I am at the boxoffice. I want to show you something."

I left the room and returned with an overload of magazines from various countries. "I buy these every day and study them to see what my pictures are doing everywhere. If I don't deserve what I get for, I don't want to lay claim to it. It's not worth \$300,000 offered to me to sing a week in England; and I told the producer so. I took that lesson from Caruso. When he was asked to sing for several times his average salary, he always declined, saying he wasn't worth it.

"But I do know what my pictures have done. It was flattering when Metro sued me for \$13,500,000. That was what they figured that my pictures would have made during my suspension. Did you know that the 'Great Caruso' brought in \$19,000,000 the first year of its release? I've got the hits; and the four pictures I've done took in \$40,000,000. I don't maintain that I'm the greatest star; but I'm among the first three top draws in every country."

"Come now, let's get down to facts. What was your trouble with Metro?" I asked.

"For a year I screamed about not wanting to do 'Because You're Mine,' and defended it as long as possible. In it I was made a little boy and something of an idiot. It was not the kind of picture to follow 'Caruso' and foisting it on the public wasn't fair. I was right. Critics the world over said, 'This is no vehicle for Lanza.' I personally got 'The Lord's Prayer' number into the film. And that I think gave it some dignity and helped save it. My biggest beef with Metro was that the studio wanted to be commercial, and I wanted artistic betterment. Put them together; they don't mix. I rebelled because of my sincerity to the public and my career. I believe I'm qualified to speak. While we were making 'Caruso,' most of the big brass at Metro thought I had no chance of making a success with it. They said it had no exploitation value. Doing that picture was an inspiration and all through it, we worked under pressure. The picture was shot in thirty-one days. It was in all but twelve minutes of the film. If I could do that, I figured I was qualified to speak out my views. I wanted to follow 'Caruso' with another big artistic picture with boxoffice value. But the front

office didn't dig my angle. I was told, 'You were successful the last time out. So just keep on being successful. Just keep doing pictures.'

"But, Hedda, of all the millions of people in the world, God gave this voice to me. Let's say it's not really mine. I'm just the keeper of it. And to the keeper goes the responsibility, which is not easy to shoulder. I love smoking and wine, for instance, but I had to give them up because they affected the voice. My thrill is in performing. When I sing I like to think that tired people are transported into a world of illusion, for a little while escape reality."

I was beginning to understand Mario. I saw him as a man who would sacrifice a fortune battling the heads of a powerful studio for the sake of artistic integrity. Yet, he was the same fellow who used his God-given voice to sing, without pay, for a dying child. And for the first time I noticed that he never said "my voice." It was always "the voice." It was as though he considered "the voice" something apart from the man.

"Why didn't you do 'The Student Prince'?" I asked.

"I loved the script," he said. "Usually one is allowed twelve to fourteen weeks for the musical recordings alone. We made them in two weeks. Most every number was done in just one 'take.' That had never happened before. Ask Costa." (This is his nickname for Callinicos.)

"It was the greatest thing Mario ever did," said Costa.

"Metro wanted to make a few bucks, and I wanted to make a good picture," said Mario. "The worst thing that can happen to a man is that those in control of his destiny fail to believe in him. I say, 'Take back your money, but believe in me.' The producers used to listen to my advice. But when I became a big star, they said, 'We'll take the reins in on this so-and-so.' Did you know that no technical adviser was going to be used on the picture until I got hold of Costa myself?

"Then I was asked to play the part as a Prussian. Such a character didn't match the voice. You don't just toss a song in a picture. You sing to what's later going to appear on the screen. But the studio couldn't see it that way. Call me immodest. But I felt that I was being treated cheaply when I was boxoffice Tiffany."

"Why did you keep silent and refuse to be interviewed all this while?" I asked.

"Because I had nothing to defend," Mario said. "If I'm honest, I don't defend. Had I made a statement, it would have confused people even further. Even now, I can't tell the entire truth because so many things are still in litigation. Haskins and Sells, one of the best auditing firms in America, is now going over my business records. It says that they're the most mixed-up accounts the firm's ever seen. But what was I to say? I've not been tied up in any scandals. I don't go to night clubs. Primarily I'm a family man."

"Well, what have you been doing with your time the past year?" I asked.

"Putting together one of the greatest repertoires you've ever heard," he said. "Let Costa tell you about it."

"Most people in the operatic field sing mostly well-known numbers," said Costa. "But in masterpieces, there are pages and pages of unknown and wonderful material. Somebody has to be interested enough to find it. You can't buy the music, but many libraries have these selections. Mario has an instinct for looking through music and recognizing the great but unfamiliar material. Most famous singers wouldn't dare

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take a chance on these numbers. But Mario, with his following, can. Wasn't he the guy that sold an aria from 'Aida' to the bobby-soxers?"

"If I find something wonderful that a man has written, isn't it my duty to present it to the public?" asked Mario. "We've spent a whole year putting a concert program together. The work, my children, and of course Betty, have kept me from going off my rocker during all this trouble."

"Okay," said I, "let me hear what you've done with the voice. Go on, sing." After a mild protest, he pawed through a stack of music, selected "Call Me Fool" and "If You Were Mine"; and then with Costa at the piano cut loose as only Mario can. I was amazed. The voice was better than ever. The whole room shook with the vibrations from it.

When he had finished, Lanza turned to me, looking like a little boy faking coyness over a job well done.

"Why, you big baboon!" I exclaimed. "Your voice has the quality of Caruso's—plus an added element, excitement."

Mario flopped to a chair and said, "For those kind words what should I do for you? Drop dead?" Then continuing on a serious note he added, "I wanted you to hear me sing and tell my side of the story so that you would understand what I've been fighting for. Mannie Sachs (vice-president of RCA records) dropped by here the other day. He thought he knew me rather well, but he hadn't heard me sing in a year. So I sang for him. The guy cried. He seemed to be at a loss for words. All he kept saying was, 'Why, you so-and-so,' which is cleaning it up, because Mannie never cusses. Now let's have some pink champagne."

"No champagne," I said. "I thought you weren't drinking."

"But this is a special occasion," he argued. "We started this thing together. Remember, way back in 1943 you were yelling about me and opera. You gave me a magnificent challenge by writing in your column that I could do 'Caruso.' And I did. Now we're starting over again together. We've got to toast the occasion."

I relented. We clinked glasses. Mario started playing back the score from "The Student Prince." "These are only working records, which I was to use in helping synchronize my singing with my acting. But listen, and you'll hear that each of them starts with 'Take one.' Then you'll believe that we made all the recordings in a single try."

He seemed to be completely familiar with every detail of the picture. Before each record, he would explain the scene, graphically and warmly, that led up to the singing. Often, as if thinking I didn't quite believe him, he would turn to his conductor, "Wasn't that right, Costa?" Always Costa nodded his agreement.

The music seemed to transport Mario

to another world. I don't think he cared whose voice he was listening to, so long as it was good. But the voice happened to be his own. Frequently he would point out something especially beautiful in the lyric or at some especially good note raise his fist to gesture subconsciously victorious achievement. Suddenly he yelled, "We've got caviar, champagne, friendship, music! Who needs anything else?"

His mood was infectious. We got shouting "Bravo" and applauding each record. "Now comes a number called 'Serenade,'" said Lanza. "Ann Blyth and I held hands while we did it. You see the boy and girl are in a boat. I sing softly at first, but I can get louder later."

"That I can guarantee," said I, which touched off another storm of laughter in Mario. "Girl, you do dig me!" he exclaimed. "And they wanted me to play an arrogant Prussian to this kind of music!"

"Curt Bernhardt (who was to have directed the film) told me to be more restrained—less emotional. But it's the only way I can sing," said Mario.

"That's the secret of Mario's great appeal," said Costa. "He's a romantic, unrestrained singer. Did you ever hear Caruso record without a sob in it? I defy you to name one."

"You appreciate the lyrics as well as the music," I said to Mario.

"I live by words," he said. "A song must be a happy marriage between the lyric and music. My job is to tell the story of the words. Caruso is a legend because he sang every word. A critic once wrote about me: 'He sings every word as if it were his last on earth.' And I can't do otherwise."

"When are you returning to pictures?" I asked.

"I've got to get back on the road and meet the people again first. I'll do only two concerts a week. So I'll have as much time to talk with reporters as they wish. This time," he said glowering at some memory, "the press won't be handpicked for me. I'll talk to everybody and answer any question that I'm able to at the time."

"I'll be back in Hollywood in September. That's when I think everything will start popping. All of our legal trouble should be straightened out. I want to start my radio show then and get back to pictures. I love pictures because they reach the greatest number of people. I've been offered 'The Vagabond King' at Paramount, 'Serenade' at Warners; and another musical at Universal-International. But the concert tour comes first. I've got to go out and show the public what I can do. When I sell myself to live audiences, I'll be ready to return to films."

"So far I've been working in silence. You have no idea how many albums or records I send out to hospitals each month. I'm going to give one concert in the memory of Ray Fasano. You spoke to her on

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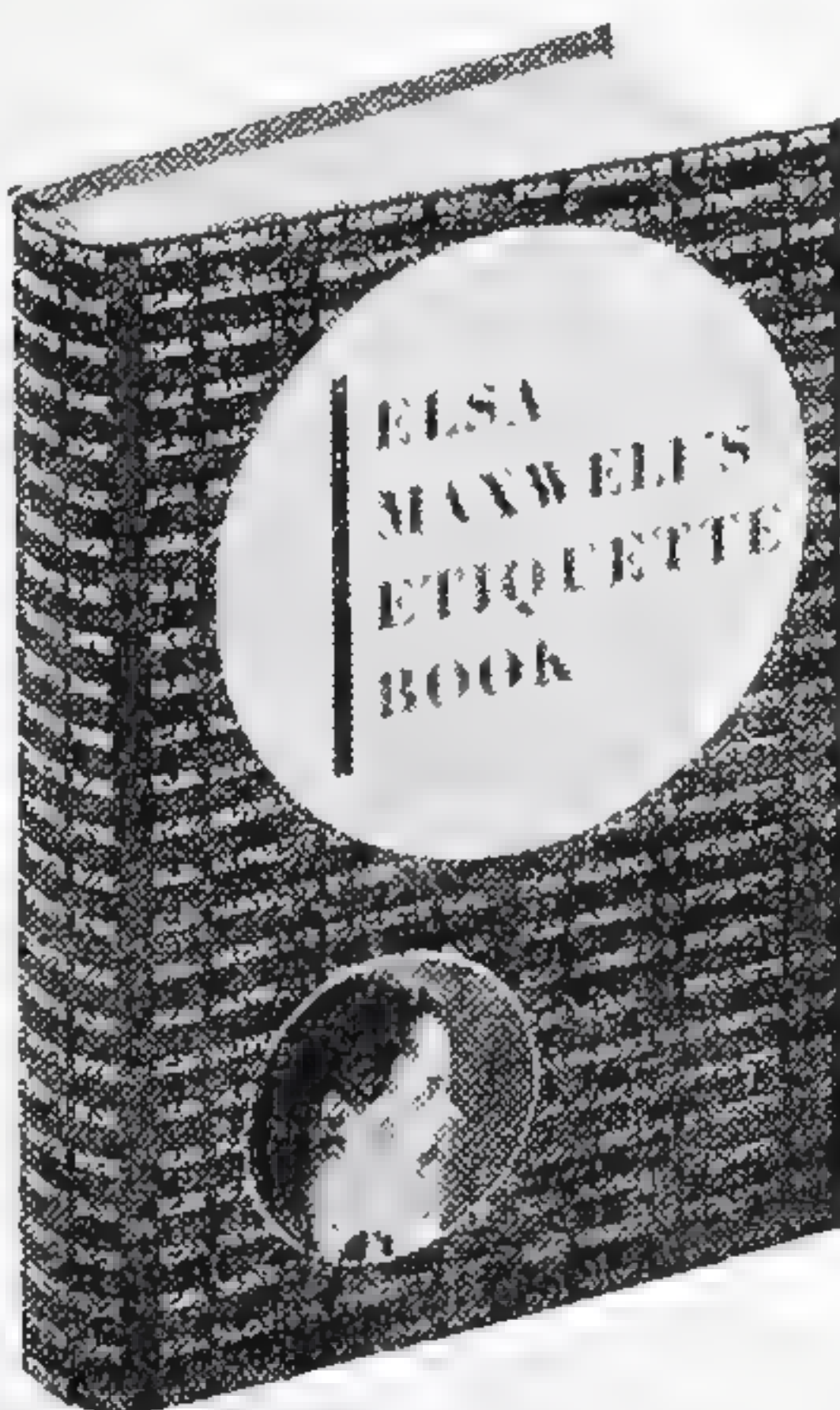
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the phone just before she died. The cute little monkey with the big brown eyes and questions that came at you as fast as machine-gun bullets. Hodgkins' disease, which killed her, is a form of blood cancer. So I'm going to give the money I'll raise at the concert to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund in her name."

"What about a career in opera?" I asked. "You always said that was what you were aiming for."

"If you've seen Cinerama, you'll know that its greatest scene is that done by the La Scala Opera Company. It gave me an idea. I'd like to do an opera in its entirety in that medium, using subtitles or good English translations of the lyrics so that everybody can understand the words. You could do that in Cinerama, eliminating the usual repetitions of opera."

"I think I could sell such an opera, because I'm the first classical singer who ever sold a million copies of one record—and the first singer of any type to sell a million album records. We all had the same crack at the market. Finally, I want you to understand that my quarrel has not been with artists, but with executives who try to make you perform according to their way of thinking. I can sing to people only when they believe in me. You always have; and I hope you won't change. An artist needs the faith of his audience."

I closed my notebook and was preparing to go when Betty said, "Hedda, you can't leave without saying hello to our little girls. They've been waiting to see you."

Colleen and Elisa, dressed primly in organdy and with red ribbons in their hair, were ushered in. Elisa, aged three, immediately went into a ballet dance. "She's a tough one," Mario said. "Listen to what a deep voice she has. Say, 'Be quiet,' to Aunt Hedda, Elisa." The child replied. And hearing the deep voice coming from such a tiny little girl broke Mario up. She kissed her father and resumed her ballet step, whirling about the room with her hands held over her head.

Then Betty brought in their newest, the son and heir, Damon. "He's already wearing clothes made for two-year-olds," said Mario proudly. "And look at that back—strong as steel. His life is already dedicated to being an executive hunter. But instead of Africa, he'll do his hunting in Culver City."

"Now I've got to show you one thing more," he continued. "Come down to the garden with me." I followed him down a flight of steps to his gym. Weights, dumbbells and other exercise equipment were stacked everywhere. Mario ducked into the boxing ring and pointed out that the ropes were made of white velvet. "We go all the way," he laughed.

The whole family followed me to my car. Betty was carrying the baby. The two little girls waved. The California sun was sinking low over the scene; but for all its brilliance, it was not as bright as the smile on Mario's face. And my own heart was smiling too.

"They got him down for a spell, but didn't lick him," I thought. "He'll have his turbulent moments always, because he's a highly emotional guy; otherwise he couldn't sing as he does. He's learned his lessons the hard, expensive way. But he's gained a new integrity. Hollywood will never be able to destroy him; he'll be back bigger and better than ever."

He puts goose flesh up and down your arms and gives a tingle to your spine when he sings, and those top notes are no longer strained. As I drove down the hill toward home, I wished that little Ray Fasano had lived to glory in his future, which I feel will be far greater than anything he's done in the past. THE END

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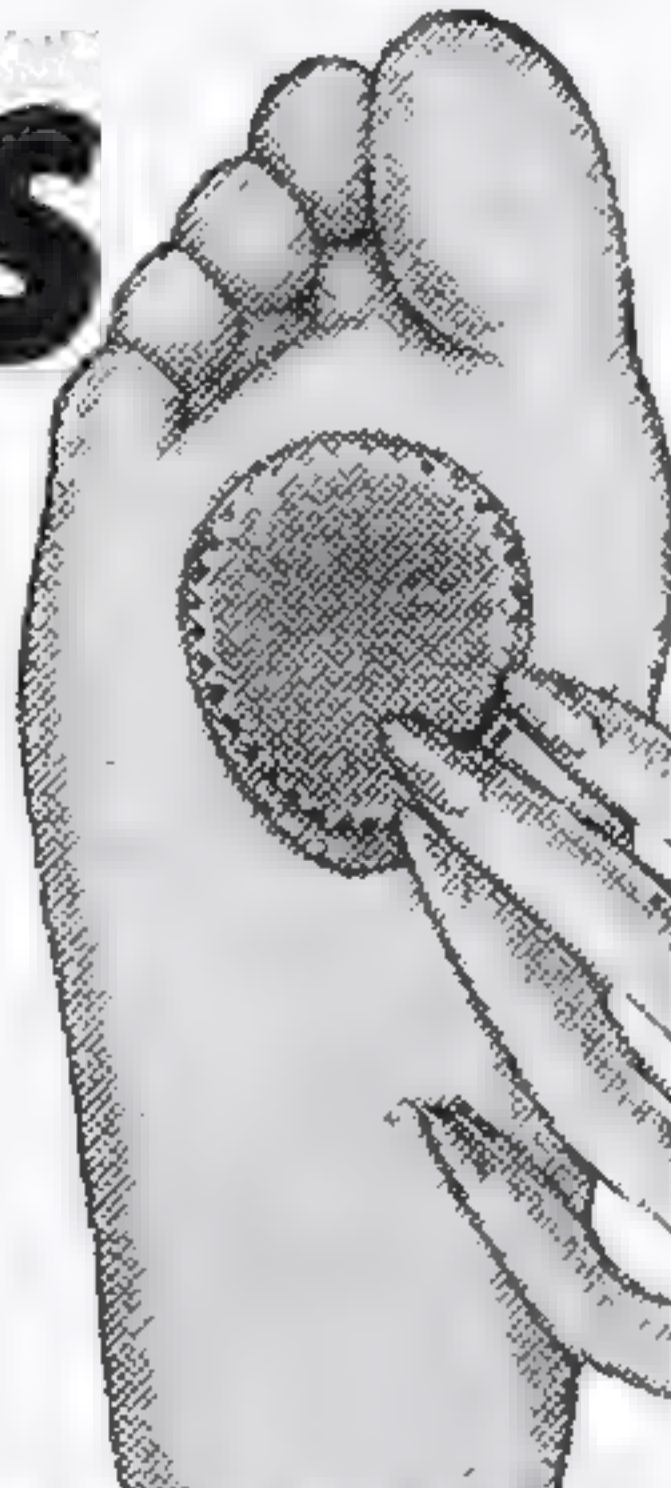
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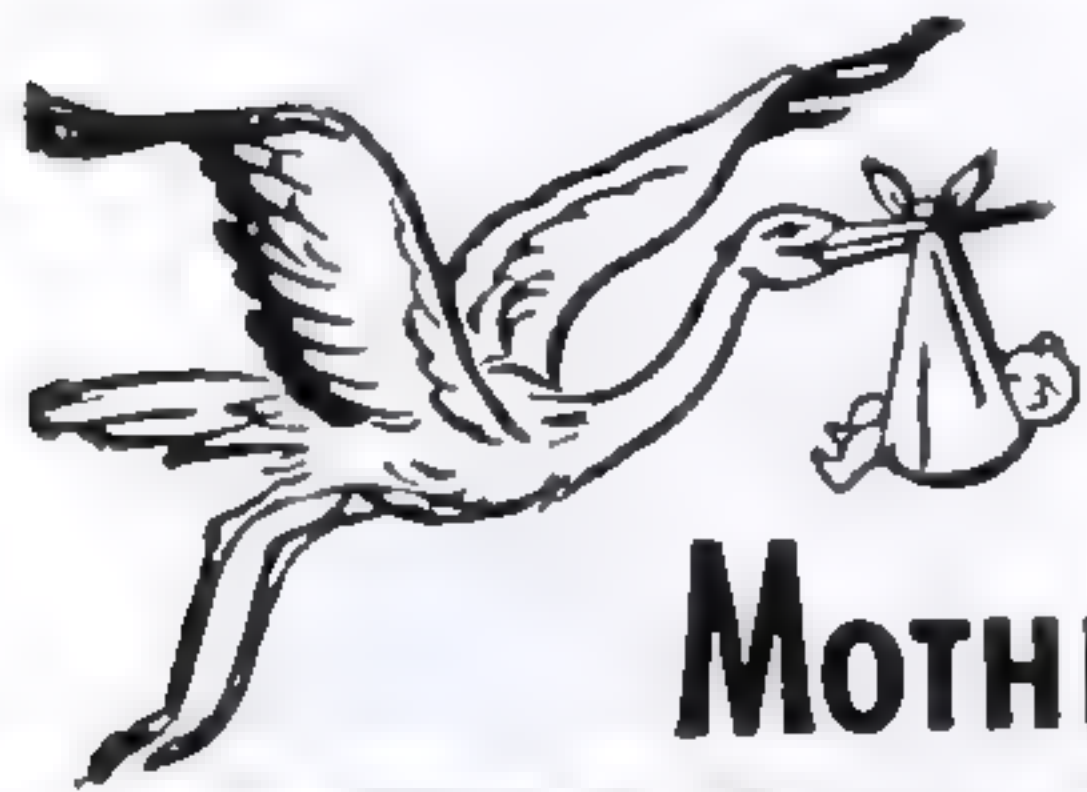
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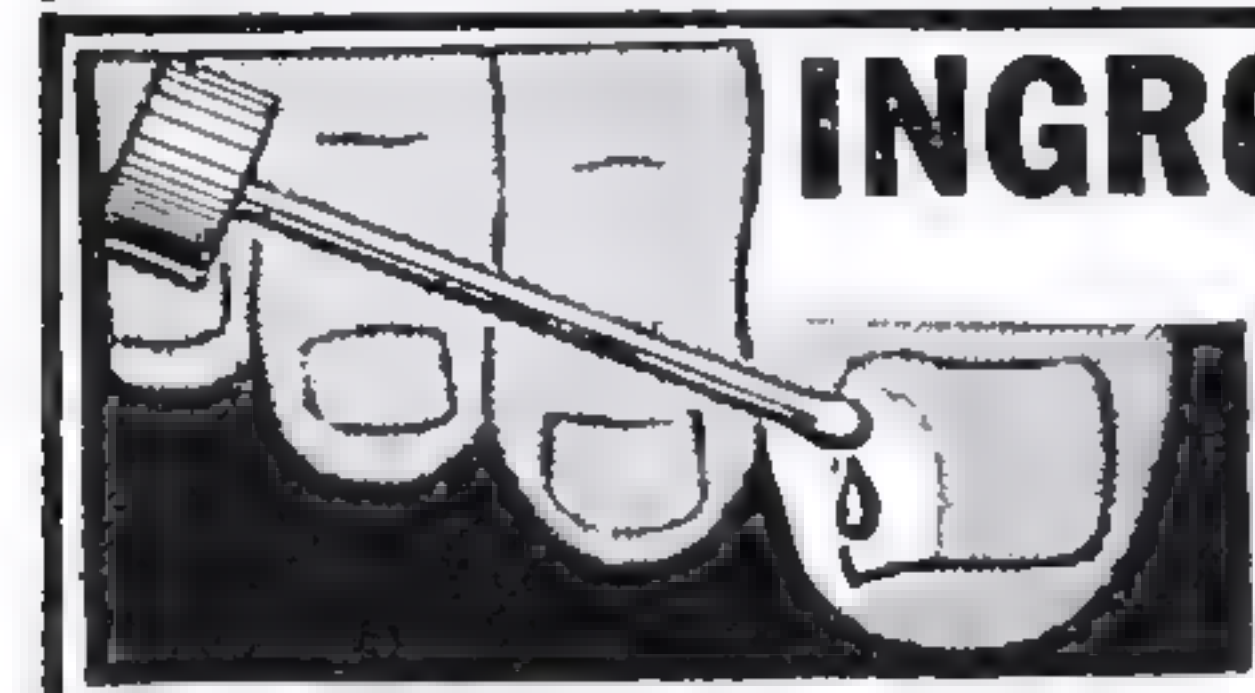
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Short Cut to Beauty

(Continued from page 55)

months. Then a model here and there tried it. And like many another Hollywood-originated style, it then began coming back to us, via Paris. But it wasn't really launched until a couple of months ago, when Jeanne Crain went wild, and red-headed, and short-curved.

Yes, the dignified Jeanne Crain! Look at the picture of her. Have you ever seen her looking so dashing and sexy? And what a change in attitude from two years ago, when she was cast in "The Model and the Marriage Broker!" At that time, Twentieth Century-Fox had a hard time with her. They wanted to crop all her hair off then, and get her out of her usual frilly, too-ladylike clothes.

She was finally brow-beaten into letting them cut off just some of her hair, and into dropping just some of her dress frills. When she first saw the rushes of herself as the Model, Jeanne cried, she hated her own appearance so. But when her fan mail began pouring in, all telling her how much smoother she looked, how much more alert, she began changing not only her mind—but her whole approach to life.

And this is the point. This is the whole point of fashion. That's where we girls have it all over men. They really never know the deep refreshing excitement of a fashion change. They never can experience the sheer fun of looking really different from one year to the next.

But even so, lots of girls do not realize that there are just as many styles in beauty as there are in clothes. A girl like Liz Taylor will always be a pace-setter. A girl like Jean Simmons will always be an originator. A girl like Jeanne Crain typifies many of us, a little afraid of the new, until we try it.

The really exciting news about Hollywood new, new, extra-short hair cuts is that every girl can look becoming with it. It helps, unless you are terribly, terribly daring, like Leslie Caron and Jean Simmons, if your hair is naturally curly. Liz Taylor's is, of course, very definitely so. Jeanne Crain's has a wave, and so, too, has Ursula Thiess's, Terry Moore's and Joanne Gilbert's—and Deborah Kerr says her mop has a "slight bend in it." But Jan Sterling's is straight as string, and we'll admit here and now, we're going to make a horrible example of that.

If you want to get your own hair cut in this high-style groove, here are some rules. Look at the pretty faces illustrating these paragraphs and decide which looks most like your own. Note, then, that the most elaborate of these cuts is Jeanne Crain's, the simplest Liz Taylor's, and next simplest belong to Mona Freeman and Ursula Thiess.

Next, before you cut so much as one lock, face these facts: if your hair is naturally curly, it's fairly simple. If it isn't naturally curly, these cuts cost a fortune in time and money. Either way, they must be cut on an average of once a week, not necessarily an over-all cut, but snipped off here and there. It is particularly important to keep the neckline clean, and in the case of straight hair, which has been given a permanent, it means cutting off the wave ends each time.

Jan Sterling, one of the naturally prettiest and most chic girls on screen, is—or was—the example of this. When she first cut her hair, she went too far. Unlike Mona Freeman, a natural curly-head, when she cut off her long locks, Jan didn't look boyish. She looked mannish. She wore her hair straight and slicked down, with the back of it cropped close. She did,

that is, just one day until Paul Douglas saw it and let out a howl that could be heard from Hollywood to Philadelphia.

Paul insisted upon some curls or else, and Jan, who adores Paul, put ribbons and bows all over her head till her cut grew enough to become a poodle clip. This she had permanented, but because the hair was so short the curls had to be set tight. Paul is still howling, but less so, as her hair grows longer. It is getting almost back to cover-the-ears length now, and as Jan is letting it also get a little darker, it is infinitely more becoming.

Stewart Granger wasn't this violent about his Jean's hair, when she came in à la small boy. For one thing, Jean didn't get a close-cropped hair-do, and she left it its natural dark brown. Nevertheless, he inferred, in his charming British way, that he would prefer it longer. So longer it is, though Jean still wears it straight. If you want the truth of it, Jean would wear it twined around in garlands of roses, if Stewart insisted.

So, if you have a husband or boyfriend to consider, think of his reaction even before you've faced the curly or straight hair decision. Paul Brinkman, Jeanne Crain's husband, is delighted, not only with Jeanne's cut but with her new orangy-red color. And on her, this color that would be almost impossible on any one else, is truly gorgeous.

And this involves another decision. Try hair tints, if you want to. Unlike cuts, these can be changed in a day, if need be. Generally speaking, you shouldn't try a drastic change on your own. A professional is better at this, if for one reason only: she can look down on your hair—and its shade—and you can't. But it's fun and easy to experiment with temporary rinses or to step up your natural color one or two shades with a mild bleach.

Now that you've made up your mind on all these factors and decided that a short, short hair-do is for you—proceed with caution! Your smartest move is to head for your favorite hairdresser with these pages in your hand. She'll help you decide which star's hair-do will be most becoming to your particular type and shape of face. Even more important—she'll know which style will be easiest to handle with your texture of hair.

Of course, if you're the girl who always cuts her own hair, or who has done so successfully in the past, you may want to attempt this one yourself. But remember, this seemingly careless simplicity takes more skill than daring. If possible, cut your hair before a three-way mirror that permits you to see front, sides and back all at the same time. Good sharp manicure scissors are best—though there are bold girls who use the old-fashioned straight razor. Regular scissors cut too much at once.

Jeanne Crain's cut, as you can see, has a ducktail in the back, a crown of curls at the front, "love locks" on her cheeks. This is involved, though beautiful—and remember if you go in for it, those curls must be curled daily. You make high-standing curls, anchored down by bobby pins for the top locks, flat pincurls for the "love locks." To keep the line of such a hairdo, you have to crop it, delicately, at least every three days.

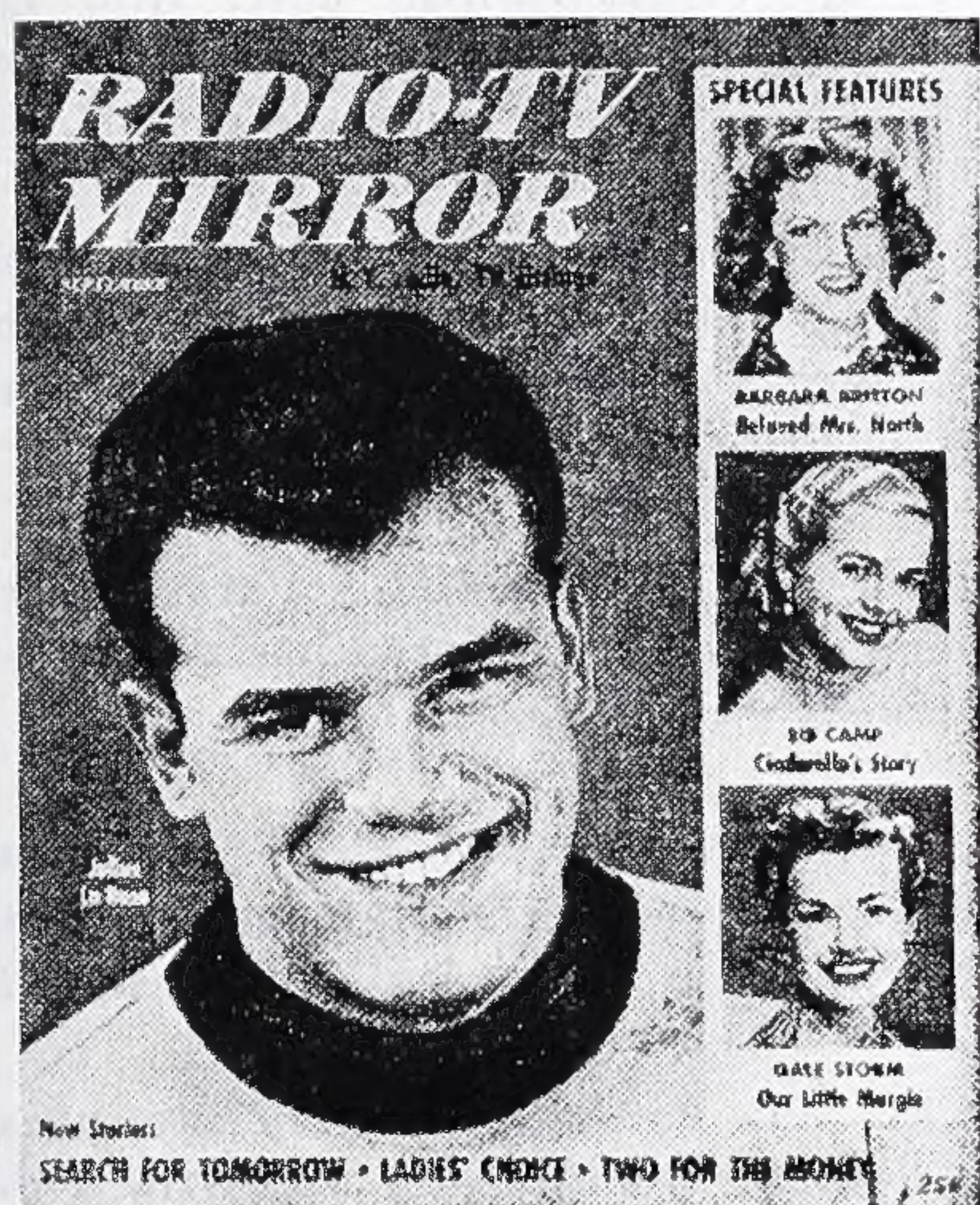
Ursula Thiess and Joanne Gilbert, whose hair-cuts are fairly similar, have natural black-brown hair and waves, and cut theirs once a week. Those up-standing angel locks, atop their pretty heads, are made by up-standing, bobby-pinned curls, set at least once a day, and sometimes

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twice, it, as in Ursula's case an almost-every-evening date with a man as handsome as Bob Taylor comes up. Except for these top-knots, both beautiful Ursula and pert Joanne, wear their hair as nearly straight as natural waves will permit. The effect is delightful.

Every one of these girls washes her hair at least three times a week, and when shooting most of them have it shampooed daily. This gives the light delicate look to their haircuts, and since they are so short, they dry almost instantly.

Also remember, if you are cropping your locks, that the big idea is *not* to look like anyone else, but very much like yourself. You may want to make the change as radical as did Jeanne Crain, or as conservative as did Deborah Kerr when she lightened her red hair into its present golden blonde. Incidentally Deborah adores it this way, and so, fortunately, does her husband, Tony Bartley. Her cut is longer than it appears, as she pin-curls it tightly every morning, so that when brushed out it will barely cover the tops of her ears. However, the longer length, curled up that way, gives it "body," which is effective around her delicate face.

Another point to note is that you have the chance of creating both a long and a short effect, simultaneously, if you desire. Note Terry Moore's cut for this. It has massed curls above Terry's forehead, straight sides, but is cut low on the nape of the neck. Gorgeous, if you've Terry's pertness. The same thing is true of Mona Freeman's lovely short cut.

The greatest thing about these cuts is that you can be *you* as never before. Your crowning glory can be as distinctively you, May Jones, as Liz Taylor's is Liz. The men in your life will generally adore it, because they think it looks "completely natural." Don't tell them it takes daily, if non-costly attention. Remember, what they don't know can bring you a lot of fun—particularly in the romance department.

(Liz Taylor is in "Elephant Walk," Deborah Kerr's in "From Here to Eternity," Jeanne Crain's next in "Dangerous Crossing," Jean Simmons' next is "She Had to Say Yes," Ursula Thiess will be in "Gambler's Moon," and Terry Moore's in "Beneath the Twelve Mile Reef.")

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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 16



A—Adults F—Family

ALL I DESIRE—U-I: Slick drama, 1910 period, of a broken marriage, with Barbara Stanwyck as the errant wife returning to Richard Carlson, two grown daughters, a young son. (A) August

AMBUSH AT TOMAHAWK GAP—Columbia, Technicolor: Lively, gory Western. Ex-cons John Derek, John Hodiak seek hidden loot (F) July

BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, THE—Warners: Spectacular but shakily plotted fantasy of a revived prehistoric monster attacking New York. With Paul Christian. (F) August

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON—Warners. Technicolor: Slow but amiable tune-film of love and family problems after World War I. Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, Billy Gray. (F) June

CINERAMA—Cinerama Productions, color: No story, plenty of excitement. Amazing technique with huge curved screen now showing in New York, Detroit, Los Angeles, Chicago. (F) January

COLUMN SOUTH—U-I, Technicolor: Audie Murphy defends the Union cause, tries to avert Indian warfare in the Southwest. Brisk but undistinguished Western. (F) August

COUNT THE HOURS—RKO: Acceptable suspense yarn. Held for murder, John Craven's cleared by wife Teresa Wright, Lawyer Mac Carey. (F) June

CRUEL SEA, THE—Rank, U-I: Splendid British version of the best-seller about a convoy escort and her crew. Jack Hawkins excels as the captain. The story includes three typical, touching World War II romances. (F) August

CRY OF THE HUNTED—M-G-M: Mild action tale. Barry Sullivan as pursuer. Vittorio Gassman as fugitive are both sympathetic. (F) June

DANGEROUS WHEN WET—M-G-M, Technicolor: Light, gay musical. Esther Williams, set to swim the English Channel, is tempted to break training by Fernando Lamas' courtship. (F) August

DESERT RATS, THE—20th Century-Fox: Crisp, expert war film. Richard Burton defends Tobruk against Rommel (again James Mason). (F) June

DESERT SONG, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Gordon MacRae, secret leader of an oppressed desert tribe, duets with Kathryn Grayson in a nice old-fashioned operetta. (F) July

FAST COMPANY—M-G-M: Trim, gay race-track comedy, with trainer Howard Keel and horse-owner Polly Bergen feuding, romancing. Heiress Nina Foch chases Keel. (F) July

5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T., THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Wildly imaginative but clumsily executed musical fantasy. Little Tommy Rettig dreams he's jailed in a weird castle. (F) July

FRANCIS COVERS THE BIG TOWN—U-I: Some laughs, though the talking-mule gag wears thin as Francis helps Donald O'Connor become a racket-busting reporter. (F) August

GIRL NEXT DOOR, THE—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Tuneful, likeable love story of artist Dan Dailey, singer June Haver. (F) July

GREAT SIOUX UPRISING, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Union vet Jeff Chandler wins Faith Domergue, foils Lyle Bettger's trouble-making in a routine horse opera. (F) August

HOUDINI—Paramount, Technicolor: Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh team engagingly in the colorful, rambling biography of the famed magician and his partner-wife. (F) August

I BELIEVE IN YOU—Rank, U-I: Tender, convincing English movie. Probation officers Cecil Parker and Celia Johnson help two young delinquents, who fall in love. (A) July

IT HAPPENS EVERY THURSDAY—U-I: Cheery, homespun story starring Loretta Young and attractive John Forsythe as a couple who buy a broken-down small-town newspaper. (F) July

JAMAICA RUN—Paramount, Technicolor: Lurid murder mystery. Skipper Ray Milland's opposite lovely Arlene Dahl, plantation-owner. (F) July

JUGGLER, THE—Kramer, Columbia: Real Israel backgrounds give force to an absorbing though slightly formless drama about a mentally upset DP (Kirk Douglas) who finds peace and love (with Milly Vitale) in the new nation. (F) August

LAW AND ORDER—U-I, Technicolor: Ambling Western. Marshal Ronald Reagan comes out of retirement to lick Preston Foster. (F) June

LET'S DO IT AGAIN—Columbia, Technicolor: Exuberant romantic comedy with music. Jane Wyman sparkles as Ray Milland's about-to-be-ex-wife; Aldo Ray's a likeable Other Man. (A) August

LONE HAND—U-I, Technicolor: Neat, likable open-spaces melodrama. Little Jimmy Hunt thinks Pop Joel McCrea has turned bandit. (F) June

MAN ON A TIGHTROPE—20th Century-Fox: Sly, picturesque, suspenseful tale of a small circus' escape from Red Czechoslovakia. Top portrayals by Fredric March, Gloria Grahame. (A) June

MOON IS BLUE, THE—U.A.: Delicious foolery with saucy lines, deftly delivered by Maggie McNamara, as a belligerently good girl, William Holden, as a baffled bachelor, David Niven, as a gentle philanderer. (A) August

NEVER LET ME GO—M-G-M: Slow-starting but adventure-filled at the finish. American newsman

Clark Gable smuggles his Soviet bride, G. Tierney, out of Russia. (F) J

PICKUP ON SOUTH STREET—20th Century-Fox: Rough, rowdy, entertaining crook-spy yarn. Richard Widmark's a pickpocket involved with Jean Peters, unwittingly a Red courier. (A) J

PONY EXPRESS—Paramount, Technicolor: Western. Charlton Heston, Forrest Tucker head the first riders carry the mail. (F) J

REMAINS TO BE SEEN—M-G-M: Slaphappy blasphemous murder mystery, co-starring Van Johnson and singer-heiress June Allyson. (F) J

SALOME—Columbia, Technicolor: Lavish, well-made, superficial Biblical epic. Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger look handsome; Charles Laughton, Judith Anderson show their skill. (A) J

SANGAREE—Paramount; 3-D, Technicolor: Gene Dahl, Fernando Lamas are handsome lovers in a blowzy, over-plotted adventure-romance set in 18th Century Georgia. (F) Aug

SCARED STIFF—Wallis, Paramount: Up-to-date standard Martin-Lewis farce has the boys battling fake ghosts on Liz Scott's behalf. (F) J

SPLIT SECOND—RKO: Tense action story. Escaped convict Steve McNally captures Keith Anderton and Jan Sterling as an A-blast looms. (F) J

STALAG 17—Paramount: Wry clowning and bitter hunt for an informer highlight a disjointed study of GI's in a Nazi prison camp. William Holden's excellent. (F) Aug

STORY OF THREE LOVES, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Arty episode film, highlighted by a strong suspense story with Kirk Douglas and Patricia Angeli as daredevil aerialists. (A) J

TAKE ME TO TOWN—U-I, Technicolor: Brechtian sentimental comedy of the Old West. Ann Sheridan's a dance-hall queen adopted as a mother; Sterling Hayden's three kids. (F) Aug

TITANIC—20th Century-Fox: Taut, skillful dramatization of a real event. Aboard the doomed luxury liner, Barbara Stanwyck and Clifton Webb are an estranged couple, Bob Wagner and Audrey Dalton are young romancers. (A) J

VANQUISHED, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Unconvincing meller-drama. Confederate vet Joel Payne defeats his town's ruthless boss. (F) J

WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: A Martian invasion with stunning special effects, negligible human angle. (F) Ju

YOUNG BESS—M-G-M, Technicolor: Stately romance of Tudor England. Jean Simmons is the future Elizabeth I, involved in court intrigue and a hopeless love for Stewart Granger. (A) Aug



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